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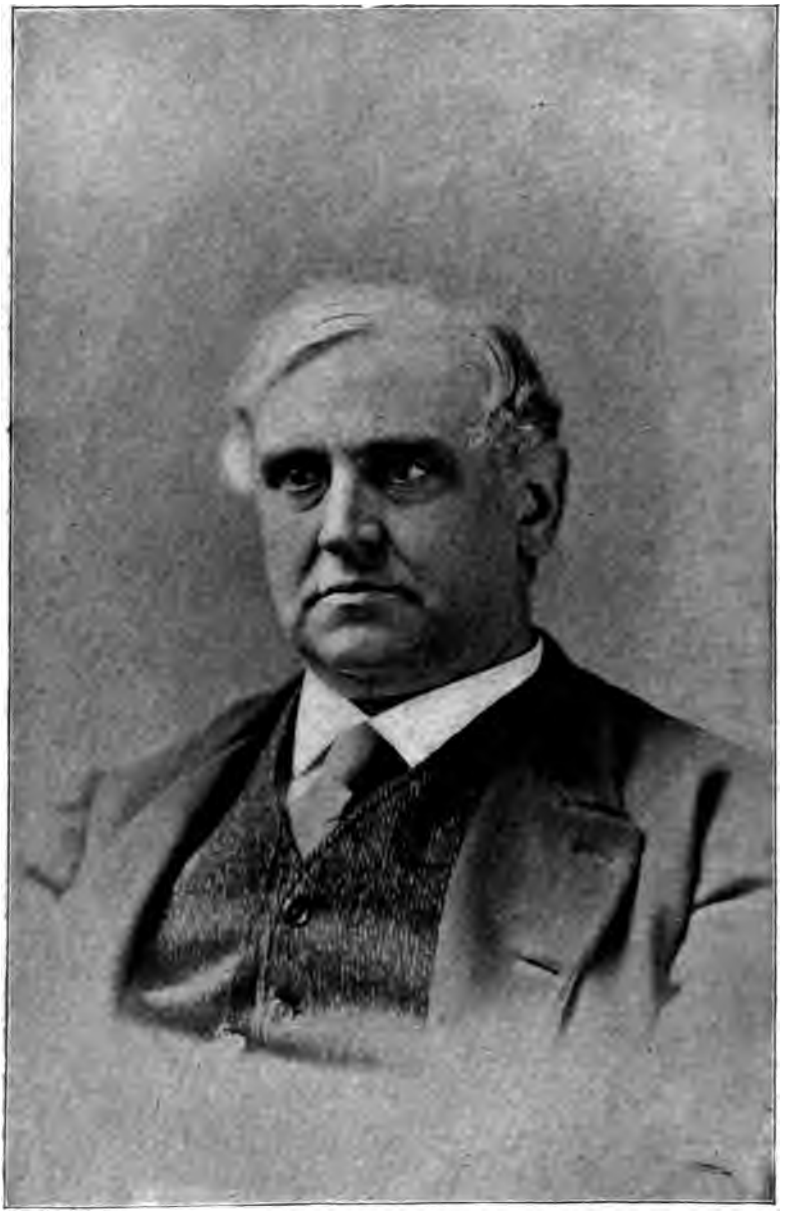

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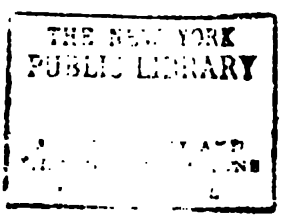
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PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Phillips Brooks, an American clergyman and religious writer, born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 13, 1835; died there, Jan. 23, 1893. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University, studied theology in the Episcopal Divinity School at Alexandria, Va., was rector of the churches of the Advent and the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, and in 1869 became rector of Trinity Church, Boston, where he remained until his election to the bishopric of Massachusetts in 1891.

Bishop Brooks was a man of broad mind and large sympathies, a magnetic preacher and an indefatigable worker — undoubtedly the most eminent preacher ever produced by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. His writings are marked by their spirituality and the ability he displays in stating great truths in succinct and forcible language. The following volumes of his sermons and addresses have been published: "Lectures on Preaching" (1877); "Sermons" (1878); "The Influence of Jesus," and "Sermons" (1879); "The Candle of the Lord" (1881); "Sermons Preached in English Churches" (1883); "Twenty Sermons" (1886); "Tolerance" (1887); "The Symmetry of Life" (1892), and "Addresses" (1893).

O Little Town of Bethlehem.[1]

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!

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And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above;
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy,
Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where Misery cries out to thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes; the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Abraham Lincoln.

(A Sermon preached in Philadelphia while the body of the President was lying in the city.)

"He chose David also His servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds; that he might feed Jacob His people, and Israel His inheritance. So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."—*Psalm* lxxviii. 71, 72, 73.

While I speak to you to-day, the body of the President who ruled this people is lying, honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence in our midst for me

to stand and speak of ordinary topics which occupy the pulpit. I must speak of him to-day; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do it rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence, because I speak to those who love him, and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw.

We take it for granted, first of all, that there is an essential connection between Mr. Lincoln's character and his violent and bloody death. It is no accident, no arbitrary decree of Providence. He lived as he did, and he died as he did, because he was what he was. The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character. It will be our duty, then, to see what there was in the character of our great President that created the history of his life, and at last produced the catastrophe of his cruel death. After the first trembling horror, the first outburst of indignant sorrow, has grown calm, these are the questions which we are called to ask and answer.

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer State. He lived, as boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backwoodsman, a farmer, a flatboatman, and, finally, by his own efforts at self-education, an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not as in older States and easier conditions with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and his intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme power of that character by which men knew him, that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature, that almost indescribable quality which we call in general clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness. This one character, with many sides, all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take

no smaller view than this of what he was. Even his physical conditions are not to be forgotten in making up his character. We make too little always of the physical; certainly we make too little of it here if we lose sight of the strength and muscular activity, the power of doing and enduring, which the backwoods boy inherited from generations of hard-living ancestors, and appropriated for his own by a long discipline of bodily toil. He brought to the solution of the question of labor in this country not merely a mind, but a body thoroughly in sympathy with labor, full of the culture of labor, bearing witness to the dignity and excellence of work in every muscle that work had toughened and every sense that work had made clear and true. He could not have brought the mind for his task so perfectly, unless he had first brought the body whose rugged and stubborn health was always contradicting to him the false theories of labor, and always asserting the true.

As to the moral and mental powers which distinguished him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness of truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces in this man with another. The fact is, that in all the simplest characters that line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combinations you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience, or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions, the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They coöperate, they help each other less. They come even to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together, till we expect to see and so do see a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand,

and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's, that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness, if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness, — call it what you will, — its ability to take up new issues and do them in a new way, will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest even although they be the newest ways to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here then we have some conception of the man. Out of

this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule. Surely, with such a type-man for ruler, there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

But then we come to the beginning of all trouble. Abraham Lincoln was the type-man of the country, but not of the whole country. This character which we have been trying to describe was the character of an American under the discipline of freedom. There was another American character which had been developed under the influence of slavery. There was no one American character embracing the land. There were two characters, with impulses of irrepressible and deadly conflict. This citizen whom we have been honoring and praising represented one. The whole great scheme with which he was ultimately brought in conflict, and which has finally killed him, represented the other. Beside this nature, true and fresh and new, there was another nature, false and effete and old. The one nature found itself in a new world, and set itself to discover the new ways for the new duties that were given it. The other nature, full of the false pride of blood, set itself to reproduce in a new world the institutions and the spirit of the old, to build anew the structure of the feudalism which had been corrupt in its own day, and which had been left far behind by the advancing conscience and needs of the progressing race.

The one nature magnified labor, the other nature depreciated and despised it. The one honored the laborer, and the other scorned him. The one was simple and direct; the other, complex, full of sophistries and self-excuses. The one was free to look all that claimed to be truth in the face, and separate the error from the truth that might be in it; the other did not dare to investigate, because its own established prides and systems were dearer to it than the truth itself, and so even truth went about in it doing the work of error. The one was ready to state broad principles, of the brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood and justice of God, however imperfectly it might realize them in practice; the other denied even the principles, and so dug deep and laid below its special sins the broad foundation of a consistent, acknowledged sinfulness. In a word, one nature was full of the influences of Freedom, the other nature was full of the influences of Slavery.

In general, these two regions of our national life were separated by a geographical boundary. One was the spirit of the North, the other was the spirit of the South. But the Southern nature was by no means all a Southern thing. There it had an organized, established form, a certain definite, established institution about which it clustered. Here, lacking advantage, it lived in less expressive ways and so lived more weakly. There, there was the horrible sacrament of slavery, the outward and visible sign round which the inward and spiritual temper gathered and kept itself alive. But who doubts that among us the spirit of slavery lived and thrived? Its formal existence had been swept away from one State after another, partly on conscientious, partly on economical grounds, but its spirit was here, in every sympathy that Northern winds carried to the listening ear of the Southern slaveholder, and in every oppression of the weak by the strong, every proud assumption of idleness over labor, which echoed the music of Southern life back to us. Here in our midst lived that worse and falser nature, side by side with the true and better nature which God meant should be the nature of Americans, and of which He was shaping out the type and champion in His chosen David of the sheepfold.

Here then we have the two. The history of our country for many years is the history of how these two elements of American life approached collision. They wrought their separate reactions on each other. Men debate and quarrel even

now about the rise of Northern Abolitionism, about whether the Northern Abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good. How vain the quarrel is! It was inevitable. It was inevitable in the nature of things that two such natures living here together should be set violently against each other. It is inevitable, till man be far more unfeeling and untrue to his convictions than he has always been, that a great wrong asserting itself vehemently should arouse to no less vehement assertion the opposing right. The only wonder is that there was not more of it. The only wonder is that so few were swept away to take by an impulse they could not resist their stand of hatred to the wicked institution. The only wonder is, that only one brave, reckless man came forth to cast himself, almost single-handed, with a hopeless hope, against the proud power that he hated, and trust to the influence of a soul marching on into the history of his countrymen to stir them to a vindication of the truth he loved. At any rate, whether the Abolitionists were wrong or right, there grew up about their violence, as there always will about the extremism of extreme reformers, a great mass of feeling, catching their spirit and asserting it firmly, though in more moderate degrees and methods. About the nucleus of Abolitionism grew up a great American Antislavery determination, which at last gathered strength enough to take its stand to insist upon the checking and limiting the extension of the power of slavery, and to put the type-man, whom God had been preparing for the task, before the world, to do the work on which it had resolved. Then came discontent, secession, treason. The two American natures, long advancing to encounter, met at last, and a whole country, yet trembling with the shock, bears witness how terrible the meeting was.

Thus I have tried briefly to trace out the gradual course by which God brought the character which He designed to be the controlling character of this new world into distinct collision with the hostile character which it was to destroy and absorb, and set it in the person of its type-man in the seat of highest power. The character formed under the discipline of Freedom and the character formed under the discipline of Slavery developed all their difference and met in hostile conflict when this war began. Notice, it was not only in what he did and was towards the slave, it was in all he did and was everywhere that we accept Mr. Lincoln's character as the true result of our free

life and institutions. Nowhere else could have come forth that genuine love of the people, which in him no one could suspect of being either the cheap flattery of the demagogue or the abstract philanthropy of the philosopher, which made our President, while he lived, the center of a great household land, and when he died so cruelly, made every humblest household thrill with a sense of personal bereavement which the death of rulers is not apt to bring. Nowhere else than out of the life of freedom could have come that personal unselfishness and generosity which made so gracious a part of this good man's character. How many soldiers feel yet the pressure of a strong hand that clasped theirs once as they lay sick and weak in the dreary hospital! How many ears will never lose the thrill of some kind word he spoke — he who could speak so kindly to promise a kindness that always matched his word! How often he surprised the land with a clemency which made even those who questioned his policy love him the more for what they called his weakness, — seeing how the man in whom God had most embodied the discipline of Freedom not only could not be a slave, but could not be a tyrant! In the heartiness of his mirth and his enjoyment of simple joys; in the directness and shrewdness of perception which constituted his wit; in the untired, undiscouraged faith in human nature which he always kept; and perhaps above all in the plainness and quiet, unostentatious earnestness and independence of his religious life, in his humble love and trust of God — in all, it was a character such as only Freedom knows how to make.

Now it was in this character, rather than in any mere political position, that the fitness of Mr. Lincoln to stand forth in the struggle of the two American natures really lay. We are told that he did not come to the Presidential chair pledged to the abolition of Slavery. When will we learn that with all true men it is not what they intend to do, but it is what the qualities of their natures bind them to do, that determines their career! The President came to his power full of the blood, strong in the strength of Freedom. He came there free, and hating Slavery. He came there, leaving on record words like these spoken three years before and never contradicted. He had said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become

all one thing or all the other." When the question came, he knew which thing he meant that it should be. His whole nature settled that question for him. Such a man must always live as he used to say he lived (and was blamed for saying it) "controlled by events, not controlling them." And with a reverent and clear mind, to be controlled by events means to be controlled by God. For such a man there was no hesitation when God brought him up face to face with Slavery and put the sword into his hand and said, "Strike it down dead." He was a willing servant then. If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with a solemn joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln, as he bent over the page where the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 was growing into shape, and giving manhood and freedom as he wrote it to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men. Here was a work in which his whole nature could rejoice. Here was an act that crowned the whole culture of his life. All the past, the free boyhood in the woods, the free youth upon the farm, the free manhood in the honorable citizen's employments — all his freedom gathered and completed itself in this. And as the swarthy multitudes came in, ragged, and tired, and hungry, and ignorant, but free forever from anything but the memorial scars of the fetters and the whip, singing rude songs in which the new triumph of freedom struggled and heaved below the sad melody that had been shaped for bondage; as in their camps and hovels there grew up to their half-superstitious eyes the image of a great Father almost more than man, to whom they owed their freedom, — were they not half right? For it was not to one man, driven by stress of policy, or swept off by a whim of pity, that the noble act was due. It was to the American nature, long kept by God in his own intentions till his time should come, at last emerging into sight and power, and bound up and embodied in this best and most American of all Americans, to whom we and those poor frightened slaves at last might look up together and love to call him, with one voice, our Father.

Thus, we have seen something of what the character of Mr. Lincoln was, and how it issued in the life he lived. It remains for us to see how it resulted also in the terrible death which has laid his murdered body here in our town among lamenting multitudes to-day. It is not a hard question, though it is sad to answer. We saw the two natures, the nature of Slavery and the nature of Freedom, at last set against each other, come at

last to open war. Both fought, fought long, fought bravely; but each, as was perfectly natural, fought with the tools and in the ways which its own character had made familiar to it. The character of Slavery was brutal, barbarous, and treacherous; and so the whole history of the slave power during the war has been full of ways of warfare brutal, barbarous, and treacherous, beyond anything that men bred in freedom could have been driven to by the most hateful passions. It is not to be marveled at. It is not to be set down as the special sin of the war. It goes back beyond that. It is the sin of the system. It is the barbarism of Slavery. When Slavery went to war to save its life, what wonder if its barbarism grew barbarous a hundred-fold!

One would be attempting a task which once was almost hopeless, but which now is only needless, if he set himself to convince a Northern congregation that Slavery was a barbarian institution. It would be hardly more necessary to try to prove how its barbarism has shown itself during this war. The same spirit which was blind to the wickedness of breaking sacred ties, of separating man and wife, of beating women till they dropped down dead, of organizing licentiousness and sin into commercial systems, of forbidding knowledge and protecting itself with ignorance, of putting on its arms and riding out to steal a State at the beleaguered ballot box away from freedom — in one word (for its simplest definition is its worst dishonor), the spirit that gave man the ownership in man in time of peace, has found out yet more terrible barbarisms for the time of war. It has hewed and burned the bodies of the dead. It has starved and mutilated its helpless prisoners. It has dealt by truth, not as men will in a time of excitement, lightly and with frequent violations, but with a cool and deliberate, and systematic contempt. It has sent its agents into Northern towns to fire peaceful hotels where hundreds of peaceful men and women slept. It has undermined the prisons where its victims starved, and made all ready to blow with one blast their wretched life away. It has delighted in the foulest and basest scurrility even on the highest and most honorable lips. It has corrupted the graciousness of women and killed out the truth of men.

I do not count up the terrible catalogue because I like to, nor because I wish to stir your hearts to passion. Even now, you and I have no right to indulge in personal hatred to the men who did these things. But we are not doing right by ourselves, by the President that we have lost, or by God who

had a purpose in our losing him, unless we know thoroughly that it was this same spirit which we have seen to be a tyrant in peace and a savage in war, that has crowned itself with the working of this final woe. It was the conflict of the two American natures, the false and the true. It was Slavery and Freedom that met in their two representatives, the assassin and the President; and the victim of the last desperate struggle of the dying Slavery lies dead to-day in Independence Hall.

Solemnly, in the sight of God, I charge this murder where it belongs, on Slavery. I dare not stand here in His sight, and before Him or you speak doubtful and double-meaning words of vague repentance, as if we had killed our President. We have sins enough, but we have not done this sin, save as by weak concessions and timid compromises we have let the spirit of Slavery grow strong and ripe for such a deed. In the barbarism of Slavery the foul act and its foul method had their birth. By all the goodness that there was in him; by all the love we had for him (and who shall tell how great it was); by all the sorrow that has burdened down this desolate and dreadful week, — I charge this murder where it belongs, on Slavery. I bid you to remember where the charge belongs, to write it on the doorposts of your mourning houses, to teach it to your wondering children, to give it to the history of these times, that all times to come may hate and dread the sin that killed our noblest President.

If ever anything were clear, this is the clearest. Is there the man alive who thinks that Abraham Lincoln was shot just for himself; that it was that one man for whom the plot was laid? The gentlest, kindest, most indulgent man that ever ruled a State! The man who knew not how to speak a word of harshness or how to make a foe! Was it he for whom the murderer lurked with a mere private hate? It was not he, but what he stood for. It was Law and Liberty, it was Government and Freedom, against which the hate gathered and the treacherous shot was fired. And I know not how the crime of him who shoots at Law and Liberty in the crowded glare of a great theater differs from theirs who have leveled their aim at the same great beings from behind a thousand ambuscades and on a hundred battlefields of this long war. Every general in the field, and every false citizen in our midst at home, who has plotted and labored to destroy the lives of the soldiers of the Republic, is brother to him who did this deed. The An nature, the American truths, of which our Pr

anointed and supreme embodiment, have been embodied in multitudes of heroes who marched unknown and fell unnoticed in our ranks. For them, just as for him, character decreed a life and a death. The blood of all of them I charge on the same head. Slavery armed with Treason was their murderer.

Men point out to us the absurdity and folly of this awful crime. Again and again we hear men say, "It was the worst thing for themselves they could have done. They have shot a representative man, and the cause he represented grows stronger and sterner by his death. Can it be that so wise a devil was so foolish here? Must it not have been the act of one poor madman, born and nursed in his own reckless brain?" My friends, let us understand this matter. It was a foolish act. Its folly was only equaled by its wickedness. It was a foolish act. But when did sin begin to be wise? When did wickedness learn wisdom? When did the fool stop saying in his heart, "There is no God," and acting godlessly in the absurdity of his impiety? The cause that Abraham Lincoln died for shall grow stronger by his death, — stronger and sterner. Stronger to set its pillars deep into the structure of our nation's life; sterner to execute the justice of the Lord upon his enemies. Stronger to spread its arms and grasp our whole land into freedom; sterner to sweep the last poor ghost of Slavery out of our haunted homes. But while we feel the folly of this act, let not its folly hide its wickedness. It was the wickedness of Slavery putting on a foolishness for which its wickedness and that alone is responsible, that robbed the nation of a President and the people of a father. And remember this, that the folly of the Slave power in striking the representative of Freedom, and thinking that thereby it killed Freedom itself, is only a folly that we shall echo if we dare to think that in punishing the representatives of Slavery who did this deed, we are putting Slavery to death. Disbanding armies and hanging traitors, imperatively as justice and necessity may demand them both, are not killing the spirit out of which they sprang. The traitor must die because he has committed treason. The murderer must die because he has committed murder. Slavery must die, because out of it, and it alone, came forth the treason of the traitor and the murder of the murderer. Do not say that it is dead. It is not, while its essential spirit lives. While one man counts another man his inferior for the color of his skin, while both in North and South cherish prejudices and practices, which the law cannot touch, but

which God hates, keep alive in our people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity, it is not dead. The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us, and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living, thank God forever for his life and death.

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from the Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us with a silence more eloquent than words how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel, his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this — "He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power." The *Shepherd of the People!* that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable — how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed *all* his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spr

before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him and his work was done!

He stood once on the battlefield of our own State, and said of the brave men who had saved it, words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he has saved, and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg. He stood there with their graves before him, and these are the words he said: —

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; and this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

ALICE BROWN.

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NANCY BOYD'S LAST SERMON.[1]

(From "Meadow Grass.")

IT was the lonesome time of the year: not November, that accomplishment of a gracious death, but the moment before the conscious spring, when watercourses have not yet stirred in awakening, and buds are only dreamed of by trees still asleep but for the sweet trouble within their wood; when the air finds as yet no response to the thrill beginning to creep where roots lie blind in the dark; when life is at the one dull, flat instant before culmination and movement. I had gone down post-haste to my well-beloved Tiverton, in response to the news sent me by a dear countrywoman, that Nancy Boyd, whom I had not seen since my long absence in Europe, was dying of "galloping consumption." Nancy wanted to bid me good-by. Hiram Cole met me, lean-jawed, dust-colored, wrinkled as of old, with the overalls necessitated by his "sleddin'" at least four inches too short. Not the Pyramids themselves were such potent evidence that time may stand still, withal, as this lank, stooping figure, line for line exactly what it had been five years before.

Hiram helped me into the pung, took his place beside me, and threw a conversational "huddup" to the rakish-looking sorrel colt. We dashed sluing away down the country road, and then I turned to look at my old friend. He was steadfastly gazing at the landscape ahead, the while he passed one wiry hand over his face, to smooth out its broadening smile. He

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was glad to see me, but his private code of decorum forbade the betrayal of any such "shaller" emotion.

"Well, Hiram," I began, "Tiverton looks exactly the same, doesn't it? And poor Nancy how is she?"

"Nancy's pretty low," said Hiram, drawing his mitten over the hand that had been used to iron out his smile, and giving critical attention to the colt's off hind-leg. "She hil' her own all winter, but now, come spring, she's breakin' up mighty fast. They don't cal'late she'll live more 'n a day or two."

"Her poor husband! How will he get along without her?" Hiram turned upon me with vehemence.

"Why, don't you know?" said he. "'Ain't nobody told ye? She 'ain't got no husband."

"What? Is the Cap'n dead?"

"Dead? Bless ye, he's divorced from Nancy, an' married another woman, two year ago come this May!"

I was amazed, and Hiram looked at me with the undisguised triumph of one who has news to sell, be it good or bad.

"But Nancy has written me!" I said. "She told me the neighborhood gossip; why didn't she tell me that?"

"Pride, I s'pose, pride," said Hiram. "You can't be sure how misery'll strike folks. It's like a September gale; the best barns'll blow down, an' some rickety shanty'll stan' the strain. But there! Nancy's had more to bear from the way she took her troubles than from the troubles themselves. Ye see, 'twas this way. Cap'n Jim had his own reasons for wantin' to get rid of her, an' I guess there was a time when he treated her pretty bad. I guess he as good's turned her out o' house an' home, an' when he sued for divorce for desertion, she never said a word; an' he got it, an' up an' married, as soon as the law'd allow. Nancy never opened her head, all through it. She just settled down, with a bed an' a chair or two, in that little house she owned down by Willer Brook, an' took in tailorin' an' mendin'. One spell, she bound shoes. The whole town was with her till she begun carryin' on like a crazed woman, as she did arterwards."

My heart sank. Poor Nancy! if she had really incurred public scorn, it must have been through dire extremity.

"Ye see," Hiram continued, "folks were sort o' tried with her from the beginnin'. You know what a good outfit she had from her mother's side, — bureaus, an' beddin', an' everything complete? Well, she left it all right there in the house, for

Jim to use, an' when he brought his new woman home, there the things set jest the same, an' he never said a word. I don't deny he ought to done different, but then, if Nancy wouldn't look out for her own interests, you can't blame him so much, now can ye? But the capsheaf come about a year ago, when Nancy had a smart little sum o' money left her, — nigh onto a hunderd dollars. Jim he'd got into debt, an' his oxen died, an' one thing an' another, he was all wore out, an' had rheumatic fever; an' if you'll b'lieve it, Nancy she went over an' done the work, an' let his wife nuss him. She wouldn't step foot into the bedroom, they said; she never see Jim once, but there she was, slavin' over the wash-tub and ironin'-board, — an' as for that money, I guess it went for doctor's stuff an' what all, for Jim bought a new yoke of oxen in the spring."

"But the man! the other wife! how could they?"

"Oh, Jim's wife's a pretty tough-hided creatur', an' as for him, I al'ays thought the way Nancy behaved took him kind o' by surprise, an' he had to give her her head, an' let her act her pleasure. But it made a sight o' town talk. Some say Nancy ain't quite bright to carry on so, an' the women-folks seem to think she's a good deal to blame, one way or another. Anyhow, she's had a hard row to hoe. Here we be, an' there's Hannah at the fore-room winder. You won't think o' goin' over to Nancy's till arter supper, will ye?"

When I sat alone beside Nancy's bed, that night, I had several sides of her sad story in mind, but none of them lessened the dreariness of the tragedy. Before my brief acquaintance with her Nancy was widely known as a traveling-preacher, one who had "the power." She must have been a strangely attractive creature, in those early days, alert, intense, gifted with such a magnetic reaching into another life that it might well set her aside from the commoner phases of a common day, and crowned, as with flame, by an unceasing aspiration for the highest. At thirty she married a dashing sailor, marked by the sea, even to the rings in his ears; and when I knew them, they were solidly comfortable and happy, in a way very reassuring to one who could understand Nancy's temperament; for she was one of those who, at every step, are flung aside from the world's sharp corners, bruised and bleeding. As to the storm and shipwreck of her life, I learned no particulars essentially new. Evidently her husband had suddenly run amuck, either from the

monotony of his inland days, or from the strange passion he had conceived for a woman who was Nancy's opposite.

That night, I sat in the poor, bare little room, beside the billowing feather-bed where Nancy lay propped upon pillows, and gazing with bright, glad eyes into my face, one thin little hand clutching mine with the grasp of a soul who holds desperately to life. And yet Nancy was not clinging to life itself; she only seemed to be, because she clung to love.

"I'm proper glad to see ye," she kept saying, "proper glad."

We were quite alone. The fire burned cheerily in the kitchen stove, and a cheap little clock over the mantel ticked unmercifully fast; it seemed in haste for Nancy to be gone. The curtains were drawn, lest the thrifty window-plants should be frostbitten, and several tumblers of jelly on the oilcloth-covered table bore witness that the neighbors had put aside their moral scruples and their social delicacy, and were giving of their best, albeit to one whose ways were not their ways. But Nancy herself was the center and light of the room, — so frail, so clean, with her plain nightcap and coarse white nightgown, and the small checked shawl folded primly over her shoulders. Thin as she was, she looked scarcely older than when I had seen her five years ago; yet since then she had walked through a darker valley than the one before her.

"Now don't you git all nerved up when I cough," she said, lying back exhausted after a paroxysm. "I've got used to it; it don't trouble me no more'n a mosquiter. I want to have a real good night now, talkin' over old times."

"You must try to sleep," I said. "The doctor will blame me if I let you talk."

"No, he won't," said Nancy, shrewdly. "He knows I ain't got much time afore me, an' I guess he wouldn't deny me the good on't. That's why I sent for ye, dear; I 'ain't had anybody I could speak out to in five year, an' I wanted to speak out afore I died. Do you remember how you used to come over an' eat cold b'iled dish for supper, that last summer you was down here?"

"Oh, don't I, Nancy! there was never anything like it. Such cold potatoes — "

"B'iled in the pot-liquor!" she whispered, a knowing gleam in her blue eyes. "That's the way; on'y everybody don't know. An' do you remember the year we had greens way into

the fall, an' I wouldn't tell you what they was? Well, I will, now; there was chickweed, an' pusley, an' mustard, an' Aaron's rod, an' I dunno what all."

"Not Aaron's rod, Nancy! it never would have been so good!"

"It's truth an' fact! I b'iled Aaron's-rod, an' you eat it. That was the year Mis' Blaisdell was mad because you had so many meals over to my house, an' said it was the last time she'd take summer boarders an' have the neighbors feed 'em."

"They were good old days, Nancy!"

"I guess they were! yes, indeed, I guess so! Now, dear, I s'pose you've heard what I've been through, sence you went away?"

I put the thin hand to my cheek.

"Yes," I said; "I have heard."

"Well, now, I want to tell you the way it 'pears to me. You'll hear the neighbors' side, an' arter I'm gone, they'll tell you I was underwitted or bold. They've been proper good to me sence I've been sick, but law! what do they know about it, goin' to bed at nine o'clock, an' gittin' up to feed the chickens an' ride to meetin' with their husbands? No more'n the dead! An' so I want to tell ye my story, myself. Now, don't you mind my coughin', dear! It don't hurt, to speak of, an' I feel better arter it.

"Well, I dunno where to begin. The long an' short of it was, dear, James he got kind o' uneasy on land, an' then he was tried with me, an' then he told me, one night when he spoke out, that he didn't care about me as he used to, an' he never should, an' we couldn't live no longer under the same roof. He was goin' off the next day to sea, or to the devil, he said, so he needn't go crazy seein' Mary Ann Worthen's face lookin' at him all the time. It ain't any use tryin' to tell how I felt. Some troubles ain't no more'n a dull pain, an' some are like cuts an' gashes. You can feel your heart drop, drop, like water off the eaves. Mine dropped for a good while arter that. Well, you see I'd been through the fust stages of it. I'd been eat up by jealousy, an' I'd slaved like a dog to git him back; but now it had got beyond such folderol. He was in terrible trouble, an' I'd got to git him out. An' I guess 'twas then that I begun to feel as if I was his mother, instid of his wife. 'Jim,' says I (somehow I have to say 'James,' now we're separated!) 'don't you fret. I'll go off an' leave ye, an'

you can get clear o' me accordin' to law, if you want to. I'm sure you can. I sha'n't care.' He turned an' looked at me, as if I was crazed or he was himself. 'You won't care?' he says. 'No,' says I, 'I sha'n't care.' I said it real easy, for 'twas true. Somehow, I'd got beyond carin'. My heart dropped blood, but I couldn't bear to have him in trouble. 'They al'ays told me I was cut out for an old maid,' I says, 'an' I guess I be. Housekeepin's a chore, anyway. You let all the stuff set right here jest as we've had it, an' ask Cap'n Fuller to come an' bring his chist; an' I'll settle down in the Willer Brook house an' make button-holes. It's real pretty work.' You see, the reason I was so high for it was't I knew if he went to sea, he'd git in with a swearin', drinkin', set, as he did afore, an' in them days such carryin's-on were dretful to me. If I'd known he'd marry, I dunno what course I should ha' took; for nothin' could ha' made that seem right to me, arter all had come and gone. But I jest thought how James was a dretful handy man about the house, an' I knew he set by Cap'n Fuller. The Cap'n 'ain't no real home, you know, an' I thought they'd admire to bach it together."

"Did you ever wonder whether you had done right? Did you ever think it would have been better for him to keep his promises to you? For him to be unhappy?"

A shade of trouble crossed her face.

"I guess I did!" she owned. "At fust, I was so anxious to git out o' his way, I never thought of anything else; but when I got settled down here, an' had all my time for spec'-latin' on things, I was a good deal put to't whether I'd done the best anybody could. But I didn't reason much in them days; I jest felt. All was, I couldn't bear to have James cold to me when he'd got so's to hate me. Well, then he married —"

"Was she a good woman?"

"Good enough, yes; a leetle mite coarse-grained, but well-meanin' all through. Well, now, you know the neighbors blamed me for lettin' her have my things. Why, bless you, I didn't need 'em! An' Jim had used 'em so many years, he'd ha' missed 'em if they'd been took away. Then he never was forehanded, an' how could he ha' furnished a house all over ag'in I'd like to know? The neighbors never understood. The amount of it was, they never was put in jest such a place, any of 'em."

"O Nancy, Nancy!" I said, "you cared for just one thing, and it was gone. You didn't care for the tables and chairs that were left behind!"

Two tears came, and dimmed her bright blue eyes. Her firm, delicate mouth quivered.

"Yes," she said, "you see how 'twas. I knew you would. Well, arter he was married, there was a spell when 'twas pretty tough. Sometimes I couldn't hardly help goin' over there by night an' peekin' into the winder, an' seein' how they got along. I went jest twice. The fust time was late in the fall, an' she was preservin' pears by lamplight. I looked into the kitchin winder jest as she was bendin' over the stove, tryin' the syrup, an' he was holdin' the light for her to see. I dunno what she said, but 'twas suthin' that made 'em both laugh out, an' then they turned an' looked at one another, proper pleased. I dunno why, but it took right hold o' me, an' I started runnin' an' I never stopped till I got in here an' onto my own bed. I thought 'twould ha' been massiful if death had took me that night, but I'm glad it didn't, dear, I'm glad it didn't; I shouldn't ha' seen ye, if it had, an' there's a good many things I shouldn't ha' had time to study out. You jest put a mite o' cayenne pepper in that cup, an' turn some hot water on it. It kind 'o warms me up."

After a moment's rest, she began again.

"The next time I peeked was the last, for that night they'd had some words, an' they both set up straight as a mack'rel, an' wouldn't speak to one another. That hurt me most of anything. I never 've got over the feelin' that I was James's mother, an' that night I felt sort o' bruised all through, as if some stranger'd been hurtin' him. So I never went spyin' on 'em no more. I felt as if I couldn't stan' it. But when I went to help her with the work, that time he was sick, I guess the neighbors thought I hadn't any sense of how a right-feelin' woman ought to act. I guess they thought I was sort o' coarse an' low, an' didn't realize what I'd been through. Dear, don't you never believe it. The feelin' that's between husband an' wife's like a live creatur', an' when he told me that night that he didn't prize me no more, he wounded it; an' when he married the other woman, he killed it dead. If he'd ha' come back to me then, an' swore he was the same man I married, I could ha' died for him, jest as I would this minute, but he never should ha' touched me. But suthin' had riz up in the place o'

the feelin' I had fust, so't I never could ha' helped doin' for him, any more'n if he'd been my own child."

"'In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage!'"

"I guess that's it," said Nancy. "On'y you have to live through a good deal afore you understand it. Well, now dear, I'm nearin' the end. There's one thing that's come to me while I've been livin' through this, that I 'ain't never heard anybody mention; an' I want you to remember it, so's you can tell folks that are in great trouble, the way I've been. I've been thinkin' on't out that there's jest so much of everything in the world, — so much gold, so much silver, so many di'monds. You can't make no more nor no less. All you can do is to pass 'em about from hand to hand, so 't sometimes here'll be somebody that's rich, an' then it'll slip away from him, an' he'll be poor. Now, accordin' to my lights, it's jes' so with love. There's just so much, an' when it's took away from you, an' passed over to somebody else, it's alive, it's there, same as ever it was. So 't you ain't goin' to say it's all holler an' empty, this world. You're goin' to say, 'Well, it's som'er's, if 't ain't with me!'"

Nancy had straightened herself, without the support of her pillows. Her eyes were bright. A faint flush had come upon her cheeks. A doctor would have told me that my devoted friendship had not saved me from being a wretched nurse.

"My home was broke up," she went on, "but there's a nice, pretty house there jest the same. There's a contented couple livin' in it, an' what if the wife ain't me? It ain't no matter. P'raps it's a lot better that somebody else should have it, somebody that couldn't git along alone, an' not me, that can see the rights o' things. Jest so much love, dear — don't you forgit that — no matter where 'tis! An' James could take his love away from me, but the Lord A'mighty himself can't take mine from him. An' so 'tis the world over. You can al'ays love folks, an' do for 'em, even if your doin' 's only breakin' your heart an' givin' 'em up. An' do you s'pose there 's any sp'ere of life where I sha'n't be allowed to do somethin' for James? I guess not, dear, I guess not, even if it's only keepin' away from him."

Nancy lived three days, in a state of delighted content with us and our poor ministrations; and only once did we approach

the subject of that solemn night. As the end drew near, I became more and more anxious to know if she had a wish unfulfilled, and at length I ventured to ask her softly, when we were alone, —

"Would you like to see him?"

Her bright eyes looked at me, in a startled way.

"No, dear no," she said, evidently surprised that I could ask it. "Bless you, no!"

A Benedictine Garden.

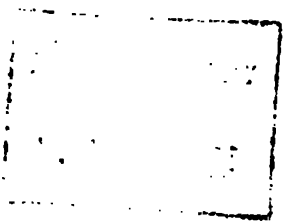
Through all the wind-blown aisles of May
  Faint bells of perfume swing and fall.
  Within this apple-petaled wall
(A gray east flecked with rosy day)
The pink Laburnum lays her cheek
  In married, matchless, lovely bliss,
Against her golden mate, to seek
      His airy kiss.

Tulips, in faded splendor drest,
  Brood o'er their beds, a slumbrous gloom;
  Dame Peony, red and ripe with bloom,
Swells the silk housing of her breast;
The Lilac, drunk to ecstasy,
  Breaks her full flagons on the air,
And drenches home the reeling bee
      Who found her fair.

O cowlèd legion of the Cross,
  What solemn pleasantry is thine,
  Vowing to seek the life divine
Through abnegation and through loss
Men but make monuments of sin
  Who walk the earth's ambitious round;
Thou hast the richer realm within
      This garden ground.

No woman's voice hath sweeter note
  Than chanting of this plumèd choir;
  No jewel ever wore the fire
Hung on the dewdrop's quivering throat.
A ruddier pomp and pageantry
  Than world's delight o'erfleets thy sod;
And choosing this, thou hast in fee
      The peace of God.

JOHN BROWN, M.D.



JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, a Scotch essayist, born at Biggar, 1810; died, 1882. He practiced medicine in Edinburgh. Whatever his pen touched it adorned. The objects of his affection were homely landscapes, old-fashioned people, the departed, children, and dogs. Humor and pathos tinged all he wrote. The story of Rab, the dog, and that of Marjorie Fleming, the child, will live long in English literature. Three volumes contain all his writings: "Horæ Subsecivæ" (2 vols.), and "John Leech and Other Papers."

OUR DOGS.

(From "Rab and His Friends.")

I WAS bitten severely by a little dog when with my mother at Moffat Wells, being then three years of age, and I have remained "bitten" ever since in the matter of dogs. All my life I have been familiar with these faithful creatures, making friends of them, and speaking to them.

TOBY

Was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld: in one word, *a tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his color black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy; altogether what Sydney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog: and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, *bonnie wi' ill-fauredness*. My brother William found him the center of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who where drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William

bought him for twopence, and as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and giving the twopence to the biggest boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared; one penny going off with a very small and swift boy, and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to any one but ourselves two and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and of dirt I believe she would have expelled "him whom we saved from drowning," had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout of laughter that we — grandmother, sisters, and all of us — went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but as surely as the pressure of Tom Jones' infantile fist upon Mr. Allworthy's forefinger undid all the arguments of his sister, so did Toby's tongue and fun prove too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong, coarse dog; coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. I used to think that, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, he must have been, or been going to be, a Gilmerton carter. He was of the bull-terrier variety, coarsened through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equaled — indeed it was a tail *per se;* it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke which shook the house; this, after

much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first bang authoritative, having been as masterly and telling as his last.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence — affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humor as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves; there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him — and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; but my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!), forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, by which he came from the vestry was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffling his ground, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his fore legs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when

he beheld his friend, — the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail, — I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the "minister's man," to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

I never saw in any other dog the sudden transition from discretion, not to say abject cowardice, to blazing and permanent valor. From his earliest years he showed a general meanness of blood, inherited from many generations of starved, bekicked, and down-trodden forefathers and mothers, resulting in a condition of intense abjectness in all matters of personal fear; anybody, even a beggar, by a *growl* and a threat of eye, could send him off howling by anticipation, with that mighty tail between his legs. But it was not always so to be, and I had the privilege of seeing courage, reasonable, absolute, and for life, spring up in Toby at once, as did Athené from the skull of Jove. It happened thus: —

Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighboring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man — *torvo vultu* — was, by the law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shoveling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when S. spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrible *growl*. I watched them. Instantly Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself with proclaiming his victory at the door; and returning finished his bone-planting at his leisure, — the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass door, glaring at him.

From this moment Toby was an altered dog. Pluck at first

sight was lord of all; from that time dated his first tremendous deliverance of tail against the door which we called "come listen to my tail." That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big, tyrannical bully and coward, which its master thought a Newfoundland, but whose pedigree we knew better; this brute continued the same system of chronic extermination which was interrupted at Lochend, — having Toby down among his feet, and threatening him with instant death two or three times a day. To him Toby paid a visit that very evening, down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say "Come on, Macduff!" but Macduff did not come on, and henceforward there was an armed neutrality, and they merely stiffened up and made their backs rigid, pretended each not to see the other, walking solemnly round, as is the manner of dogs. Toby worked his new-found faculty thoroughly, but with discretion. He killed cats, astonished beggars, kept his own in his own garden against all comers, and came off victorious in several well-fought battles; but he was not quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his carriage changed, holding his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To my father, next to William, who was his Humane Society man, he remained stanch. And what of his end? for the misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or as Sir Walter says, it is well they do; for if they lived as long as a Christian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand.

His exit was miserable, and had a strange poetic or tragic relation to his entrance. My father was out of town; I was away in England. Whether it was that the absence of my father had relaxed his power of moral restraint, or whether through neglect of the servant he had been desperately hungry, — most likely both being true, Toby was discovered with the remains of a cold leg of mutton, on which he made an ample meal; this he was in vain endeavoring to plant as of old, in the hope of its remaining undiscovered till tomorrow's hunger returned, the whole shank bone sticking up unmistakably. This was seen by our excellent and Rhadamanthine grandmother, who pronounced sentence on the instant; and next day, as William was leaving for the High School, did he in the sour morning, through an easterly *haur*, behold him "whom he saved from drowning," and whom, with better results than in the case of Launce and Crab, he had taught, as if one should

say, "thus would I teach a dog," dangling by his own chain from his own lamp-post, one of his hind feet just touching the pavement, and his body preternaturally elongated.

William found him dead and warm, and falling in with the milk boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence, he — Toby's every-morning crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can — had, with an eye to speed and convenience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream, and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and, being late, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby; my father said little, but he missed and mourned his friend.

There is reason to believe that by one of those curious intertwistings of existence, the milk boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.

WYLIE.

Our next friend was an exquisite shepherd's dog; fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and handsome as a small greyhound, with all the grace of silky waving black and tan hair. We got her thus. Being then young and keen botanists, and full of the knowledge and love of Tweedside, having been on every hill-top from Muckle Mendic to Hundleshope and the Lee Pen, and having fished every water from Tarth to the Leithen, we discovered early in spring that young Stewart, author of an excellent book on natural history, a young man of great promise and early death, had found the *Buxbaumia aphylla*, a beautiful and odd-looking moss, west of Newbie heights, in the very month we were that moment in. We resolved to start next day. We walked to Peebles, and then up Haystoun Glen to the cottage of Adam Cairns, the aged shepherd of the Newbie hirsel, of whom we knew, and who knew of us from his daughter, Nancy Cairns, a servant with Uncle Aitken of Callands. We found our way up the burn with difficulty, as the evening was getting dark, and on getting near the cottage heard them at worship. We got in, and made ourselves known, and got a famous tea, and such cream and oatcake! —

old Adam looking on us as "clean dementit" to come out for "a bit moss," which, however, he knew, and with some pride said he would take us in the morning to the place. As we were going into a box bed for the night, two young men came in, and said they were "gaun to burn the water." Off we set. It was a clear, dark, starlight, frosty night. They had their leisters and tar torches, and it was something worth seeing — the wild flame, the young fellows striking the fish coming to the light — how splendid they looked with the light on their scales, coming out of the darkness — the stumblings and quenchings suddenly of the lights, as the torchbearer fell into a deep pool. We got home past midnight, and slept as we seldom sleep now. In the morning Adam, who had been long up, and had been up the "*Hope*" with his dog, when he saw we had wakened, told us there was four inches of snow, and we soon saw it was too true. So we had to go home without our cryptogamic prize.

It turned out that Adam, who was an old man and frail, and had made some money, was going at Whitsunday to leave, and live with his son in Glasgow. We had been admiring the beauty and gentleness and perfect shape of Wylie, the finest collie I ever saw, and said, "What are you going to do with Wylie?" "Deed," says he, "I hardly ken. I canna think o' sellin' her, though she's worth four pound, and she'll no like the toun." I said, "Would you let me have her?" and Adam, looking at her fondly,— she came up instantly to him, and made of him — said, "Ay, I wull, if ye'll be gude to her;" and it was settled that when Adam left for Glasgow she should be sent into Albany Street by the carrier.

She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts, — even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on never doing wrong, always blithe and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came, there was a mystery about her: every Tuesday evening she disappeared; we tried to watch her, but in vain: she was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied and all over mud, as if she had traveled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature,

she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond, though tired.

Well, one day I was walking across the Grassmarket, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said, "That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens." I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the "buchts" or sheep pens in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The man said with a sort of transport, "She's a perfect meeracle; flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang; wears but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a maukin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no, she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that "wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.

It is very touching the regard the south-country shepherds have to their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forres Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house; it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I dinna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

Mr. Carruthurs of Inverness told me a new story of these wise sheep dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog, left the road. The dog drove them on, till coming to a toll, the toll wife stood before the drove demanding her dues. The

dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his fore legs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them, and went on his way.

RAB.

Of Rab I have little to say, indeed have little right to speak of him as one of "our dogs;" but nobody will be sorry to hear anything of that noble fellow. Ailie, the day or two after the operation, when she was well and cheery, spoke about him, and said she would tell me fine stories when I came out, as I promised to do, to see her at Howgate. I asked her how James came to get him. She told me that one day she saw James coming down from Leadburn with the cart; he had been away west, getting eggs and butter, cheese and hens, for Edinburgh. She saw he was in some trouble, and on looking, there was what she thought a young calf being dragged, or, as she called it, "haurled," at the back of the cart. James was in front, and when he came up, very warm and very angry, she saw that there was a huge young dog tied to the cart, struggling and pulling back with all his might, and as she said "lookin' fearsom." James, who was out of breath and temper, being past his time, explained to Ailie, that this "muckle brute o' a whalp" had been worrying sheep, and terrifying everybody up at Sir George Montgomery's at Macbie Hill, and that Sir George had ordered him to be hanged, which, however, was sooner said than done, as the "thief" showed his intentions of dying hard. James came up just as Sir George had sent for his gun, and as the dog had more than once shown a liking for him, he said he would gie him a chance;" and so he tied him to his cart. Young Rab, fearing some mischief, had been entering a series of protests all the way, and nearly strangling himself to spite James and Jess, besides giving Jess more than usual to do. "I wish I had let Sir George pit that charge into him, the thrawn brute," said James. But Ailie had seen that in his fore leg there was a splinter of wood, which he had likely got when waiting to be hanged, and that he was miserably lame. So she got James to leave him with her, and go straight into Edinburgh. She gave him water, and by her woman's wit got his lame paw under a door, so that he couldn't suddenly get at her, then with a quick firm hand she plucked out the splinter, and got in an ample meal. She went in some time after, taking no

notice of him, and he came limping up, and laid his great jaws in her lap; from that moment they were "chief," as she said, James finding him mansuete and civil when he returned.

She said it was Rab's habit to make his appearance exactly half an hour before his master, trotting in full of importance, as if to say, "He's all right, he'll be here." One morning James came without him. He had left Edinburgh very early, and in coming near Auchindinny, at a lonely part of the road, a man sprang out on him, and demanded his money. James who was a cool hand, said, "Weel a weel, let me get it," and stepping back, he said to Rab, "Speak till him, my man." In an instant Rab was standing over him, threatening strangulation if he stirred. James pushed on, leaving Rab in charge; he looked back, and saw that every attempt to rise was summarily put down. As he was telling Ailie the story, up came Rab with that great swing of his. It turned out that the robber was a Howgate lad, the worthless son of a neighbor, and Rab knowing him, had let him cheaply off; the only thing, which was seen by a man from a field, was, that before letting him rise, he quenched (*pro tempore*) the fire of the eyes of the ruffian, by a familiar Gulliverian application of Hydraulics, which I need not further particularize. James, who did not know the way to tell an untruth, or embellish anything, told me this as what he called "a fact *positeevely*."

WASP

Was a dark brindled bull-terrier, as pure in blood as Cruiser or Wild Dayrell. She was brought by my brother from Otley, in the West Riding. She was very handsome, fierce, and gentle, with a small, compact, finely shaped head, and a pair of wonderful eyes,—as full of fire and of softness as Grisi's; indeed she had to my eye a curious look of that wonderful genius—at once wild and fond. It was a fine sight to see her on the prowl across Bowden Moor, now cantering with her nose down, now gathered up on the top of a dike, and with erect ears, looking across the wild like a mosstrooper out on business, keen and fell. She could do everything it became a dog to do, from killing an otter or a polecat, to watching and playing with a baby, and was as docile to her master as she was surly to all else. She was not quarrelsome, but "being in," she would have pleased Polonius as much, as in being "ware of

entrance." She was never beaten, and she killed on the spot several of the country bullies who came out upon her when following her master in his rounds. She generally sent them off howling with one snap, but if this was not enough, she made an end of it.

But it was as a mother that she shone; and to see the gypsy, Hagar-like creature nursing her occasional Ishmael — playing with him, and fondling him all over, teaching his teeth to war, and with her eye and the curl of her lip daring any one but her master to touch him, was like seeing Grisi watching her darling "Gennaro," who so little knew why and how much she loved him.

Once when she had three pups, one of them died. For two days and nights she gave herself up to trying to bring it to life — licking it and turning it over and over, growling over it, and all but worrying it to awake it. She paid no attention to the living two, gave them no milk, flung them away with her teeth, and would have killed them, had they been allowed to remain with her. She was as one possessed, and neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, was heavy and miserable with her milk, and in such a state of excitement that no one could remove the dead pup.

Early on the third day she was seen to take the pup in her mouth, and start across the fields towards the Tweed, striding like a race horse — she plunged in, holding up her burden, and at the middle of the stream dropped it and swam swiftly ashore; then she stood and watched the little dark lump floating away, bobbing up and down with the current, and losing it at last far down, she made her way home, sought out the living two, devoured them with her love, carried them one by one to her lair, and gave herself up wholly to nurse them; you can fancy her mental and bodily happiness and relief when they were pulling away — and theirs.

On one occasion my brother had lent her to a woman who lived in a lonely house, and whose husband was away for a time. She was a capital watch. One day an Italian with his organ came — first begging, then demanding money — showing that he knew she was alone and that he meant to help himself, if she didn't. She threatened to "lowse the dowg;" but as this was Greek to him, he pushed on. She had just time to set Wasp at him. It was very short work. She had him by the throat, pulled him and his organ down with a heavy crash, the organ giving a ludicrous sort of cry of musical pain. Wasp thinking this was from some creature within, possibly a *whittret*,

left the ruffian, and set to work tooth and nail on the box. Its master slunk off, and with mingled fury and thankfulness watched her disemboweling his only means of an honest living. The woman good-naturedly took her off, and signed to the miscreant to make himself and his remains scarce. This he did with a scowl; and was found in the evening in the village, telling a series of lies to the watchmaker, and bribing him with a shilling to mend his pipes — "his kist o' whussels."

JOCK

Was insane from his birth; at first an *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn-colored; his mother's name VAMP (Vampire), and his father's DEMON. He was more properly *daft* than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street door open, than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea things, upsetting the urn, cream, etc., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him; but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the manse by strangling an ancient monkey, or "puggy," the pet of the minister, — who was a bachelor, — and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod. Of

DUCHIE

I have already spoken; her oddities were endless. We had and still have a dear friend, — "Cousin Susan" she is called by

many who are not her cousins — a perfect lady, and, though hopelessly deaf, as gentle and contented as was ever Griselda with the full use of her ears; quite as great a pet, in a word, of us all as Duchie was of ours. One day we found her mourning the death of a cat, a great playfellow of the Sputchard's, and her small Grace was with us when we were condoling with her and we saw that she looked very wistfully at Duchie. I wrote on the slate, "Would you like her?" and she through her tears said, "You know that would never do." But it did do. We left Duchie that very night, and though she paid us frequent visits, she was Cousin Susan's for life. I fear indulgence dulled her moral sense. She was an immense happiness to her mistress, whose silent and lonely days she made glad with her oddity and mirth. And yet the small creature, old, toothless, and blind, domineered over her gentle friend — threatening her sometimes if she presumed to remove the small Fury from the inside of her own bed, into which it pleased her to creep. Indeed, I believe it is too true, though it was inferred only, that her mistress and friend spent a great part of a winter night in trying to coax her dear little ruffian out of the center of the bed. One day the cook asked what she would have for dinner: "I would like a mutton chop, but then, you know, Duchie likes minced veal better!" The faithful and happy little creature died at a great age, of natural decay.

But time would fail me, and I fear patience would fail you, kind reader, were I to tell you of CRAB, of JOHN PYM, of PUCK, and of the rest. CRAB, the Mugger's dog, grave, with deep-set, melancholy eyes, as of a nobleman (say the Master of Ravenswood) in disguise, large-visaged, shaggy, indomitable, come of the pure Piper Allan's breed. This Piper Allan, you must know, lived some two hundred years ago in Cocquet Water, playing like Homer, from place to place, and famous not less for his dog than for his music, his news, and his songs. The Earl of Northumberland, of his day, offered the piper a small farm for his dog, but after deliberating for a day Allan said, "Na, na, my Lord, keep yir ferum; what wud a piper do wi' a ferm?" From this dog descended Davidson of Hyndlee's breed, the original Dandie-Dinmont, and Crab could count his kin up to him. He had a great look of the Right Honorable Edward Ellice, and had much of his energy and *wecht;* had there been a dog House of Commons, Crab would have spoken

as seldom, and been as great a power in the house, as the formidable and faithful time-out-of-mind member for Coventry.

JOHN PYM was a smaller dog than Crab, of more fashionable blood, being a son of Mr. Somner's famous SHEM, whose father and brother are said to have been found dead in a drain into which the hounds had run a fox. It had three entrances: the father was put in at one hole, the son at another, and speedily the fox bolted out at the third, but no appearance of the little terriers, and on digging, they were found dead, locked in each others' jaws; they had met, and it being dark, and there being no time for explanations, they had throttled each other. John was made of the same sort of stuff, and was as combative and victorious as his great namesake, and not unlike him in some of his not so creditable qualities. He must, I think, have been related to a certain dog to whom "life was full o' sairiousness," but in John's case the same cause produced an opposite effect. John was gay and light-hearted, even when there was not "enuff of fechtin," which, however, seldom happened, there being a market every week in Melrose, and John appearing most punctually at the cross to challenge all comers, and being short legged he inveigled every dog into an engagement by first attacking him, and then falling down on his back, in which posture he latterly fought and won all his battles.

What can I say of PUCK — the thoroughbred — the simple-hearted — the purloiner of eggs warm from the hen — the flutterer of all manner of Volscians — the bandy-legged, dear, old, dilapidated buffer? I got him from my brother, and only parted with him because William's stock was gone. He had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day — a dog-day — when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide quiescas!*

DICK

Still lives, and long may he live! As he was never born, possibly he may never die; be it so, he will miss us when we are

gone. I could say much of him, but agree with the lively and admirable Dr. Jortin, when, in his dedication of his "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History" to the then (1752) Archbishop of Canterbury, he excuses himself for not following the modern custom of praising his Patron, by reminding his Grace "that it was a custom amongst the ancients, *not to sacrifice to heroes till after sunset.*" I defer my sacrifice till Dick's sun is set.

I think every family should have a dog: it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. All unite upon Dick. And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb *too early* to bed — is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.

Never put a collar on your dog — it only gets him stolen; give him only one meal a day, and let that, as Dame Dorothy, Sir Thomas Browne's wife, would say, be "rayther under." Wash him once a week, and always wash the soap out; and let him be carefully combed and brushed twice a week.

By the bye, I was wrong in saying that it was Burns who said Man is the God of the Dog — he got it from Bacon's "Essay on Atheism."

The Death of Thackeray.

(From "Spare Hours.")

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean road, to the west of Edinburgh, — one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, — such a sunset as one never forgets: a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in

the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word "CALVARY!" The friends walked on in silence, then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things, — of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.

There is a passage at the close of the "Roundabout Paper" No. 23, "De Finibus," in which a sense of the ebb of life is very marked; the whole paper is like a soliloquy. It opens with a drawing of Mr. Punch, with unusually mild eye, retiring for the night; he is putting out his high-heeled shoes, and before disappearing gives a wistful look into the passage, as if bidding it and all else good-night. He will be in bed, his candle out, and in darkness, in five minutes, and his shoes found next morning at his door, the little potentate all the while in his final sleep. The whole paper is worth the most careful study; it reveals not a little of his real nature, and unfolds very curiously the secret of his work, the vitality and abiding power of his own creations; how he "invented a certain Costigan, out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters," and met the original the other day, without surprise, in a tavern parlor. The following is beautiful: "Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, 'Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? *It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving, for I was in the wrong.*'" *Odisse quem læseris* was never better contravened. But what we chiefly refer to now is the profound pensiveness of the following strain, as if written with a presentiment of what was not then very far off: — "Another Finis written; another milestone on this journey from birth to the next world. Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business, and be voluble to the end of our age?" "Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue?" And thus he ends: —

"Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages; oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations

over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last; after which, behold Finis itself comes to an end, and the Infinite begins."

. . . . . .

He had been suffering on Sunday from an old and cruel enemy. He fixed with his friend and surgeon to come again on Tuesday, but with that dread of anticipated pain which is a common condition of sensibility and genius, he put him off with a note from "yours unfaithfully, W. M. T." He went out on Wednesday for a little, and came home at ten. He went to his room, suffering much, but declining his man's offer to sit with him. He hated to make others suffer. He was heard moving, as if in pain, about twelve, on the eve of —

"That happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin-mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring."

Then all was quiet, and then he must have died — in a moment. Next morning his man went in, and opening the windows found his master dead, his arms behind his head, as if he had tried to take one more breath. We think of him as of our Chalmers, found dead in like manner: the same childlike, unspoiled, open face; the same gentle mouth; the same spaciousness and softness of nature; the same look of power. What a thing to think of, — his lying there alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. God help them, and us all! What would become of us, stumbling along this our path of life, if we could not, at our utmost need, stay ourselves on Him?

Long years of sorrow, labor, and pain had killed him before his time. It was found after death how little life he had to live. He looked always fresh, with that abounding silvery hair, and his young, almost infantine face, but he was worn to a shadow, and his hands wasted as if by eighty years. With him it is the end of Ends; finite is over and infinite begun.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE, an American humorist, born at Waterford, Me., April 26, 1834; died at Southampton, England, March 6, 1867. He learned the trade of a printer, and worked as such in Boston and elsewhere. Going westward he reached Toledo, O., where he came to be engaged as "local editor" of a newspaper. In this capacity he wrote a paper purporting to be furnished by a traveling exhibitor of waxworks, living creatures, and other "curiosities." That paper was signed "Artemus Ward, Showman." His subsequent papers, with this pseudonym, attracted attention, and in 1860 he came to New York and became editor of a comic weekly paper, called "Vanity Fair," which, however, had only a brief life. About 1860 he began to deliver comic "lectures" throughout the country. These "lectures" proved successful from Maine to California, and in 1866 he went to England, where he repeated his lectures on the Mormons, and became a contributor to *Punch*. He was suffering under a pulmonary disease, and attempted to return to America, but died when on the point of embarking. His works, which were collected into a volume, include: "Artemus Ward, His Book;" "Artemus Ward Among the Mormons;" "Artemus Ward Among the Fenians;" "Sandwiches," and an "Autobiography," published after his death.

A MORMON ROMANCE.

I.

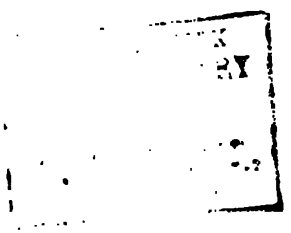
THE morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule train dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule train for goods; but, although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE

(ARTEMUS WARD)



mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but — pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lie down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Molly, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips, — far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted — and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your — with your — that is to say, Susan, with your — and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove gaily away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced his task, the mule, a singularly contrary animal, snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered painfully towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said. "Where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heartstricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son! my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain! in vain! Reginald had passed on.

II.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heartbroken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she indis-

creetly sent a boy to burst the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at *me* with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at *me!*"

"Sisters," said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No, you *won't*," said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's *my* business to strew!"

"You sha'n't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the strew much; but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession."

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket handkerchiefs will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a sob on my handkercher!"

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger! Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the dooryard that he was on the die; but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in *our* pockets, and *no* mistake! Excuse these real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelin's."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Don't blame us."

III.

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother, the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

That night the twenty wives, with their heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches. Reginald would never more linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches; Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches, — never, never more!

In another house, not many leagues from the house of mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without signerfyin', in any respect, where them mules went to!"

IV.

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon, — although, for that matter, the sun has a right to set where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen, — a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" he inquired.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before. And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine! — be mine!" he enthusiastically cried; "and

we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so, —

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one."

They were united, they were.

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that — does it not, in fact, show that, however many there may be of a young widow woman — or, rather, does it not show that, whatever number of persons one woman may consist of — well, never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

Mr. Pepper.

(From "Artemus Ward: His Travels.")

My arrival at Virginia City was signalized by the following incident: —

I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel than I was called upon by an intoxicated man, who said he was an editor. Knowing how rare it is for an editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said: —

"What name?"

"Wait!" he said, and went out.

I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside.

In ten minutes he returned, and said, "Pepper!"

Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it, and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away.

I had often heard of a man being "so drunk that he didn't know what town he lived in," but here was a man so hideously inebriated that he didn't know what his name was.

I saw him no more, but I heard from him. For he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said that I had *a dissipated air!*

Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville.

(From "Artemus Ward: His Travels.")

When Mr. Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fête the great journalist, and an extra coach with extra relays of horses was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville — distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be fêted at seven o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that time. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, the great man must be there by seven to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I must be in Placerville at seven o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders!" laconically replied Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!"

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half-hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow," said Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack, crack! went the whip, and again "that voice" split the air, "Get up! Hi-yi! G'long! Yip-yip."

And on they tore over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the stage to the other like an India-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said: —

"Do-on't-on't-on't you-u-u think we-e-e-e shall get there by seven if we do-on't-on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting — and again his head "might have been seen from the window."

"Sir," he said, "I don't care-care-air if we *don't* get there at seven."

"I've got my orders!" Fresh horses — forward again, faster than before — over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all."

"I've got my orders! I work fer the California Stage Company, I do. That's wot I *work* fer. They said, 'Git this man through by seving.' An' this man's goin' through, you bet! Gerlong! Whoo-ep!"

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop, you — maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk: —

"I've got my orders! *Keep your seat, Horace!*"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation was amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"*He was, a few miles back!*" said Mr. Monk. "Yes," he added, looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coach-roof, "Yes, I can see him! He is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the chairman of the committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir! — Why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follows: Git him there by seving! It wants a quarter to seving. Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the committee-man, seizing the off-leader by the reins, "Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir!"

"*I've got my orders!*" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'Git him there by seving.' Let go them lines! Clear the way there! Whoo-ep! KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence, gray-haired men who were little boys in this procession will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head now and anon showed itself like a wild apparition above the coach-roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while: then he laughed and ... presented Mr. Monk with a brand-new suit of clothes. Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

THOMAS BROWNE.

THOMAS BROWNE, an English physician and author, born at London, Oct. 19, 1605; died at Norwich Oct. 19, 1682, upon the seventy-seventh anniversary of his birthday. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B. A. in 1627. He studied medicine at home and on the Continent, and in 1634 took up his residence at Norwich, where he practiced his profession with great success. He received the honor of Knighthood from King Charles II. the year previous to his death. Dr. Browne's first work, "Religio Medici" (The Religion of a Physician), was not written with the design of publication; it was, however, circulated in manuscript, and was printed in 1642, without his knowledge, from an imperfect copy. This induced him to put forth in the next year an accurate edition. The work was very favorably received, and eight editions of it were published during the next forty years.

Browne afterward wrote several other works, the principal of which are: "Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly received Truths"; "The Garden of Cyrus, or Net Work Plantations of the Ancients"; and "Hydriotaphia, or Urne-Burial." He also left behind him several small treatises, which were published after his death. The best edition of Browne's works is that of Simon Wilkin (1836, revised by Bohn, in 1851), to which is prefixed Johnson's Life of the Author. The "Urne-Burial" is the work by which Browne will be chiefly remembered.

RELIGIO MEDICI.

I HAVE no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity: many from the

ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal for truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace, than to hazard her on a battle: if therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best Œdipus, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, there is no man more paradoxical than myself: but in divinity I love to keep the road: and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the Church.

I am naturally bashful; nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly), I am not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof; 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife, and children stand afraid and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before, in a natural fear, obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of morality, and one had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Some upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who in a nobler ambition should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore, at my death, I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph; not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical as to approve the testament of Diogenes, nor do I altogether allow that rodomontado of Lucan: —

Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.

> He that unburied lies wants not his hearse;
> For unto him a tomb's the universe;

but commend in my calmer judgment those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of their fathers and strive to go the neatest way unto corruption. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee; as yet I have not seen one revolution of Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years, and yet, excepting one, have seen the ashes of, and left underground, all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four grand signiors and as many popes: methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight in my warm blood and canicular days; I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics to my severer contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Saviour or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet, if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no gray hairs in heaven but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worse habits, and (like diseases) brings on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weaker in age, we grow onger in sin, and the number of our days doth but make our innumerable. The same vice, committed at sixteen, is not ame, though it agrees in all other circumstances, at forty; swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages, ein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgress- the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretense unto excuse ardon. Every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it ireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in time, so it pro- in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever mul- and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more ll that went before it. And, though I think no man can ll once, but he that could live twice, yet, for my own

part, I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days; not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then because I was a child; and because I commit them still I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before three-score.

And truly there goes a deal of providence to produce a man's life unto three-score; there is more required than an able temper for those years: though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret gloom or bottom of our days: 'twas his wisdom to determine them: but his perpetual and waking providence that fulfills and accomplisheth them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God in a secret and disputed way, do execute his will. Let them not therefore complain of immaturity that die about thirty: they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution: when all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature: we are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein, though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have been able not only, as we do at school, to construe, but understand: —

> *Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,*
> *Felix esse mori.*
>
> We're all deluded, vainly searching ways
> To make us happy by the length of days;
> For cunningly, to make 's protract this breath,
> The gods conceal the happiness of death.

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There be many excellent strains in that poet, wherewith his natural genius hath liberally supplied him: and truly there are singular pieces in the philosophy of Zeno and doctrine of the stoics which I perceive, delivered in a pulpit, pass for current divinity: yet herein are they in extremes, that can allow a man to be his own assassin, and so highly extol the end and suicide of Cato. This is indeed not to fear death but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live: and herein religion hath taught us a noble example: for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue unto it. *Emori nolo sed me esse mortuum nihil curo;* I would not die but care not to be dead. Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides think health an appurtenance unto life and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. 'Tis not only the mischief of diseases and the villainy of poisons that make an end of us; we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death: — it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet, he doth not kill us. There is therefore but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death. God would not exempt himself from that; the misery of immortality in the flesh he undertook not, that was in it, immortal. Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh; nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity. The first day of our jubilee is death: the devil hath therefore failed of his desires; we are happier with death than we should have been without it: there is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so indeed, in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die, who complains of misery; we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own.

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the

extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the devil's walk and purlieu is about it. Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in; I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast; Legion is revived in me.

I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell; and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one than endure the misery of the other: to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs methinks no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of him; his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy and upon provocation; — a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven: they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell: other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

The skeptics, that affirmed they knew nothing, even in that opinion confuted themselves, and thought they knew more than all the world beside. Diogenes I hold to be the most vainglorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honors, than Alexander in rejecting none. Vice and the devil put a fallacy upon our reasons; and, provoking us too hastily to run from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The duke of Venice, that [yearly] weds himself unto the sea, by [casting thereinto] a ring of gold, I will not accuse of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the state: but the philosopher that threw his money into the sea to avoid avarice, was a notorious prodigal. There is no road or ready way to virtue; it is not an easy point of art to disentangle ourselves from this riddle or web of sin. To perfect virtue, as to

religion, there is required a *panoplia* or complete armor; that whilst we lie at close ward against one vice, we lie not open to the veney of another. And indeed wise discretions, that have the thread of reason to conduct them, offend without a pardon; whereas under heads may stumble without dishonor. There go so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that it is a lesson to be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the book. Again, the practice of men holds not an equal pace, yea and often runs counter to their theory; we naturally know what is good but naturally pursue what is evil: the rhetoric wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself. There is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no further than agrees to its own irregular humor. In brief, we all are monsters; that is, a composition of man and beast: wherein we must endeavor to be as the poets fancy that wise man, Chiron; that is, to have the region of man above that of beast, and sense to sit but at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God that all, but yet affirm with men that few, shall know salvation, — that the bridge is narrow, the passage strait unto life: yet those who do confine the church of God either to particular nations churches or families have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it.

No man can justly censure or condemn another; because, indeed, no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. Those that know me but superficially think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more; God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing.

(From "Christian Morals.")

WHEN thou lookest upon the imperfections of others, allow one eye for what is laudable in them, and the balance they have from some excellency, which may render them considerable. While we look with fear or hatred upon the teeth of the viper, we may behold his eye with love. In venomous natures something may be amiable: poisons afford anti-poisons: nothing is totally or altogether uselessly bad. Notable virtues are sometimes dashed with notorious vices, and in some vicious tempers have been found illustrious acts of virtue, which makes such observable worth in some actions of King Demetrius, Antonius,

and Ahab, as are not to be found in the same kind in Aristides, Numa, or David. Constancy, generosity, clemency, and liberality have been highly conspicuous in some persons not marked out in other concerns for example or imitation. But since goodness is exemplary in all, if others have not our virtues, let us not be wanting in theirs; nor, scorning them for their vices whereof we are free, be condemned by their virtues wherein we are deficient. There is dross, alloy, and embasement in all human tempers; and he flieth without wings, who thinks to find ophir or pure metal in any. For perfection is not, like light, centered in any one body; but, like the dispersed seminalities of vegetables at the creation, scattered through the whole mass of the earth, no place producing all, and almost all some. So that 'tis well if a perfect man can be made out of many men, and to the perfect eye of God, even out of mankind. Time, which perfects some things, imperfects also others. Could we intimately apprehend the ideated man, and as he stood in the intellect of God upon the first exertion by creation, we might more narrowly comprehend our present degeneration, and how widely we are fallen from the pure exemplar and idea of our nature: for after this corruptive elongation, from a primitive and pure creation we are almost lost in degeneration; and Adam hath not only fallen from his Creator, but we ourselves from Adam, our Tycho and primary generator.

If generous honesty, valor, and plain dealing be the cognizance of thy family or characteristic of thy country, hold fast such inclinations sucked in with thy first breath, and which lay in the cradle with thee. Fall not into transforming degenerations, which under the old name create a new nation. Be not an alien in thine own nation; bring not Orontes into Tiber; learn the virtues, not the vices, of thy foreign neighbors, and make thy imitation by discretion, not contagion. Feel something of thyself in the noble acts of thy ancestors, and find in thine own genius that of thy predecessors. Rest not under the expired merits of others; shine by those of thine own. Flame not like the central fire which enlighteneth no eyes, which no man seeth, and most men think there is no such thing to be seen. Add one ray unto the common luster; add not only to the number, but the note of thy generation; and prove not a cloud, but an asterisk in thy region.

Since thou hast an alarum in thy breast, which tells thee thou hast a living spirit in thee above two thousand times in an

hour, dull not away thy days in slothful supinity and the tediousness of doing nothing. To strenuous minds there is an inquietude in overquietness and no laboriousness in labor; and to tread a mile after the slow pace of a snail, or the heavy measures of the lazy of Brazilia, were a most tiring penance, and worse than a race of some furlongs at the Olympics. The rapid courses of the heavenly bodies are rather imitable by our thoughts than our corporeal motions; yet the solemn motions of our lives amount unto a greater measure than is commonly apprehended. Some few men have surrounded the globe of the earth; yet many, in the set locomotions and movements of their days, have measured the circuit of it, and twenty thousand miles have been exceeded by them. Move circumspectly, not meticulously, and rather carefully solicitous than anxiously solicitudinous. Think not there is a lion in the way, nor walk with leaden sandals in the paths of goodness; but in all virtuous motions let prudence determine thy measures. Strive not to run, like Hercules, a furlong in a breath: festination may prove precipitation; deliberating delay may be wise cunctation, and slowness no slothfulness.

Despise not the obliquities of younger ways, nor despair of better things whereof there is yet no prospect. Who would imagine that Diogenes, who in his younger days was a falsifier of money, should, in the after course of his life, be so great a contemner of metal? Some negroes, who believe the resurrection, think that they shall rise white. Even in this life regeneration may imitate resurrection; our black and vicious tinctures may wear off, and goodness clothe us with candor. Good admonitions knock not always in vain. There will be signal examples of God's mercy, and the angels must not want their charitable rejoices for the conversion of lost sinners. Figures of most angles do nearest approach unto circles, which have no angles at all. Some may be near unto goodness who are conceived far from it; and many things happen not likely to ensue from any promises of antecedencies. Culpable beginnings have found commendable conclusions, and infamous courses pious retractations. Detestable sinners have proved exemplary converts on earth, and may be glorious in the apartment of Mary Magdalen in heaven. Men are not the same through all divisions of their ages: time, experience, self-reflections, and God's mercies, make in some well-tempered minds a kind of translation before death, and men to differ from themselves as well as from other

persons. Hereof the old world afforded many examples to the infamy of latter ages, wherein men too often live by the rule of their inclinations; so that, without any astral prediction, the first day gives the last: men are commonly as they were; or rather, as bad dispositions run into worser habits, the evening doth not crown, but sourly conclude, the day.

If the Almighty will not spare us according to his merciful capitulation at Sodom; if his goodness please not to pass over a great deal of bad for a small pittance of good, or to look upon us in the lump, there is slender hope for mercy, or sound presumption of fulfilling half his will, either in persons or nations: they who excel in some virtues being so often defective in others; few men driving at the extent and amplitude of goodness, but computing themselves by their best parts, and others by their worst, are content to rest in those virtues which others commonly want. Which makes this speckled face of honesty in the world: and which was the imperfection of the old philosophers and great pretenders unto virtue; who, well declining the gaping vices of intemperance, incontinency, violence, and oppression, were yet blindly peccant in iniquities of closer faces; were envious, malicious, contemners, scoffers, censurers, and stuffed with vizard vices, no less depraving the ethereal particle and diviner portion of man. For envy, malice, hatred, are the qualities of Satan, close and dark like himself; and where such brands smoke, the soul cannot be white. Vice may be had at all prices; expensive and costly iniquities, which make the noise, cannot be every man's sins; but the soul may be foully inquinated at a very low rate, and a man may be cheaply vicious to the perdition of himself.

Having been long tossed in the ocean of the world, he will by that time feel the in-draught of another, unto which this seems but preparatory and without it of no high value. He will experimentally find the emptiness of all things, and the nothing of what is past; and wisely grounding upon true Christian expectations, finding so much past, will wholly fix upon what is to come. He will long for perpetuity, and live as though he made haste to be happy. The last may prove the prime part of his life, and those his best days which he lived nearest heaven.

Live happy in the Elysium of a virtuously composed mind, and let intellectual contents exceed the delights wherein mere pleasurists place their paradise. Bear not too slack reins upon pleasure, nor let complexion or contagion betray thee unto the

exorbitancy of delight. Make pleasure thy recreation or intermissive relaxation, not thy Diana, life, and profession. Voluptuousness is as insatiable as covetousness. Tranquillity is better than jollity, and to appease pain than to invent pleasure. Our hard entrance into the world, our miserable going out of it, our sicknesses, disturbances, and sad rencounters in it, do clamorously tell us we came not into the world to run a race of delight, but to perform the sober acts and serious purposes of man; which to omit were foully to miscarry in the advantage of humanity, to play away an uniterable life, and to have lived in vain. Forget not the capital end, and frustrate not the opportunity of once living. Dream not of any kind of metempsychosis or transanimation, but into thine own body, and that after a long time; and then also unto wail or bliss, according to thy first and fundamental life. Upon a curricle in this world depends a long course of the next, and upon a narrow scene here an endless expansion hereafter. In vain some think to have an end of their beings with their lives. Things cannot get out of their natures, or be, or not be, in despite of their constitutions. Rational existences in heaven perish not at all, and but partially on earth; that which is thus once, will in some way be always; the first living human soul is still alive, and all Adam hath found no period.

Since the stars of heaven do differ in glory; since it hath pleased the Almighty hand to honor the north pole with lights above the south; since there are some stars so bright that they can hardly be looked upon, some so dim that they can scarcely be seen, and vast numbers not to be seen at all even by artificial eyes; read thou the earth in heaven and things below from above. Look contentedly upon the scattered difference of things, and expect not equality in luster, dignity, or perfection, in regions or persons below; where numerous numbers must be content to stand like lacteous or nebulous stars, little taken notice of, or dim in their generations. All which may be contentedly allowable in the affairs and ends of this world, and in suspension unto what will be in the order of things hereafter, and the new system of mankind which will be in the world to come; when the last may be the first, and the first the last; when Lazarus may sit above Cæsar, and the just, obscure on earth, shall shine like the sun in heaven; when personations shall cease, and histrionism of happiness be over; when reality shall rule, and all shall be as they shall be forever.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE, an English poet, born in Tavistock, Devonshire, in 1591; died in Ottery St. Mary, about 1643. He was educated at Oxford, and spent a quiet, tranquil life. His poetry is graceful and fanciful, and abounds in beautiful pictures of English scenery. Browne has always been much admired by the poets. His chief work is "Britannia's Pastorals" (1613–1616). "The Shepherd's Pipe" (1614) is a collection of eclogues, and "The Inner Temple Masque" (1614–1615) tells the story of Ulysses and Circe. His minor poems are very fine. The best modern editions are by Hazlitt for the Roxburghe Club, and by Gordon Goodwin, "The Muse's Library."

AN EPISTLE ON PARTING.

(From "Epistles.")

DEAR soul, the time is come, and we must part;
Yet, ere I go, in these lines read my heart:
A heart so just, so loving, and so true,
So full of sorrow and so full of you,
That all I speak or write or pray or mean, —
And, which is all I can, all that I dream, —
Is not without a sigh, a thought of you,
And as your beauties are, so are they true.
Seven summers now are fully spent and gone,
Since first I loved, loved you, and you alone;
And should mine eyes as many hundreds see,
Yet none but you should claim a right in me;
A right so placed that time shall never hear
Of one so vowed, or any loved so dear.
When I am gone, if ever prayers moved you,
Relate to none that I so well loved you:
For all that know your beauty and desert,
Would swear he never loved that knew to part.
Why part we then? That spring, which but this day
Met some sweet river, in his bed can play,
And with a dimpled cheek smile at their bliss,
Who never know what separation is.

The amorous vine with wanton interlaces
Clips still the rough elm in her kind embraces:
Doves with their doves sit billing in the groves,
And woo the lesser birds to sing their loves:
Whilst hapless we in griefful absence sit,
Yet dare not ask a hand to lessen it.

Song of the Syrens.

(From "The Inner Temple Masque.")

Steer hither, steer your wingèd pines,
All beaten mariners;
Here lie undiscovered mines
A prey to passengers;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phœnix win and nest;
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips,
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange; and be awhile our guests.
For stars, gaze on our eyes.
The compass, love, shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

Night.

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks in their nests in high wood now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young;
When thieves from thickets to the crossways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger;
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL, an American poet and writer of historical sketches, born at Providence, R.I., Feb. 6, 1820; died at East Hartford, Conn., Oct. 31, 1872. His first poetic venture was a spirited versification of Farragut's "General Orders" to the fleet below New Orleans. Afterward he was appointed to an honorary place on the Hartford flagship, and had opportunity to observe actual naval warfare. In "The Bay Fight" he describes with truth and force the battle of Mobile Bay. He collected and published his many occasional verses in "Lyrics of a Day, or Newspaper Poetry by a Volunteer in the U. S. Service" (1864).

WORDS FOR THE "HALLELUJAH CHORUS."

OLD John Brown lies a-moldering in the grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave —
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
His soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord;
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord, —
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
When Heaven is marching on.

He shall file in front where the lines of battle form,
He shall face to front when the squares of battle form —
Time with the column, and charge in the storm,
Where men are marching on.

Ah, foul Tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes,
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
As we go marching on?

Men may die, and molder in the dust —
Men may die, and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,
When Heaven is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

COMING.

(APRIL, 1861.)

WORLD, are thou 'ware of a storm?
Hark to the ominous sound;
How the far-off gales their battles form,
And the great sea-swells feel ground!

It comes, the Typhoon of Death —
Nearer and nearer it comes!
The horizon thunder of cannon-breath
And the roar of angry drums!

Hurtle, Terror sublime!
Swoop o'er the Land to-day —
So the mist of wrong and crime,
The breath of our Evil Time
Be swept, as by fire, away!

FROM THE BAY FIGHT.

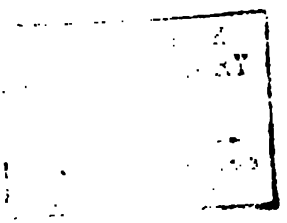
(Written in Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864.)

O MOTHER Land! this weary life
We led, we lead, is 'long of thee;
Thine the strong agony of strife,
And thine the bloody sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-sprent,
The weary rows of cots that lie
With wrecks of strong men, marred and rent,
'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens
Wherein the flame our war-fleet drives;
The fiery vaults, whose breath is men's
Most dear and precious lives.

BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY



Ah, ever, when with storm sublime
  Dread Nature clears our murky air,
Thus in the crash of falling crime
  Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow
  That melt the ore of mortal kind:
The Mills of God are grinding slow,
  But ah, how close they grind!

To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
  Are dread Apostles of his Name;
His Kingdom here can only come
  By chrism of blood and flame.

Be strong; already slants the gold
  Athwart these wild and stormy skies;
From out this blackened waste, behold,
  What happy homes shall rise!

But see thou well no traitor gloze,
  No striking hands with Death and Shame,
Betray the sacred blood that flows
  So freely for thy name.

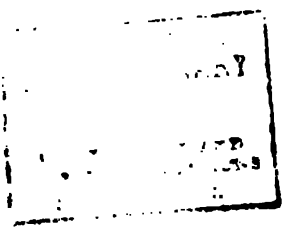
And never fear a victor foe —
  Thy children's hearts are strong and high;
Nor mourn too fondly — well they know
  On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
  Though, ever smiling round the brave,
The blue sea bear us on to death,
  The green were one wide grave.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, an English poet, born in Durham, March 6, 1806; died at Florence, Italy, June 30, 1861. Her father was an eminent physician, under whose care, and that of Mr. H. S. Boyd, the "blind teacher" and author of "Select Passages from the Greek Fathers," she was carefully educated. Her education was that of a boy rather than that which is usually bestowed upon girls. The works of Plato, the Greek tragic poets, and the great Greek Fathers of the Church were her special favorites. At the age of sixteen she published her first book, "An Essay on Mind, and Other Poems." This was followed seven years later by another volume, which contained, among other things, a translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus. Both of these volumes were, however, suppressed by her, and few or none of their contents appear in her collected Works. The noble translation of the "Prometheus" which we now have was made at a much later date. In 1837, when she was thirty-one, Elizabeth Barrett ruptured a blood vessel in the lungs, which did not heal; and she became for years an invalid, apparently liable to be carried off at any moment. In 1838 she published a small volume entitled "The Seraphim and Other Poems"; this was soon followed by "The Drama of Exile"; and she contributed to the *Athenæum* a series of "Essays on the Greek Christian Poets." In 1844 was published a collected edition of her poems, in two volumes, with a touching dedication to her father. This collection contained all that she had published which she thought worthy of preservation; one of the most notable of these poems is "A Vision of Poets." Never was there a more happy union than that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. In the autumn of 1846, they were married. In 1846 Mrs. Browning put forth "Aurora Leigh," the longest of her poems, containing some 14,000 lines, which she characterized as "the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered." This novel in verse was at least in part written in England, to which the Brownings returned for a short time after a residence of eight years in Florence. Her poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," contains a striking characterization of the poetry of Browning. Her "Sonnets

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



from the Portuguese" are among the noblest of love-poems. The "Romance of the Swan's Nest," the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," the "Romaunt of Margret," "Bertha in the Lane," and "Isobel's Child," are romantic and original ballads. "Prometheus Bound," a metrical translation of Æschylus, was published in 1850.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward, into souls afar,
Along the psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is
For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows? —
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,

Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard* —
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And, friends, dear friends, — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

Romance of the Swan's Nest.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow —
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech;

While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses,
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth — "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind:
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay, then — he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand —
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say —
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble —
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong:
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet —
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove:
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer — 'Pardon —
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run, —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master, —
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then; and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe —
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two*.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads —
Past the boughs she stoops — and stops!

Lo! the wild swan had deserted —
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow:
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

Sonnets from the Portuguese.

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head; on mine the dew:
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,
Most gracious singer of high poems, where
The dancers will break footing, from the care
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
And dost thou lift this house's latch, too poor
For hand of thine? and canst thou think, and bear
To let thy music drop here unaware
In folds of golden fullness at my door?
Look up, and see the casement broken in,
The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
Hush, call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps — as thou must sing — alone, aloof.

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold

And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal
In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
Not so; not cold, but very poor instead.
Ask God, who knows. For frequent tears have run
The colors from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day:"
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee; and love so wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh list!"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, with love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said "My love, my own!"

I lived with visions for my company,
Instead of men and women, years ago,

And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me.
But soon their trailing purple was not free
Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent grow,
And I myself grew faint and blind below
Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst come — to be
Beloved, what they seemed. Their shining fronts,
Their songs, their splendors (better, yet the same,
As river-water hallowed into fonts),
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
My soul with satisfaction of all wants,
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

Beloved, my beloved, when I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sat alone here in the snow,
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand — why, thus I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech, nor ever cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull,
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace
To look through and behind this mask of me,
(Against which years have beat thus blanchingly
With their rains!) and behold my soul's true face,
The dim and weary witness of life's race;
Because thou hast the faith and love to see,
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,
The patient angel waiting for his place
In the new heavens; because nor sin nor woe,
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighborhood,
Nor all which others viewing, turn to go,
Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-viewed, —
Nothing repels thee. — Dearest, teach me so
To pour out gratitude, as thou dost, good!

I thank all who have loved me in their hearts,
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all

Who paused a little near the prison-wall,
To hear my music in its louder parts,
Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.
But thou, who in my voice's sink and fall,
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's
Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot,
To hearken what I said between my tears,
Instruct me how to thank thee! — Oh, to shoot
My soul's full meaning into future years,
That *they* should lend it utterance, and salute
Love that endures! with Life that disappears!

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

A False Step.

Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart.
Pass! there's a world full of men;
And women as fair as thou art
Must do such things now and then.

Thou only hast stepped unaware, —
Malice, not one can impute;
And why should a heart have been there
In the way of a fair woman's foot?

It was not a stone that could trip,
Nor was it a thorn that could rend:
Put up thy proud underlip!
'Twas merely the heart of a friend.

And yet peradventure one day
  Thou, sitting alone at the glass,
Remarking the bloom gone away,
  Where the smile in its dimplement was,

And seeking around thee in vain
  From hundreds who flattered before,
Such a word as, — "Oh, not in the main
  Do I hold thee less precious, — but more!"

Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part: —
  "Of all I have known or can know,
I wish I had only that Heart
  I trod upon, ages ago!"

A Child's Thought of God.

They say that God lives very high!
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
  You never see him in the gold,
Though, from him, all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across his face —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said,
  "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

Cheerfulness Taught by Reason.

I think we are too ready with complaint
  In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
  Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
  Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope

Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted, —
And like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? — At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!"

Mother and Poet.

(Turin — After news from Gaeta. 1861.)

I.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

III.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And *I* proud, by that test.

IV.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! To sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

V.

To teach them . . . It stings there. *I* made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

VI.

And when their eyes flashed . . . "O my beautiful eyes!"
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
— God! how the house feels!

VII.

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green-laurel bough.

VIII.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
— My Guido was dead! — I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

IX.

I bore it — friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

X.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long:"
And "Viva Italia" *he* died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint.

XI.

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was impress
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear.
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

XII.

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: — *Shot.*

Tell his mother. Ah, ah, — "his," "their" mother: not "mine."
No voice says "*my* mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

XIII.

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affection, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

XIV.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away.
And no last word to say!

XV.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one,
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall,
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

XVI.

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short, —

XVII.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,)

XVIII.

What then? Do not mock me! Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. *My* country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow.
My Italy's there — with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair.

XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this! — and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

XX.

Dead! — one of them shot by the sea in the west!
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys! — If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

The Lady's "Yes."

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above and laughs below —
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No.*

Call me false or call me free —
Vow, whatever lights may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both —
Time to dance is not to woo —
Wooing light makes fickle troth —
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you:*

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high;
Bravely as for life and death
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true —
Ever true, as wives of yore —
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

THE DEAD PAN.

GODS of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands,
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken,
In old Ethiopia?
Have the Pygmies made you drunken
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,
In gigantic Alpine rows?
The black poppies out of number
Nodding, dripping from your brows
To the red lees of your wine,
And so kept alive and fine?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crushed your stagnant corses
Where the silver spheres roll on,
Stung to life by centric forces
Thrown like rays out from the sun? —
While the smoke of your old altars
Is the shroud that round you welters?
Great Pan is dead.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Said the old Hellenic tongue!
Said the hero-oaths, as well as
Poet's songs the sweetest sung,
Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay —
Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All along, O Naiades,
While your drenchèd locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze?
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the rivers run for aye.
For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?
At the rushing thunderstroke, would
No sob tremble through the tree? —
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye.
For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills
Of the everlasting hills.
Pan, Pan is dead.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings, —
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities —
Now Pan is dead!

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,
Whence the thunder did prevail;
While in idiocy of godhead
Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feathers in the cold.
Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread!
Will they lay, for evermore, thee,
On thy dim, straight golden bed?
Will thy queendom all lie hid
Meekly under either lid?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo! Floats his golden
Hair all mist-like where he stands;
While the Muses hang enfolding
Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
'Neath the clanging of thy bow,
Niobe looked lost as thou!
Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron
Pallas' broad blue eyes eclipse,
And no hero take inspiring
From the God-Greek of her lips?
'Neath her olive dost thou sit,
Mars the mighty, cursing it?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
He swoons,— bound with his own vines!
And his Mænads slowly saunter,
Head aside, among the pines,
While they murmur dreamingly,
"Evohe — ah — evohe —!"
Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,
Dull and senseless as a stone:
And old Pluto deaf and silent
Is cast out into the sun.
Ceres smileth stern thereat,—
"We *all* now are desolate —"
Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven
As thy native foam, thou art,
With the cestus long done heaving
On the white calm of thy heart!
Ai Adonis! At that shriek
Not a tear runs down her cheek —
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves we used to know from
One another,— huddled lie,
Frore as taken in a snow-storm,
Close beside her tenderly, —
As if each had weakly tried
Once to kiss her as he died.
Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes! Time enthralleth
All thy cunning, Hermes, thus, —
And the ivy blindly crawleth
Round thy brave caduceus!
Hast thou no new message for us,
Full of thunder and Jove-glories?
Nay, Pan is dead.

Crowned Cybele's great turret
Rocks and crumbles on her head:
Roar the lions of her chariot
Towards the wilderness, unfed:
Scornful children are not mute, —
"Mother, mother, walk a-foot —
Since Pan is dead!"

In the fiery-hearted center
Of the solemn universe,
Ancient Vesta, — who would enter
To consume thee with his curse?
Drop thy gray chin on thy knee,
O thou palsied Mystery!
For Pan is dead.

Gods! we vainly do adjure you, —
Ye return nor voice nor sign:
Not a votary could secure you
Even a grave for your Divine!
Not a grave, to show thereby,
Here these gray old gods do lie!
Pan, Pan is dead.

Even that Greece who took your wages,
Calls the obolus outworn;
And the hoarse deep-throated ages
Laugh your godships unto scorn —
And the Poets do disclaim you,
Or grow colder if they name you —
And Pan is dead.

Gods bereaved, gods belated,
With your purples rent asunder!
Gods discrowned and desecrated,
Disinherited of thunder!
Now the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top —
Now Pan is dead.

Calm, of old, the bark went onward,
When a cry more loud than wind,
Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,
From the pilèd Dark behind:
And the sun shrank and grew pale,
Breathed against by the great wail —
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the rowers from the benches
Fell, — each shuddering on his face —
While departing influences
Struck a cold back through the place:
And the shadow of the ship
Reeled along the passive deep —
Pan, Pan is dead.

And that dismal cry rose slowly,
And sank slowly through the air;
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair!
And they heard the words it said —
PAN IS DEAD — GREAT PAN IS DEAD —
PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
Hung for love's sake on a cross —
When His brow was chill with dying,
And His soul was faint with loss;
When His priestly blood dropped downward,
And His kingly eyes looked throneward —
Then, Pan was dead.

By the love He stood alone in,
His sole Godhead stood complete:
And the false gods fell down moaning,
Each from off his golden seat —
All the false Gods with a cry
Rendered up their deity —
Pan, Pan was dead.

Wailing wide across the islands,
They rent, vest-like, their Divine!
And their darkness and a silence
Quenched the light of every shrine:
And Dodona's oak swang lonely
Henceforth, to the tempest only.
Pan, Pan was dead.

Pythia staggered, — feeling o'er her,
Her lost god's forsaking look!
Straight her eye-balls filmed with horror,
And her crispy fillets shook —
And her lips gasped through their foam,
For a word that did not come.
Pan, Pan was dead.

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
Ye are silent evermore!
And I dash down this old chalice,
Whence libations ran of yore.
See! the wine crawls in the dust
Wormlike — as your glories must!
Since Pan is dead.

Get to dust, as common mortals,
By a common doom and track!
Let no Schiller from the portals
Of that Hades, call you back,
Or instruct us to weep all
At your antique funeral.
Pan, Pan is dead.

By your beauty, which confesses
Some chief Beauty conquering you,—
By our grand heroic guesses,
Through your falsehood, at the True,—
We will weep *not* . . . . / earth shall roll
Heir to each god's aureole —
And Pan is dead.

Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth:
And those debonair romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run!
Look up, poets, to the sun!
Pan, Pan is dead.

Christ hath sent us down the angels;
And the whole earth and the skies
Are illumed by altar candles
Lit for blessed mysteries:
And a Priest's Hand through creation,
Waveth calm and consecration —
And Pan is dead.

Truth is fair: should we forego it?
Can we sigh right for a wrong?
God Himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is His Song.
Sing his Truth out fair and full,
And secure his beautiful.
Let Pan be dead.

Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be,
Shame! to stand in His creation
And doubt Truth's sufficiency!
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling —
When Pan is dead.

What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure —
All of praise that hath admonish'd —
All of virtue shall endure, —
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses,
Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty!
Pan, Pan is dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Robert Browning, an English poet, born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, May 7, 1812; died at Venice, Italy, Dec. 12, 1889. He was educated at the London University, and after graduating, at the age of twenty, spent some time in Italy, where he entered fully into the best life and habits of the people. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, and took up his residence in Italy, where he afterward mainly lived, although paying several long visits to England.

Mr. Browning's first notable work was the dramatic poem "Paracelsus" (1835); then followed the tragedy of "Strafford" which was placed upon the stage with only moderate success, although the principal character was enacted by Macready. Many other of Browning's poems are in dramatic form, and several of them have been produced upon the stage, but none of them has attained the place of acting plays. In 1849 he made a collection of such of the poems that he had then written as he thought worthy of preservation. After that he put forth, from time to time, a volume of poems, some twenty in all.

The longest of Browning's poems is "The Ring and the Book," comprising some 25,000 lines, and making two goodly volumes. The bulk of it consists of a versified account of a famous criminal case, a record of which the poet says he found in an ancient volume picked up by chance at an Italian book-stall. This volume is "The Book," to which "The Ring" is a fanciful prelude.

"The Ring and the Book" was published in 1869. His other works include: "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" (1850); "Men and Women" (1855); "Dramatis Personæ" (1864); "Balaustion's Adventure" (1871); "Fifine at the Fair" (1872); "Red-Cotton Nightcap Country" (1873); "Dramatic Idylls" (1879–1880); "Jocoseria" (1883); "Ferishtah's Fancies" (1884); and "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day" (1887). The "Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works: Cambridge Edition" are published in one volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Any Wife to any Husband.

I.

My love, this is the bitterest, that thou —
Who art all truth, and who dost love me now

As thine eyes say, as thy voice breaks to say —
Shouldst love so truly, and couldst love me still
A whole long life through, had but love its will,
Would death, that leads me from thee, brook delay.

II.

I have but to be by thee, and thy hand
Will never let mine go, nor heart withstand
The beating of my heart to reach its place.
When shall I look for thee and feel thee gone?
When cry for the old comfort and find none?
Never, I know! Thy soul is in thy face.

III.

Oh, I should fade — 'tis willed so! Might I save,
Gladly I would, whatever beauty gave
Joy to thy sense, for that was precious too.
It is not to be granted. But the soul
Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole;
Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all things new.

IV.

It would not be because my eye grew dim
Thou couldst not find the love there, thanks to Him
Who never is dishonored in the spark
He gave us from his fire of fires, and bade
Remember whence it sprang, nor be afraid
While that burns on, though all the rest grow dark.

V.

So, how thou wouldst be perfect, white and clean
Outside as inside, soul and soul's demesne
Alike, this body given to show it by!
Oh, three-parts through the worst of life's abyss,
What plaudits from the next world after this,
Couldst thou repeat a stroke and gain the sky!

VI.

And is it not the bitterer to think
That, disengage our hands and thou wilt sink
Although thy love was love in very deed?
I know that nature! Pass a festive day,
Thou dost not throw its relic-flower away
Nor bid its music's loitering echo speed.

VII.

Thou let'st the stranger's glove lie where it fell;
If old things remain old things all is well,
For thou art grateful as becomes man best:
And hadst thou only heard me play one tune,
Or viewed me from a window, not so soon
With thee would such things fade as with the rest.

VIII.

I seem to see! We meet and part; 'tis brief;
The book I opened keeps a folded leaf,
The very chair I sat on, breaks the rank;
That is a portrait of me on the wall —
Three lines, my face comes at so slight a call:
And for all this, one little hour to thank!

IX.

But now, because the hour through years was fixed,
Because our inmost beings met and mixed,
Because thou once hast loved me — wilt thou dare
Say to thy soul and Who may list beside,
"Therefore she is immortally my bride;
Chance cannot change my love, nor time impair.

X.

"So, what if in the dusk of life that's left,
I, a tired traveler of my sun bereft,
Look from my path when, mimicking the same,
The firefly glimpses past me, come and gone?
— Where was it till the sunset? where anon
It will be at the sunrise! What's to blame?"

XI.

Is it so helpful to thee? Canst thou take
The mimic up, nor, for the true thing's sake,
Put gently by such efforts at a beam?
Is the remainder of the way so long,
Thou need'st the little solace, thou the strong?
Watch out thy watch, let weak ones doze and dream!

XII.

— Ah, but the fresher faces! "Is it true,"
Thou'lt ask, "some eyes are beautiful and new?
Some hair, — how can one choose but grasp such wealth?

And if a man would press his lips to lips
Fresh as the wilding hedge-rose-cup there slips
The dew-drop out of, must it be by stealth?

XIII.

"It cannot change the love still kept for Her,
More than if such a picture I prefer
Passing a day with, to a room's bare side:
The painted form takes nothing she possessed,
Yet, while the Titian's Venus lies at rest,
A man looks. Once more, what is there to chide?"

XIV.

So must I see, from where I sit and watch,
My own self sell myself, my hand attach
Its warrant to the very thefts from me —
Thy singleness of soul that made me proud,
Thy purity of heart I loved aloud,
Thy man's-truth I was bold to bid God see!

XV.

Love so, then, if thou wilt! Give all thou canst
Away to the new faces — disentranced,
(Say it and think it) obdurate no more:
Re-issue looks and words from the old mint,
Pass them afresh, no matter whose the print
Image and superscription once they bore!

XVI.

Re-coin thyself and give it them to spend, —
It all comes to the same thing at the end,
Since mine thou wast, mine art, and mine shalt be,
Faithful or faithless: sealing up the sum
Or lavish of my treasure, thou must come
Back to the heart's place here I keep for thee!

XVII.

Only, why should it be with stain at all?
Why must I, 'twixt the leaves of coronal,
Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?
Why need the other women know so much,
And talk together, "Such the look and such
The smile he used to love with, then as now!"

XVIII.

Might I die last and show thee! Should I find
Such hardships in the few years left behind,
If free to take and light my lamp, and go
Into thy tomb, and shut the door and sit,
Seeing thy face on those four sides of it
The better that they are so blank, I know!

XIX.

Why, time was what I wanted, to turn o'er
Within my mind each look, get more and more
By heart each word, too much to learn at first;
And join thee all the fitter for the pause
'Neath the low door-way's lintel. That were cause
For lingering, though thou calledst, if I durst!

XX.

And yet thou art the nobler of us two:
What dare I dream of, that thou canst not do,
Outstripping my ten small steps with one stride?
I'll say then, here's a trial and a task;
Is it to bear? — if easy, I'll not ask:
Though love fail, I can trust on in thy pride.

XXI.

Pride? — when those eyes forestall the life behind
The death I have to go through! — when I find,
Now that I want thy help most, all of thee!
What did I fear? Thy love shall hold me fast
Until the little minute's sleep is past
And I wake saved. — And yet it will not be!

Hervé Riel.

I.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the '*Formidable*' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
Not a minute more to wait!
"Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this '*Formidable*' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate
Up the English come, too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
  In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
  All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
  Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
  You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

Love Among the Ruins.

I.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
  Miles and miles,
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
  Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
  As they crop —
Was the site once of a city great and gay,
  (So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince,
  Ages since,
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
  Peace or war.

II.

Now, — the country does not even boast a tree,
  As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
  From the hills
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
  Into one)
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
  Up like fires

O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast.

III.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And imbeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone —
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold.

IV.

Now, — the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Through the chinks —
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

V.

And I know — while thus the quiet-colored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away —
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

VI.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades,
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, — and then,
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each.

VII.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force —
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

The Lost Leader.

I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the freeman,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering, — not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Townhall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too long opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pitapat! —

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger.
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —

There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled.
And green and blue his
Like a candle fla

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
— Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

ld have heard the Hamelin people
bells till they rocked the steeple;
the Mayor, "and get long poles!

Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor —
With him I proved no bargain driver.
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
  And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
  And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
  "He never can cross that mighty top!
  He's forced to let the piping drop,
  And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;

And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say: —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix

The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

A Toccata of Galuppi's.

I.

Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

II.

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

III.

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what you call

. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival:
I was never out of England — it's as if I saw it all.

IV.

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to midday,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

V.

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red, —
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

VI.

Well, and it was graceful of them: they'd break talk off and afford —
She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

VII.

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminish, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions — "Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths — "Life might last! we can but try!"

VIII.

"Were you happy?" — "Yes." — "And are you still as happy?" — "Yes. And you?" —
"Then, more kisses!" — "Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed so few?"
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

IX.

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!"

X.

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

XI.

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music till I creep thro' every nerve.

XII.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:
"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.
The soul, doubtless, is immortal — where a soul can be discerned.

XIII.

"Yours for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction, — you'll not die, it cannot be!

XIV.

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

XV.

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too — what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

The Boy and the Angel.

(From "Dramatic Lyrics.")

Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell:

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day,

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured, and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above St. Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped —
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

GIORDANO BRUNO, a renowned Italian philosopher and martyr, born at Nola, near Naples, Italy, 1548; burned at the stake in Rome, Feb. 17, 1600, charged with heresy. His best-known works are: "Ash-Wednesday Conversations," "The Work of the Great Key," "The Exploration of the Thirty Seals," "The Taper," "Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast," "The Heroic Enthusiasts," and a great number of other writings in prose and verse.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNIVERSE.

(From "The Infinity of the Universe," translation of Toland.)

THESE are the doubts, difficulties and motives, about the solution whereof I have said enough in the following dialogues to expose the intimate and radicated errors of the common philosophy, and to show the weight and worth of our own. Here you will meet with the reasons why we should not fear that any part of this Universe should fall or fly off, that the least particle should be lost in empty space, or be truly annihilated. Here you will perceive the reason of that vicissitude which may be observed in the constant change of all things, whereby it happens, that there is nothing so ill but may befall us or be prevented, nor anything so good but may be lost or obtained by us; since in this infinite field the parts and modes do perpetually vary, though the substance and the whole do eternally persevere the same.

From this contemplation (if we do but rightly consider), it will follow that we ought never to be dispirited by any strange accidents through excess of fear or pain, nor ever be elated by any prosperous event through excess of hope or pleasure; whence we have the way to true morality, and, following it, we would become the magnanimous despisers of what men of childish thoughts do fondly esteem, and the wise judges of the history of nature which is written in our minds, and the strict executioners of those divine laws which are engraven in the center of

our hearts. We would know that it is no harder thing to fly from hence up into heaven, than to fly from heaven back again to the earth, that ascending thither and ascending hither are all one; that we are no more circumferential to the other globes than they are to us, nor they more central to us than we are to them, and that none of them is more above the stars than we, as they are no less than we covered over or comprehended by the sky. Behold us therefore, free from envying them! behold us delivered from the vain anxiety and foolish care of desiring to enjoy that good afar off, which in as great a degree we may possess so near hand, and even at home! Behold us freed from the terror that they should fall upon us, any more than we should hope that we might fall upon them; since every one as well as all of these globes are sustained by infinite ether, in which this our animal freely runs, and keeps to his prescribed course, as the rest of the planets do to theirs. . . .

We fear not, therefore, that what is accumulated in this world, should, by the malice of some wandering spirit, or by the wrath of some evil genius, be shook and scattered, as it were, into smoke or dust, out of this cupola of the sky, and beyond the starry mantle of the firmament; nor that the nature of things can otherwise come to be annihilated in substance, than, as it seems to our eyes, that the air contained in the concavity of a bubble is become nothing when that bubble is burst; because we know that in the world one thing ever succeeds another, there being no utmost bottom, whence, as by the hand of some artificer, things are irreparably struck into nothing. There are no ends, limits, margins, or walls, that keep back or subtract any parcel of the infinite abundance of things. Thence it is that the earth and sea are ever equally fertile, and thence the perpetual brightness of the sun, eternal fuel circulating to those devouring fires, and a supply of waters being eternally furnished to the evaporated seas, from the infinite and ever renewing magazine of matter: so that Democritus and Epicurus, who asserted the infinity of things with their perpetual variableness and restoration were so far more in the right than he who endeavored to account for the eternally same appearance of the Universe, by making homogeneous particles of matter ever and numerically to succeed one another.

Thus the excellency of God is magnified, and the grandeur of his Empire made manifest; he is not glorified in one, but in numberless suns, not in one earth nor in one world, but in ten

hundred thousand, of infinite globes: so that this faculty of the intellect is not vain or arbitrary, that ever will or can add space to space, quantity to quantity, unity to unity, member to member. By this science we are loosened from the chains of a most narrow dungeon, and set at liberty to rove in a most august empire; we are removed from conceited boundaries and poverty, to the innumerable riches of an infinite space, of so worthy a field, and of such beautiful worlds: this science does not, in a word, make a horizontal circle feigned by the eye on earth, and imagined by the fancy in the spacious sky.

Of Immensity.

(From Frith's "Life of Giordano Bruno.")

'Tis Thou, O Spirit, dost within my soul
This weakly thought with thine own life amend;
  Rejoicing, dost thy rapid pinions lend
Me, and dost wing me to that lofty goal
Where secret portals ope and fetters break,
    And thou dost grant me, by thy grace complete,
Fortune to spurn, and death; O high retreat,
    Which few attain, and fewer yet forsake!
Girdled with gates of brass in every part,
    Prisoned and bound in vain, 'tis mine to rise
    Through sparkling fields of air to pierce the skies,
Sped and accoutered by no doubting heart,
Till, raised on clouds of contemplation vast,
Light, leader, law, Creator, I attain at last.

Life Well Lost.

Winged by desire and thee, O dear delight!
As still the vast and succoring air I tread,
  So, mounting still, on swifter pinions sped,
I scorn the world, and heaven receives my flight.
And if the end of Ikaros be nigh,
  I will submit, for I shall know no pain:
  And falling dead to earth, shall rise again;
What lowly life with such high death can vie?
Then speaks my heart from out the upper air,
"Whither dost lead me? sorrow and despair
Attend the rash:" and thus I make reply:—

"Fear thou no fall, nor lofty ruin sent;
Safely divide the clouds, and die content,
When such proud death is dealt thee from on high."

Parnassus Within.

O heart, 'tis you my chief Parnassus are,
Where for my safety I must ever climb.
My wingèd thoughts are Muses, who from far
Bring gifts of beauty to the court of Time;
And Helicon, that fair unwasted rill,
Springs newly in my tears upon the earth,
And by those streams and nymphs, and by that hill,
It pleased the gods to give a poet birth.
No favoring hand that comes of lofty race,
No priestly unction, nor the grant of kings,
Can on me lay such luster and such grace,
Nor add such heritage; for one who sings
Hath a crowned head, and by the sacred bay,
His heart, his thoughts, his tears, are consecrate alway.

Compensation.

The moth beholds not death as forth he flies
Into the splendor of the living flame;
The hart athirst to crystal water hies,
Nor heeds the shaft, nor fears the hunter's aim;
The timid bird, returning from above
To join his mate, deems not the net is nigh;
Unto the light, the fount, and to my love,
Seeing the flame, the shaft, the chains, I fly;
So high a torch, love-lighted in the skies,
Consumes my soul; and with this bow divine
Of piercing sweetness what terrestrial vies?
This net of dear delight doth prison mine;
And I to life's last day have this desire —
Be mine thine arrows, love, and mine thy fire.

Life for Song.

Come Muse, O Muse, so often scorned by me,
The hope of sorrow and the balm of care, —
Give to me speech and song, that I may be

Unchid by grief; grant me such graces rare
As other ministering souls may never see
Who boast thy laurel, and thy myrtle wear.
I know no joy wherein thou hast not part,
My speeding wind, my anchor, and my goal.
Come, fair Parnassus, lift thou up my heart;
Come, Helicon, renew my thirsty soul.
A cypress crown, O Muse, is thine to give,
And pain eternal: take this weary frame,
Touch me with fire, and this my death shall live
On all men's lips and in undying fame.

Canticle of the Shining Ones.

(A Tribute to English Women, from "The Nolan.")

"Nothing I envy, Jove, from this thy sky,"
Spake Neptune thus, and raised his lofty crest.
"God of the waves," said Jove, "thy pride runs high;
What more wouldst add to own thy stern behest?"

"Thou," spake the god, "dost rule the fiery span,
The circling spheres, the glittering shafts of day;
Greater am I, who in the realm of man
Rule Thames, with all his Nymphs in fair array.

"In this my breast I hold the fruitful land,
The vasty reaches of the trembling sea;
And what in night's bright dome, or day's, shall stand
Before these radiant maids who dwell with me?"

"Not thine," said Jove, "god of the watery mount,
To exceed my lot; but thou my lot shalt share:
Thy heavenly maids among my stars I'll count,
And thou shalt own the stars beyond compare!"

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE, a famous French moralist and keen satirist, born in Paris, August, 1645; died at Versailles, May 10, 1696. Appointed tutor of the dauphin, he spent a large part of his life at the court of Louis XIV. His great work, on which his reputation rests, "The Characters of Theophrastus, Translated from the Greek, with the Characters or Manners of this Century" (1688), was a cloak for the keenest and most sagacious observations on the characters and manners of the court. It abounds in wit, shows him to have been an excellent judge of men, and is written in an admirable style. The number of "characters" was greatly increased as the various editions came out. Numerous keys appeared, the first in 1720. It has been translated into well nigh every modern language. A true philosopher, desiring but to lead a quiet life with his books and friends, only his worth and tact enabled him always to preserve his dignity among the ignorant and arrogant courtiers.

OF FASHION.

(From the "Characters.")

IT is very foolish, and betrays what a small mind we have, to allow fashion to sway us in everything that regards taste; in our way of living, our health, and our conscience. Game is out of fashion, and therefore insipid; and fashion forbids to cure a fever by bleeding. This long while it has also not been fashionable to depart this life shriven by Theotimus; now none but the common people are saved by his pious exhortations, and he has already beheld his successor.

To have a hobby is not to have a taste for what is good and beautiful, but for what is rare and singular and for what no one else can match; it is not to like things which are perfect, but those which are most sought after and fashionable. It is not an amusement, but a passion; and often so violent that in the meanness of its object it yields only to love and ambition. Neither

is it a passion for everything scarce and in vogue, but only for some particular object which is rare and yet in fashion.

The lover of flowers has a garden in the suburbs, where he spends all his time from sunrise till sunset. You see him standing there, and would think he had taken root in the midst of his tulips before his "Solitaire": he opens his eyes wide, rubs his hands, stoops down and looks closer at it; it never before seemed to him so handsome; he is in an ecstasy of joy, and leaves it to go to the "Orient," then to the "Veuve," from thence to the "Cloth of Gold," on to the "Agatha," and at last returns to the "Solitaire," where he remains, is tired out, sits down, and forgets his dinner; he looks at the tulip and admires its shade, shape, color, sheen, and edges, — its beautiful form and calyx: but God and Nature are not in his thoughts, for they do not go beyond the bulb of his tulips, which he would not sell for a thousand crowns, though he will give it to you for nothing when tulips are no longer in fashion, and carnations are all the rage. This rational being, who has a soul and professes some religion, comes home tired and half starved, but very much pleased with his day's work: he has seen some tulips.

Talk to another of the healthy look of the crops, of a plentiful harvest, of a good vintage, and you will find he only cares for fruit, and understands not a single word you say. Then turn to figs and melons; tell him that this year the pear-trees are so heavily laden with fruit that the branches almost break, that there is abundance of peaches: and you address him in a language he completely ignores, and he will not answer you, for his sole hobby is plum-trees. Do not even speak to him of your plum-trees, for he is only fond of a certain kind, and laughs and sneers at the mention of any others; he takes you to his tree and cautiously gathers this exquisite plum, divides it, gives you one half, keeps the other himself, and exclaims, "How delicious! do you like it? is it not heavenly? You cannot find its equal anywhere"; and then his nostrils dilate, and he can hardly contain his joy and pride under an appearance of modesty. What a wonderful person, never enough praised and admired, whose name will be handed down to future ages! Let me look at his mien and shape whilst he is still in the land of the living, that I may study the features and the countenance of a man who, alone amongst mortals, is the happy possessor of such a plum.

Visit a third, and he will talk to you about his brother collectors, but especially of Diognetes. He admits that he admires

him, but that he understands him less than ever. "Perhaps you imagine," he continues, "that he endeavors to learn something of his medals, and considers them speaking evidences of certain facts that have happened, — fixed and unquestionable monuments of ancient history. If you do, you are wholly wrong. Perhaps you think that all the trouble he takes to become master of a medallion with a certain head on it is because he will be delighted to possess an uninterrupted series of emperors. If you do, you are more hopelessly wrong than ever. Diognetes knows when a coin is worn, when the edges are rougher than they ought to be, or when it looks as if it had been newly struck. All the drawers of his cabinet are full, and there is only room for one coin; this vacancy so shocks him that in reality he spends all his property and literally devotes his whole lifetime to fill it." . . .

Another man criticises those people who make long voyages either through nervousness or to gratify their curiosity; who write no narrative or memoirs, and do not even keep a journal; who go to see, and see nothing, or forget what they have seen; who only wish to get a look at towers or steeples they never saw before, and to cross other rivers than the Seine or the Loire; who leave their own country merely to return again, and like to be absent, so that one day it may be said they have come from afar. So far this critic is right and is worth listening to.

But when he adds that books are more instructive than traveling, and gives me to understand he has a library, I wish to see it. I call on this gentleman, and at the very foot of the stairs I almost faint with the smell of the russia-leather bindings of his books. In vain he shouts in my ears, to encourage me, that they are all with gilt edges and hand-tooled, that they are the best editions, — and he names some of them, one after another, — and that his library is full of them, except a few places painted so carefully that everybody takes them for shelves and real books and is deceived. He also informs me that he never reads, nor sets foot in this library, and now only accompanies me to oblige me. I thank him for his politeness, but feel as he does on the subject, and would not like to visit the tan-pit which he calls a library.

Some people immoderately thirst after knowledge, and are unwilling to ignore any branch of it, so they study them all and master none; they are fonder of knowing much than of knowing some things well, and had rather be superficial smatterers in several sciences than be thoroughly acquainted with one.

Other people have a master-key to all sciences, but never enter there; they spend their lives in trying to decipher the Eastern and Northern languages, those of both the Indies, of the two Poles, nay, the language spoken in the moon itself. The most useless idioms, the oddest and most hieroglyphical-looking characters, are just those which awaken their passion and induce them to study; they pity those persons who ingenuously content themselves with knowing their own language, or at most the Greek and Latin tongues. Such men read all historians and know nothing of history; they run through all books, but are not the wiser for any; they are absolutely ignorant of all facts and principles, but they possess as abundant a store and garner-house of words and phrases as can well be imagined, which weighs them down, and with which they overload their memory, whilst their mind remains a blank. . . .

Who can describe all the different kinds of hobbies? . . .

A fashionable person is like a certain blue flower which grows wild in the fields, chokes the corn, spoils the crops, and takes up the room of something better; it has no beauty nor value but what is owing to a momentary caprice, which dies out almost as soon as sprung up. To-day it is all the rage, and the ladies are decked with it; to-morrow it is neglected and left to the common herd.

A person of merit, on the contrary, is a flower we do not describe by its color, but call by its name, — which we cultivate for its beauty or fragrance, such as a lily or a rose; one of the charms of nature: one of those things which beautify the world, belonging to all times, admired and popular for centuries, valued by our fathers, and by us in imitation of them, and not at all harmed by the dislike or antipathy of a few. . . .

Every hour is itself, and in respect to us, is unique; when once it is gone, it is entirely lost, and millions of ages will not bring it back again; days, months, and years are swallowed up and irrevocably lost in the abyss of time; time itself shall be destroyed; it is but a point in the immense space of eternity, and will be erased. There are several slight and frivolous periods of time which are unstable, pass away, and may be called fashions: such as grandeur, favor, riches, power, authority, independence, pleasure, joy, and superfluities. What will become of such fashions when time itself shall have disappeared? Virtue alone, now so little in fashion, will last longer than time.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an American poet and journalist, born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794; died in New York, June 12, 1878. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon. In his ninth year he began to make verses.

From early childhood he took an active interest in public affairs. When, in 1807, the Embargo Act was passed, the boy, catching the spirit of the times, wrote some satirical verses objurgating Jefferson. His father encouraged him to write more of the same sort. He obeyed, and produced a poem which was published in 1808, with the following title: "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times. A Satire. By a Youth of Thirteen." The poem attracted some attention, and was favorably noticed in the *Monthly Anthology*. A few months later a second edition was published. The volume contained some additional poems, the longest of which was "The Spanish Revolution."

After a few months of preparatory study Bryant entered the Sophomore Class of Williams College. He desired a wider course of study than this college then afforded, and having, after two terms spent there, obtained an honorable dismission, he applied himself to study at home, intending to enter Yale. His father's restricted means prevented his doing this, and his college days came to an end.

In 1825 Bryant went to New York, to become the co-editor of the *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, a monthly publication which was discontinued in the following year. Bryant then became assistant editor of the *Evening Post*, under William Coleman. On Coleman's death, in 1829, Bryant became chief editor of that paper, a position which he held for half a century, until his death.

Bryant's career as a journalist covered many eventful years in our history; and his editorials, if collected, would fill many volumes.

Bryant's active life ended only with the close of his earthly existence.

On May 29, 1878, Bryant, then fourscore and four years old, delivered an address at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park, New York.

His books include: "Letters of a Traveler" (1855); "Letters

from Spain" (1859); "Letters from the East" (1869); and a "Popular History of the United States," with S. H. Gay (4 vols., 1878–1882). His "Poems" appeared in New York in 1832, and Washington Irving reprinted them in London, where they went through several editions. This book was followed by "The Fountain and Other Poems" (1842), and "The White-Footed Deer and Other Poems" (1844). His complete edition was issued in Philadelphia in 1846. In his old age Bryant began a translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in blank verse; and his last great poem was "The Flood of Years," a noble pendant to "Thanatopsis." Among his poems that have become popular favorites are: the "Forest Hymn," "The West Wind," "June," "Death of the Flowers," and "Hymn to Death."

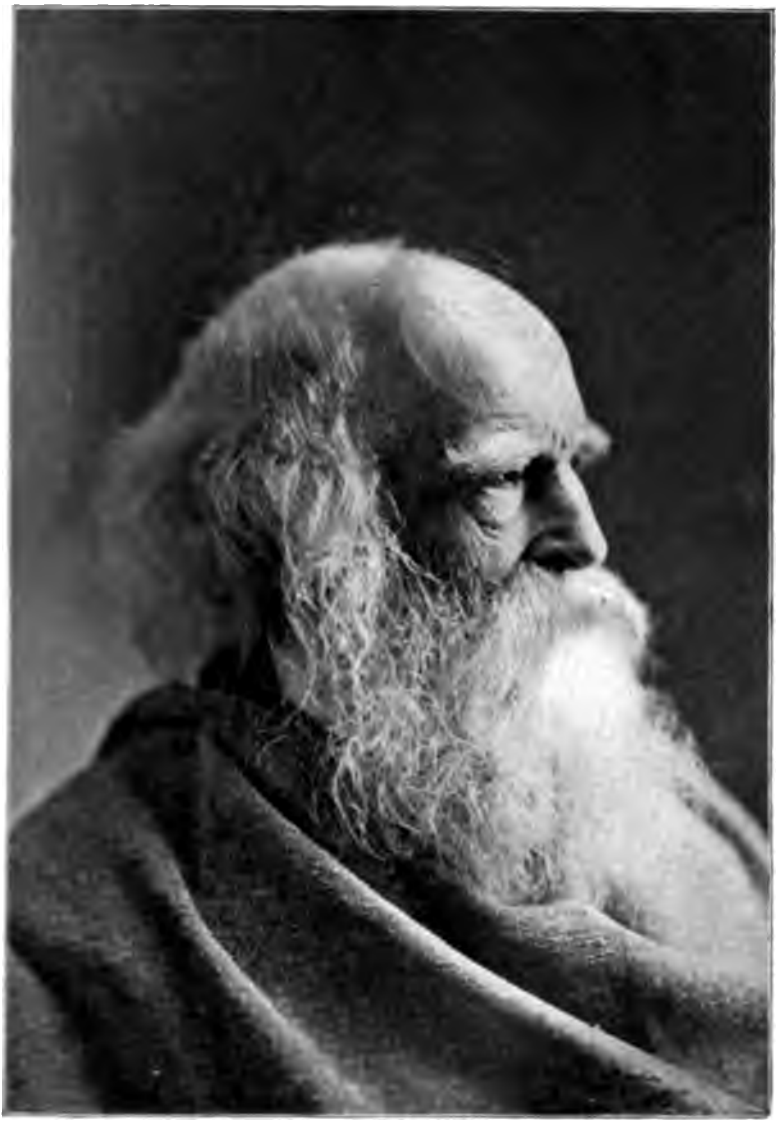
The Death of the Flowers.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

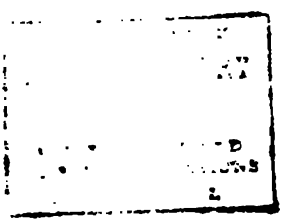
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

Forest Hymn.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died

Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; — thou art in the cooler breath,
That from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; — the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; — nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read

The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die — but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his archenemy Death — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulcher,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. Oh, God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,

And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. — The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning — and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living — and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

To a Waterfowl.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

The Battle-Field.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh and still,
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
  The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry;
  Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
  Hang on thy front, and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
  And blanch not at thy chosen lot,
The timid good may stand aloft,
  The sage may frown — yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
  The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
  The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
  The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
  And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
  When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
  Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
  Another hand thy standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
  The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

To The Past.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Stern are the fetters round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadows of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground
And last, Man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends — the good, the kind
Yielded to thee with tears —
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back — yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain! — Thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart.
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown. To thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea:

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith;
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered.
With thee are silent Fame,
Forgotten Arts, and Wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they.
Yet thou shalt yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished — no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat:

All shall come back. Each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again:
Alone shall Evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung;
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave — the beautiful and young.

JAMES BRYCE.

JAMES BRYCE, Scotch barrister and professor of law, son of James Bryce, LL.D., of Glasgow, was born in Belfast, Ireland, May 10, 1838. He was educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, and at Trinity College, Oxford, from which he was graduated in 1862. He afterward studied for a time at Heidelberg. In 1862 he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1867 was called to the bar of Lincoln's Inn, where he practiced for a number of years. He was made Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford in 1870, and has been a lecturer at the Inns of Court. In 1874 he unsuccessfully contested the Parliamentary borough of Wick. In 1880 he was elected Liberal member for the Tower Hamlets, and in 1885 was elected for South Aberdeen, and returned without opposition for South Aberdeen in 1886, and made Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Gladstone Cabinet. In the autumn of 1876 he made a trip to Western Asia and ascended Mount Ararat, an account of which he published later. He is the author of "The Holy Roman Empire" (1864), (ninth edition, 1874); "The Trade-Marks Registration Acts" (1875), with Introduction and Notes (1877); "Transcaucasia and Ararat" (1877), (third edition, 1888); and "The American Commonwealth," his last and greatest work (1888), enlarged and revised (1892), and again (1894–1895).

WHY GREAT MEN ARE NOT CHOSEN PRESIDENTS.

(From "The American Commonwealth.")

EUROPEANS often ask, and Americans do not always explain, how it happens that this great office, the greatest in the world, unless we except the Papacy, to which any man can rise by his own merits, is not more frequently filled by great and striking men? In America, which is beyond all other countries the country of a "career open to talents," a country, moreover, in which political life is unusually keen and political ambition widely diffused, it might be expected that the highest place

would always be won by a man of brilliant gifts. But since the heroes of the Revolution died out with Jefferson and Adams and Madison some sixty years ago, no person except General Grant has reached the chair whose name would have been remembered had he not been President, and no President except Abraham Lincoln has displayed rare or striking qualities in the chair. Who now knows or cares to know anything about the personality of James K. Polk or Franklin Pierce? The only thing remarkable about them is that being so commonplace they should have climbed so high.

Several reasons may be suggested for the fact, which Americans are themselves the first to admit.

One is that the proportion of first-rate ability drawn into politics is smaller in America than in most European countries. This is a phenomenon whose causes must be elucidated later: in the meantime it is enough to say that in France and Italy, where half-revolutionary conditions have made public life exciting and accessible; in Germany, where an admirably-organized civil service cultivates and develops statecraft with unusual success; in England, where many persons of wealth and leisure seek to enter the political arena, while burning questions touch the interests of all classes and make men eager observers of the combatants, the total quantity of talent devoted to parliamentary or administrative work is far larger, relatively to the population, than in America, where much of the best ability, both for thought and for action, for planning and for executing, rushes into a field which is comparatively narrow in Europe, the business of developing the material resources of the country.

Another is that the methods and habits of Congress, and indeed of political life generally, seem to give fewer opportunities for personal distinction, fewer modes in which a man may commend himself to his countrymen by eminent capacity in thought, in speech, or in administration, than is the case in the free countries of Europe. This is a point to be explained in later chapters. I merely note here in passing what will there be dwelt on.

A third reason is that eminent men make more enemies, and give those enemies more assailable points, than obscure men do. They are therefore in so far less desirable candidates. It is true that the eminent man has also made more friends, that his name is more widely known, and may be greeted with louder

cheers. Other things being equal, the famous man is preferable. But other things never are equal. The famous man has probably attacked some leaders in his own party, has supplanted others, has expressed his dislike to the crotchet of some active section, has perhaps committed errors which are capable of being magnified into offenses. No man stands long before the public and bears a part in great affairs without giving openings to censorious criticism. Fiercer far than the light which beats upon a throne is the light which beats upon a presidential candidate, searching out all the recesses of his past life. Hence, when the choice lies between a brilliant man and a safe man, the safe man is preferred. Party feeling, strong enough to carry in on its back a man without conspicuous positive merits, is not always strong enough to procure forgiveness for a man with positive faults.

A European finds that this phenomenon needs in its turn to be explained, for in the free countries of Europe brilliancy, be it eloquence in speech, or some striking achievement in war or administration, or the power through whatever means of somehow impressing the popular imagination, is what makes a leader triumphant. Why should it be otherwise in America? Because in America party loyalty and party organization have been hitherto so perfect that anyone put forward by the party will get the full party vote if his character is good and his "record," as they call it, unstained. The safe candidate may not draw in quite so many votes from the moderate men of the other side as the brilliant one would, but he will not lose nearly so many from his own ranks. Even those who admit his mediocrity will vo straight when the moment for voting comes. Besides the or nary American voter does not object to mediocrity. He lower conception of the qualities requisite to make a state than those who direct public opinion in Europe have. H his candidate to be sensible, vigorous, and all calls "magnetic," and does not value, for, originality or profundity, a fine edge. Candidates are sele to knots of persons who, ho usually commonplace m lected for nomination of over eight hundr tions over the co nary citizens.

when I come to speak of those Nominating Conventions which are so notable a feature in American politics.

It must also be remembered that the merits of a President are one thing and those of a candidate another thing. An eminent American is reported to have said to friends who wished to put him forward, "Gentlemen, let there be no mistake. I should make a good President, but a very bad candidate." Now to a party it is more important that its nominee should be a good candidate than that he should turn out a good President. A nearer danger is a greater danger. As Saladin says in *The Talisman*, "A wild cat in a chamber is more dangerous than a lion in a distant desert." It will be a misfortune to the party, as well as to the country, if the candidate elected should prove a bad President. But it is a greater misfortune to the party that it should be beaten in the impending election, for the evil of losing national patronage will have come four years sooner. "B," (so reason the leaders) "who is one of our possible candidates, may be an abler man than A, who is the other. But we have a better chance of winning with A than with B, while X, the candidate of our opponents, is anyhow no better than A. We must therefore run A." This reasoning is all the more forcible because the previous career of the possible candidates has generally made it easier to say who will succeed as a candidate than who will succeed as a President; and because the wire-pullers with whom the choice rests are better judges of the former question than of the latter.

After all, too, and this is a point much less obvious to Europeans than to Americans, a President need not be a man of brilliant intellectual gifts. Englishmen, imagining him as something like their Prime Minister, assume that he ought to be a dazzling orator, able to sway legislatures or multitudes, possessed also of the constructive powers that can devise a great policy or frame a comprehensive piece of legislation. They forget that the President does not sit in Congress, that he ought not to address meetings, except on ornamental and (usually) non-political occasions, that he cannot submit bills nor otherwise influence the action of the legislature. His main duties are to be prompt and firm in securing the due execution of the laws and maintaining the public peace, careful and upright in the choice of the executive officials of the country. Eloquence, whose value is apt to be overrated in all free countries, imagination, profundity of thought or extent of knowledge,

are all in so far a gain to him that they make of him a bi
man, and help him to gain a greater influence over the nat
an influence which, if he be a true patriot, he may use fo
good. But they are not necessary for the due discharg
ordinary times of the duties of his post. A man may lack t
and yet make an excellent President. Four-fifths of his w
is the same in kind as that which devolves on the chairman
commercial company or the manager of a railway, the wor
choosing good subordinates, seeing that they attend to t
business, and taking a sound practical view of such adminis
tive questions as require his decision. Firmness, common se
and most of all, honesty, an honesty above all suspicion of
sonal interest, are the qualities which the country chiefly n
in its chief magistrate.

So far we have been considering personal merits. Bu
the selection of a candidate many considerations have to
regarded besides personal merits, whether they be the merit
a candidate, or of a possible President. The chief of these
siderations is the amount of support which can be secured f
different States or from different regions, or, as the Ameri
say, "sections," of the Union. State feeling and sectional
ing are powerful factors in a presidential election. The N
west, including the States from Indiana to Minnesota, is
the most populous region of the Union, and therefore c
for most in an election. It naturally conceives that its
ests will be best protected by one who knows them from
and residence. Hence *prima facie* a North-western man
the best candidate. A large State casts a heavier vote
election; and every State is of course more likely to be
by one of its own children than by a stranger, bec
fellow-citizens, while they feel honored by the choice,
a substantial advantage, having a better prospect of su
as the administration can bestow. Hence, *cæteris*
man from a large State is preferable as a candidate.
casts thirty-six votes in the presidential election, Pe
thirty, Ohio twenty-three, Illinois twenty-two, whil
and Rhode Island have but four, Delaware, Nevada,
only three votes each. It is therefore, p
very evenly balanced, bet
candidate from one of th
whole weight of his Sta
candidate from one of t

three or four votes. The problem is further complicated by the fact that some States are already safe for one or other party, while others are doubtful. The North-western and New England States are most of them certain to go Republican: and the Southern States are (at present) all of them certain to go Democratic. It is more important to gratify a doubtful State than one you have got already; and hence, *caeteris paribus*, a candidate from a doubtful State, such as New York or Indiana, is to be preferred.

Other minor disqualifying circumstances require less explanation. A Roman Catholic, or an avowed disbeliever in Christianity, would be an undesirable candidate. Since the close of the Civil War, any one who fought, especially if he fought with distinction, in the Northern army, has enjoyed great advantages, for the soldiers of that army, still numerous, rally to his name. The two elections of General Grant, who knew nothing of politics, and the fact that his influence survived the faults of his long administration, are the best evidence of the weight of this consideration. It told heavily in favor of both Hayes and Garfield. Similarly a person who fought in the Southern army would be a bad candidate, for he might alienate the North.

On a railway journey in the Far West in 1883, I fell in with two newspaper men from the State of Indiana, who were taking their holiday. The conversation turned on the next presidential election. They spoke hopefully of the chances for nomination by their party of an Indiana man, a comparatively obscure person, whose name I had never heard. I expressed some surprise that he should be thought of. They observed that he had done well in State politics, that there was nothing against him, that Indiana would work for him. "But," I rejoined, "ought you not to have a man of more commanding character. There is Senator A. Everybody tells me that he is the shrewdest and most experienced man in your party, and that he has a perfectly clean record. Why not run him?" "Why, yes," they answered, "that is all true. But you see he comes from a small State, and we have got that State already. Besides, he wasn't in the war. Our man was. Indiana's vote is worth having, and if our man is run, we can carry Indiana."

"Surely the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of

understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all."

These secondary considerations do not always prevail. Intellectual ability and force of character must influence the choice of a candidate, and their influence is sometimes decisive. They count for more when times are so critical that the need for a strong man is felt. Reformers declare that their weight will go on increasing as the disgust of good citizens with the methods of professional politicians increases. But for many generations past it is not the greatest men in the Roman Church that have been chosen Popes, nor the most brilliant men in the Anglican Church that have been appointed Archbishops of Canterbury.

Although several Presidents have survived their departure from office by many years, only one, John Quincy Adams, has played a part in politics after quitting the White House. It may be that the ex-President has not been a great leader before his accession to office; it may be that he does not care to exert himself after he has held and dropped the great prize, and found (one may safely add) how little of a prize it is. Something, however, must also be ascribed to other features of the political system of the country. It is often hard to find a vacancy in the representation of a given State through which to re-enter Congress; it is disagreeable to recur to the arts by which seats are secured. Past greatness is rather an incumbrance than a help to resuming a political career. Exalted power, on which the unsleeping eye of hostile critics was fixed, has probably disclosed all a President's weaknesses, and has either forced him to make enemies by disobliging adherents, or exposed him to censure for subservience to party interests. He is regarded as having had his day; he belongs already to the past, and unless, like Grant, he is endeared to the people by the memory of some splendid service, he soon sinks into the crowd or avoids neglect by retirement. Possibly he may deserve to be forgotten; but more frequently he is a man of sufficient ability and character to make the experience he has gained valuable to the country could it be retained in a place where he might turn it to account. They managed things better in the days of the republic, gathering into their Senate the wisdom and skill, of consuls and pretors at home

"What shall we d

often put in America, but never yet answered. The position of a past chief magistrate is not a happy one. He has been a species of sovereign at home. He is received — General Grant was — with almost royal honors abroad. His private income may be insufficient to enable him to live in ease, yet he cannot without loss of dignity, the country's dignity as well as his own, go back to practice at the bar or become a partner in a mercantile firm. If he tries to enter the Senate, it may happen that there is no seat vacant for his own State, or that the majority in the State legislature is against him. It has been suggested that he might be given a seat in that chamber as an extra member; but to this plan there is the objection that it would give to the State from which he comes a third senator, and thus put other States at a disadvantage. In any case, however, it would seem only right to bestow such a pension as would relieve him from the necessity of re-entering business or a profession.

We may now answer the question from which we started. Great men are not chosen Presidents, firstly, because great men are rare in politics; secondly, because the method of choice does not bring them to the top; thirdly, because they are not, in quiet times, absolutely needed. Subsequent chapters will, I hope, further elucidate the matter. Meantime, I may observe that the Presidents, regarded historically, fall into three periods, the second inferior to the first, the third rather better than the second.

Down till the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828, all the Presidents have been statesmen in the European sense of the word, men of education, of administrative experience, of a certain largeness of view and dignity of character. All except the first two had served in the great office of secretary of state; all were well known to the nation from the part they had played. In the second period, from Jackson till the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, the Presidents were either mere politicians, such as Van Buren, Polk, or Buchanan, or else successful soldiers, such as Harrison or Taylor, whom their party found useful as figure-heads. They were intellectual pygmies beside the real leaders of that generation — Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. A new series begins with Lincoln in 1861. He and General Grant his successor, who cover sixteen years between them, belong to the history of the world. The other less distinguished Presidents of this period contrast favorably with the Polks and Pierces of the days before the war, but they are not, like the early Presidents, the first men of the country. If we compare

the eighteen Presidents who have been elected to office since 1799 with the nineteen English prime ministers of the same hundred years, there are but six of the latter, and at least eight of the former whom history calls personally insignificant, while only Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant can claim to belong to a front rank represented in the English list by seven or possibly eight names. It would seem that the natural selection of the English parliamentary system, even as modified by the aristocratic habits of that country, has more tendency to bring the highest gifts to the highest place than the more artificial selection of America.

The Ascent of Ararat.

(From "Transcaucasia and Ararat.")

About 1 A.M. we got off, thirteen in all, and made straight across the grassy hollows for the ridges which trend up towards the great cone, running parallel in a west-northwesterly direction, and inclosing between them several long narrow depressions, hardly deep enough to be called valleys. The Kurds led the way, and at first we made pretty good progress. The Cossacks seemed fair walkers, though less stalwart than the Kurds; the pace generally was better than that with which Swiss guides start. However, we were soon cruelly undeceived. In twenty-five minutes there came a steep bit, and at the top of it they flung themselves down on the grass to rest. So did we all. Less than half a mile farther, down they dropped again, and this time we were obliged to give the signal for resuming the march. In another quarter of an hour they were down once more, and so it continued for the rest of the way. Every ten minutes' walking — it was seldom steep enough to be called actual climbing — was followed by seven or eight minutes of sitting still, smoking and chattering. How they did chatter! It was to no purpose that we continued to move on when they sat down, or that we rose to go before they had sufficiently rested. They looked at one another, so far as I could make out by the faint light, and occasionally they laughed; but they would not and did not stir till such time as pl
We were helpless. Impossible to go on alo
to explain to them why every moment w
acquaintance who had acted as interpreter

stay behind at Sardarbulakh, and we were absolutely without means of communication with our companions. One could not even be angry, had there been any use in that, for they were perfectly good-humored. It was all very well to beckon them, or pull them by the elbow, or clap them on the back; they thought this was only our fun, and sat still and chattered all the same. When it grew light enough to see the hands of a watch, and mark how the hours advanced while the party did not, we began for a second time to despair of success.

About 3 A.M. there suddenly sprang up from behind the Median mountains the morning star, shedding a light such as no star ever gave in these northern climes of ours, — a light that almost outshone the moon. An hour later it began to pale in the first faint flush of yellowish light that spread over the eastern heaven; and first the rocky masses above us, then Little Ararat, throwing behind him a gigantic shadow, then the long lines of mountains beyond the Araxes, became revealed, while the wide Araxes plain still lay dim and shadowy below. One by one the stars died out as the yellow turned to a deeper glow that shot forth in long streamers, the rosy fingers of the dawn, from the horizon to the zenith. Cold and ghostly lay the snows on the mighty cone; till at last, there came upon their topmost slope, six thousand feet above us, a sudden blush of pink. Swiftly it floated down the eastern face, and touched and kindled the rocks just above us. Then the sun flamed out, and in a moment the Araxes valley and all the hollows of the savage ridges we were crossing were flooded with overpowering light.

It was nearly six o'clock, and progress became easier now that we could see our way distinctly. The Cossacks seemed to grow lazier, halting as often as before and walking less briskly; in fact, they did not relish the exceeding roughness of the jagged lava ridges along whose tops or sides we toiled. I could willingly have lingered here myself; for in the hollows, wherever a little soil appeared, some interesting plants were growing, whose similarity to and difference from the Alpine species of Western Europe alike excited one's curiosity. Time allowed me to secure only a few; I trusted to get more on the way back, but this turned out to be impossible. As we scrambled along a ridge above a long narrow winding glen filled with loose blocks, one of the Kurds suddenly swooped down like a vulture from the height on a spot at the bottom, and began peering and grubbing among the stones. In a minute or two

he cried out, and the rest followed; he had found a spring, and by scraping in the gravel had made a tiny basin out of which we could manage to drink a little. Here was a fresh cause of delay: everybody was thirsty, and everybody must drink; not only the water which, as we afterwards saw, trickled down hither under the stones from a snow-bed seven hundred feet higher, but the water mixed with some whisky from a flask my friend carried, which even in this highly diluted state the Cossacks took to heartily. When at last we got them up and away again, they began to waddle and strangle; after a while two or three sat down, and plainly gave us to see they would go no farther. By the time we had reached a little snow-bed whence the now strong sun was drawing a stream of water, and halted on the rocks beside it for breakfast, there were only two Cossacks and the four Kurds left with us, the rest having scattered themselves about somewhere lower down. We had no idea what instructions they had received, nor whether indeed they had been told anything except to bring us as far as they could, to see that the Kurds brought the baggage, and to fetch us back again, which last was essential for Jaafar's peace of mind. We concluded therefore that if left to themselves they would probably wait our return; and the day was running on so fast that it was clear there was no more time to be lost in trying to drag them along with us.

Accordingly I resolved to take what I wanted in the way of food, and start at my own pace. My friend, who carried more weight, and had felt the want of training on our way up, decided to come no farther, but wait about here, and look out for me towards nightfall. We noted the landmarks carefully, — the little snow-bed, the head of the glen covered with reddish masses of stone and gravel; and high above it, standing out of the face of the great cone of Ararat, a bold peak or rather projecting tooth of black rock, which our Cossacks called the Monastery, and which, I suppose from the same fancied resemblance to a building, is said to be called in Tatar Tach Kilissa, "the church rock." It is doubtless an old cone of eruption, about thirteen thousand feet in height, and is really the upper end of the long ridge we had been following, which may perhaps represent a lava flow [illegible] sure which at this point found a [illegible]

It was an odd position to b[illegible] races, unable to communicate [illegible]

other; guides who could not lead and would not follow; guides one-half of whom were supposed to be there to save us from being robbed and murdered by the other half, but all of whom, I am bound to say, looked for the moment equally simple and friendly, the swarthy Iranian as well as the blue-eyed Slav.

At eight o'clock I buckled on my canvas gaiters, thrust some crusts of bread, a lemon, a small flask of cold tea, four hard-boiled eggs, and a few meat lozenges into my pocket, bade good-by to my friend, and set off. Rather to our surprise, the two Cossacks and one of the Kurds came with me, whether persuaded by a pantomime of encouraging signs, or simply curious to see what would happen. The ice-axe had hugely amused the Cossacks all through. Climbing the ridge to the left, and keeping along its top for a little way, I then struck across the semi-circular head of a wide glen, in the middle of which, a little lower, lay a snow-bed over a long steep slope of loose broken stones and sand. This slope, a sort of talus or "screen," as they say in the Lake country, was excessively fatiguing from the want of firm foothold; and when I reached the other side, I was already so tired and breathless, having been on foot since midnight, that it seemed almost useless to persevere farther. However, on the other side I got upon solid rock, where the walking was better, and was soon environed by a multitude of rills bubbling down over the stones from the stone-slopes above. The summit of Little Ararat, which had for the last two hours provokingly kept at the same apparent height above me, began to sink, and before ten o'clock I could look down upon its small flat top, studded with lumps of rock, but bearing no trace of a crater. Mounting steadily along the same ridge, I saw at a height of over thirteen thousand feet, lying on the loose blocks, a piece of wood about four feet long and five inches thick, evidently cut by some tool, and so far above the limit of trees that it could by no possibility be a natural fragment of one. Darting on it with a glee that astonished the Cossack and the Kurd, I held it up to them, and repeated several times the word "Noah." The Cossack grinned; but he was such a cheery, genial fellow that I think he would have grinned whatever I had said, and I cannot be sure that he took my meaning, and recognized the wood as a fragment of the true Ark. Whether it was really gopher wood, of which material the Ark was built, I will not undertake to say, but am willing to submit to the inspection of the curious

certainly were suffering from the lava, and once more solemnly shook his head. This was conclusive: so I conveyed to him my pantomime that he had better go back to the bivouac where my friend was, rather than remain here alone, and that I hoped to meet him there in the evening; took an affectionate farewell, and turned towards the rocks. There was evidently nothing for it but to go on alone. It was half-past ten o'clock, and the height about thirteen thousand six hundred feet, Little Ararat now lying nearly one thousand feet below the eye.

. . . . . .

Not knowing how far the ridge I was following might continue passable, I was obliged to stop frequently to survey the rocks above, and erect little piles of stone to mark the way. This not only consumed time, but so completely absorbed the attention that for hours together I scarcely noticed the marvelous landscape spread out beneath, and felt the solemn grandeur of the scenery far less than many times before on less striking mountains. Solitude at great heights, or among majestic rocks or forests, commonly stirs in us all deep veins of feeling, joyous or saddening, or more often of joy and sadness mingled. Here the strain on the observing senses seemed too great for fancy or emotion to have any scope. When the mind is preoccupied by the task of the moment, imagination is checked. This was a race against time, in which I could only scan the cliffs for a route, refer constantly to the watch, husband my strength by morsels of food taken at frequent intervals, and endeavor to conceive how a particular block or bit of slope which it would be necessary to recognize would look when seen the other way in descending. . . .

All the way up this rock-slope, which proved so fatiguing that for the fourth time I had almost given up hope, I kept my eye fixed on its upper end to see what signs there were of crags or snow-fields above. But the mist lay steadily at the point where the snow seemed to begin, and it was impossible to say what might be hidden behind that soft white curtain. As little could I conjecture the height I had reached by looking around, as one so often does on mountain ascents, upon other summits; for by this time I was thousands of feet above Little Ararat, the next highest peak visible, and could scarcely guess how many thousands. From this tremendous height it looked more like a broken obelisk than an independent summit twelve thousand

eight hundred feet in height. Clouds covered the farther side of the great snow basin, and were seething like waves about the savage pinnacles, the towers of the Jinn palace, which guard its lower margin, and past which my upward path had lain. With mists to the left and above, and a range of black precipices cutting off all view to the right, there came a vehement sense of isolation and solitude, and I began to understand better the awe with which the mountain silence inspires the Kurdish shepherds. Overhead the sky had turned from dark blue to an intense bright green, a color whose strangeness seemed to add to the weird terror of the scene. It wanted barely an hour to the time when I had resolved to turn back; and as I struggled up the crumbling rocks, trying now to right and now to left, where the foothold looked a little firmer, I began to doubt whether there was strength enough left to carry me an hour higher. At length the rock-slope came suddenly to an end, and I stepped out upon the almost level snow at the top of it, coming at the same time into the clouds, which naturally clung to the colder surfaces. A violent west wind was blowing, and the temperature must have been pretty low, for a big icicle at once enveloped the lower half of my face, and did not melt till I got to the bottom of the cone four hours afterwards. Unluckily I was very thinly clad, the stout tweed coat reserved for such occasions having been stolen on a Russian railway. The only expedient to be tried against the piercing cold was to tighten in my loose light coat by winding around the waist a Spanish *faja*, or scarf, which I had brought up to use in case of need as a neck wrapper. Its bright purple looked odd enough in such surroundings, but as there was nobody there to notice, appearances did not much matter. In the mist, which was now thick, the eye could pierce only some thirty yards ahead; so I walked on over the snow five or six minutes, following the rise of its surface, which was gentle, and fancying there might still be a good long way to go. To mark the backward track I trailed the point of the ice-axe along behind me in the soft snow, for there was no longer any landmark; all was cloud on every side. Suddenly to my astonishment the ground began to fall away to the north; I stopped; a puff of wind drove off the mists on one side, the opposite side to that by which I had come, and showed the Araxes plain at an abysmal depth below. It was the top of Ararat.

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

Robert Williams Buchanan, an English author, born in Warwickshire, Aug. 18, 1841. He received his education in Glasgow, and while young went to London to engage in literature. His attack upon Dante Gabriel Rossetti drew a famous letter from that poet on "The Stealthy School of Criticism," and a scathing pamphlet from Swinburne, "Under the Microscope" (1872). His poems include: "Undertones" (1863); "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn" (1865); "London Poems," his best effort (1866); "North Coast Poems" (1867); "Napoleon Fallen: a Lyrical Drama" (1871); "The Drama of Kings" (1871); "Ballads of Love, Life, and Humor" (1882); and "The City of Dreams" (1888). His best novels are: "The Shadow of the Sword" (1876); "A Child of Nature" (1879); "God and the Man" (1881); "The Martyrdom of Madeline" (1882); and "Foxglove Manor" (1884). Buchanan has also written successful plays. His poems have been collected (3 vols., London, 1874).

The Ballad of Judas Iscariot.

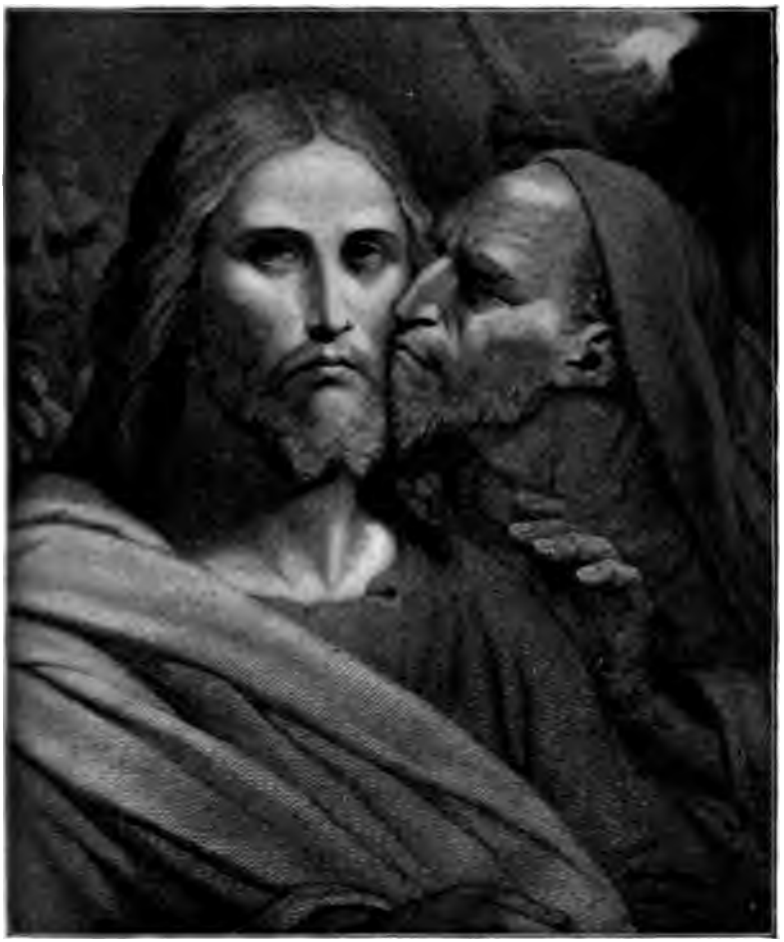
'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Beside the body stood.
Black was the earth by night,
  And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
  Tho' the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
  Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Look'd on it in despair.
The breath of the World came and went
  Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
  The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan:
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.
I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!
The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim and gaunt and gray,
Rais'd the body of Judas Iscariot
And carried it away.
And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud, like dice.
As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
Open'd and shut again.
Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.
The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.
He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill.
A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side;



KISS OF JUDAS

From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam,
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.
For days and nights he wander'd on,
Push'd on by hands behind,
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.
And the wold was white with snow,
And his foot-marks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose
Holding her yellow lamp.
And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Pass'd on the window light.
The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow;

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.
To and fro and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burn'd bright and clear —
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"
'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answer'd soft and low:
"It is a wolf runs up and down,

With a black track in the snow."
The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head —
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessèd Bridegroom said.
'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answer'd fierce and low:
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so long and bright.
The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see —
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare —
"I have wander'd many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."
'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright —
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow;
And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.
'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,

And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I pour'd the wine!"
The supper-wine is pour'd at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

Langley Lane.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by —
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little, live hand seems to stir and speak —
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three —
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water cart's splash or the mi[illegible]

Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly —
  Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
  The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
  With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
  Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, and the singers see —
  And the little, soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
  When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
  Hath not my soul an eye to see? —
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
  That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
  And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind —
  I made it of music long ago:
Strange, large eyes and dark hair twined
  Round the pensive light of a brow of snow:
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
  And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
  And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
  (I know the fancy is only vain)
I should pray; just once, when the weather is fair,
  To see little Fanny and Langley Lane:
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
  The song of the birds, the hum of the street —
It is better to be as we have been —

Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet!

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear!
Chirping of birds or patter of rain!
And Fanny, my little one, always near!
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we can never married be —
What then? — since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see.

The Green Gnome.

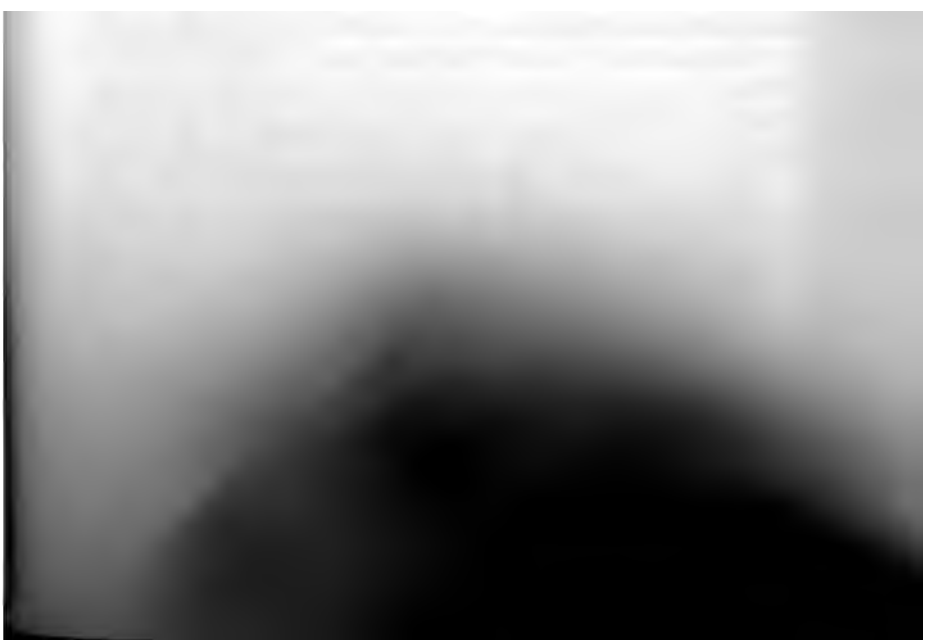
Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white as milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my sark was of the silk;
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of dew;
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I went!
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and pla
Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seem'd to die away;
And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand.
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
And drew me from my palfrey white, and sat me on the ground.
O crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green to see,
But he cried, "O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound to marry me!
He claspt me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek;
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice — I could not stir or spe
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice — but when he kissed ag
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and del
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and falls!

O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far away;
And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
The ugly green, green Gnome became a tall and comely man!
His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,
His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;
A pensive light from Faëryland still linger'd on his cheek,
His voice was like the running brook, when he began to speak:
"O you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me,
Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free!
O I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"
Back we gallop'd, never stopping, he before and I behind,
And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind,
And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk-bells sweet and loud,
And we saw the kirk before us, and we trotted down the fells,
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!



FRANCIS TREVELYAN BUCKLAND.

FRANCIS TREVELYAN BUCKLAND, an English naturalist, born at Christ Church, Oxford, Dec. 17, 1826; died in London, Dec. 19, 1880. He was the son of the Rev. William Buckland, Dean of Westminster (1784–1856), an eminent geologist and scientist. He was educated at Winchester School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he was graduated with the degree of B.A. in 1848; he studied medicine, and in 1854 received an appointment as assistant surgeon in the Life Guards, a position which he resigned in 1863, in order to devote himself exclusively to Natural History. In 1867 he was appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries in England and Wales, and subsequently was employed upon other Government fishery commissions, and his counsel and advice were sought by other Governments in Europe and America. On the establishment of the *Field*, a newspaper, in 1856, he became a member of its editorial staff, where he remained until 1866, when he projected and started the periodical *Land and Water*, to which he was a constant contributor as long as he lived. Mr. Buckland was an earnest opponent of the views of Mr. Darwin. Among his writings are several series of "Curiosities of Natural History," the first of which was published in 1857; "Fish-Hatching" (1863); "A Familiar History of British Fishes" (1873); "Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist" (1876), and a profusely annotated edition of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" (1879).

A HUNT IN A HORSEPOND.

(From "Curiosities of Natural History.")

PRAY what is to be found in a horsepond except mud, dead dogs and cats, and duckweed? the reader may ask. — Pray what is there to be found in that trumpery ball they call the Earth? the "Man in the Moon" may demand of his neighbor Saturn, as they both come out for their evening stroll. The answer to such questions is simply, "*Life;*" Life in all diversity of form, beautifully and wonderfully arranged, each individual derivi benefit from the well-being of the mass; the mass itself v pering in ratio with the individual. To the inhabitar

pond, the pond is the world; to the inhabitants of the world, the world, as compared to space, is but a pond, and when the adventurous lizard has made a voyage of discovery round his pond he has as much right, comparatively speaking, to boast of his performance to his fellow-lizards as Captain Cook had when he first sailed round the world to write two thick volumes for the information of his fellow-men.

Well, let us have a look at the pond world. Choose a dry place at the side, and fix our eyes steadily upon the dirty water. What shall we see? Nothing at first; but wait a minute or two: a little round, black knob appears in the middle; gradually it rises higher and higher, till at last you can make out a frog's head, with his great eyes staring hard at you, like the eyes of the frog in the woodcut facing Æsop's fable of the frog and the bull. Not a bit of the body do you see; he is much too cunning for that, he does not know who or what you are: you may be a heron, his mortal enemy, for aught he knows. You move your arm — he thinks it is the heron's bill coming. Down he goes again and you see him not; a few seconds, he gains courage and reappears, having probably communicated the intelligence to the other frogs; for many big heads and big eyes appear in all parts of the pond, looking like so many hippopotami on a small scale. Soon a conversational "*Wurk, wurk, wurk*," begins. You don't understand it — luckily, perhaps — as from the swelling in their throats it is evident that the colony is outraged by the intrusion, and the remarks passing are not complimentary to the intruder.

The frogs are all respectable, grown-up, well-to-do frogs, and they have in this pond duly deposited their spawn, and then — hard-hearted creatures! — left it to its fate. It has, however, taken care of itself, and is now hatched, at least that part of it which has escaped the hands of the gypsies, who not unfrequently prescribe baths of this natural jelly for rheumatism.

In the shallow water close by is a dark black spot that looks like a bit of old hat thrown away to rot. Touch it with the end of a stick — the mass immediately becomes alive. Presto! thousands of little black, long-tailed rascals seem immediately to start into life. These are embryo frogs, *alias* tadpoles, *alias* porwiggles, *alias* loggerheads, *alias* toe-biters. This last significant title has been given them by the amphibious boys of Clapham Common, whose toes they bite when fishing about for fresh-water curiosities in the numerous ponds of that district.

These little creatures are evidently selfish, like other animals in the creation, for they are pushing, squeezing, and hustling each other, like people going to hear Jenny Lind. And pray what are they all so anxious to get at? — simply a dead kitten. And why should they not fight for good places? The dead kitten is to them what a turtle-dinner is to the city folks: each duly appreciated by the rightful consumers.

But suppose there happens to be no dead kitten or decayed vegetable matter in their pond, what will the poor creatures get to eat? Why, then they will do what the New Zealanders have done before them: they — the New Zealanders — ate up every specimen of the Dinornis they could find on their island, and then they set to work and ate up each other. So do the tadpoles. You ask a proof: Last year I went, with a tin quart-pot in my hand, toe-biter hunting on Clapham Common, and brought home exactly a quart of tadpoles; these I emptied into a tub in the beer-cellar; there they lived, being fed on meat several days, till, one evening, on sending for a glass of the all-refreshing fluid, up comes John, with half a smile on his face, and simpers out. "If you please, Sir, I have brought the beer, but I have upset the tadpoles." — On arriving at the scene of the disaster, there were the poor things high and dry on the floor. I restored them to their tub, but forgot to put back their meat. The next morning I found that some had not recovered from their accident, and round the bodies of their departed brethren were crowded the cannibal survivors, eating and pulling away, each for himself. After this I left them much to themselves, and their numbers diminished considerably; the cook's opinion being, as usual, that that omnivorous creature, "*the Cat*," had a hand in it; bringing forward as an argument — which is not strictly zoölogical, as applied to tadpoles — that the "cat is fond of fish."

A Horse-Flesh Dinner.

(From "Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist.")

I went to the horse-flesh dinner at the Langham Hotel on Feb. 29, 1868, without fear or prejudice, and came away from it a wiser and a sadder man; and, as I lighted my prandial cigar at the door, I exclaimed, with [redacted] "*Equo ne credite Teucri.*" In my opinion, hi[redacted] the slightest chance of success in this cou[redacted] has to fight against prejudice; and second

good. I gave it a fair trial, tasting every dish, from the soup to the jelly. In every single preparation of the elegant form in which it was served (however nicely it might have been sent up) an unwonted and peculiar taste could be recognized. The chief result aimed at by the supporters of hippophagy is to provide a cheap food for the poor. In this respect the experiment must prove a failure. I have talked to many people of this class upon the point. The abhorrence expressed at the idea was very great, and this especially among the women, who would "as soon think of cooking a cat for their husbands' dinner as cooking a bit of cats' meat. . . ."

Doubtless for starving travelers — such as hunters and trappers in the "Far West," for cavalry troopers separated from their commissariat, or others living and sleeping for many weeks and months in the open air, horse-flesh would afford fair and nutritious food; but in this country — as long as beef and mutton are to be obtained — coarse meat, such as horse-flesh, will never become popular, even though it be christened by the elegant name "Hippocreas."

Apropos of horse-flesh Mr. Bartlett tells me that formerly they used to feed the lions at the Zoölogical Gardens upon joints of the best beef. The keepers gave out that the lions, etc., would not eat horse-flesh. It was observed at the same time that the lions looked very thin and the men very fat. Mr. Bartlett determined to try if the lions would or would not eat horse-flesh; and he found they liked it quite as well as beef. So for the future he ordered the lions always to have horse-flesh for their dinners. The consequence was that the tables were turned: the men got very lean, and immediately the lions began to get plump and fat. The reader will easily guess the meaning of this remarkable phenomenon.

MONKEY-TRAINING.

(From "Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist.")

THERE was exhibited at the Zoölogical Gardens a monkey whose history is somewhat remarkable; and Mr. Bartlett informs me, on the authority of her owner, that he used to earn as much as £2 or £3 a day with her. When she got so old that she could no longer work she was sent up to the Gardens to finish the rest of her days in peace. Every now and then her master has her out again for the purpose of teaching other monkeys.

It appears that there is a point at which the human mind cannot reciprocate ideas with the monkey mind. The monkey-trainers can teach the monkeys up to a certain point; when that point is reached it becomes absolutely necessary for the man to have, as it were, an interpreter. The monkey-trainer therefore is obliged to send for this old monkey to convey by her actions to his pupils the ideas which he wishes to impress upon them. I once met a man who made a living by training monkeys. He informed me that monkeys differed very much in ability, some learning their tricks much quicker than others; some, too, were so stupid that he was obliged to give them up as a bad job, and to take another monkey of greater natural ability into training. Mr. Bartlett kindly assists the "performing monkey" men by exchanging monkeys that will not learn for other monkeys which, from their physiognomy, appear likely to become good performers. Some monkeys are clever; some born fools.

Darwinism.

The so-called education of the present day is, in my opinion, too much confined to book-learning and taking for granted the ideas and opinions of others. If I had my will, I would educate the eyes of all — adults even more than youths and girls — to observe and to photograph objects in their heads. I would also teach them to use their fingers to analyze and draw, and, above all, to dissect, Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, so as to be able to understand their wonderful structure and mechanism. Horace never wrote a truer thing than —

> "Segniùs irritant animos demissas per aures,
> Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

I do not bow to many of the teachings of the modern school of science, which often, by hard words and unnecessary mystifications, seems to puzzle rather than enlarge the mind. I wish, on the contrary, to throw the portals of Science (i.e., knowledge) wide open, and let all enter who will; we want as many recruits as possible in our ranks. It is hardly necessary to say that I am not a disciple of Darwin or the development theory. I believe in the doctrine — I am sorry to say now old-fashioned — the great Creator made all things in the beginning, and made them good.

HENRY BUCKLE.

Henry Thomas Buckle, an English historian, was born in Kent, Nov. 24, 1821; died at Damascus, May 29, 1862. Owing to his delicate health, his school-days were few, but an ample inherited fortune enabled him to gratify his love of study. During a tour on the Continent, in 1843–1844, he resolved to write an extensive historical work, and thenceforward devoted his life to carrying out his plan. In 1851 he began his "History of Civilization in England," the first volume of which appeared in 1857, and the second in 1861. In the autumn of that year he went to Egypt to recruit his health. The next spring, after visiting Jerusalem, he set out on his return to Europe, but was seized with typhus fever, and died at Damascus. His grave is marked by a marble tomb with the inscription from the Arabic: —

> "The written word remains long after the writer;
> The writer is resting under the earth, but his works endure."

The completed volumes of Buckle's work are only a part of an introduction to a "History of Civilization in England." They are occupied with a review of progress in France, Spain, and Scotland, the object of which is to prove that the spirit and character of nations depend upon soil, climate, food, and the aspects of nature. He is best known for his great work, "The History of Civilization in England" (2 vols., 1857–1861). His "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works" were edited by Helen Taylor (London, 1872); new edition by Grant Allen, 1880.

The Mythical Origin of History.

(From the "History of Civilization in England.")

At a very early period in the progress of a people, and long before they are acquainted with the use of letters, they feel the want of some resource which in peace may amuse their leisure, and in war nu[illegible] plied to them by the io[illegible] work

of all historical knowledge, and which, in one shape or another, are found among some of the rudest tribes of the earth. They are for the most part sung by a class of men whose particular business it is thus to preserve the stock of traditions. Indeed, so natural is this curiosity as to past events that there are few nations to whom these bards or minstrels are unknown. Thus, to select a few instances, it is they who have preserved the popular traditions, not only of Europe, but also of China, Tibet, and Tartary; likewise of India, of Scinde, of Beloochistan, of Western Asia, of the islands of the Black Sea, of Egypt, of Western Africa, of North America, of South America, and of the islands in the Pacific.

In all these countries, letters were long unknown, and as a people in that state have no means of perpetuating their history except by oral tradition, they select the form best calculated to assist their memory; and it will, I believe, be found that the first rudiments of knowledge consist always of poetry, and often of rhyme. The jingle pleases the ear of the barbarian, and affords a security that he will hand it down to his children in the unimpaired state in which he received it. This guarantee against error increases still further the value of these ballads; and instead of being considered as a mere amusement, they rise to the dignity of judicial authorities. The allusions contained in them are satisfactory proofs to decide the merits of rival families, or even to fix the limits of those rude estates which such a society can possess. We therefore find that the professed reciters and composers of these songs are the recognized judges in all disputed matters; and as they are often priests, and believed to be inspired, it is probably in this way that the notion of the divine origin of poetry first arose. These ballads will of course vary according to the customs and temperaments of the different nations, and according to the climate to which they are accustomed. In the south they assume a passionate and voluptuous form; in the north they are rather remarkable for their tragic and war-like character. But notwithstanding these diversities, all such productions have one feature in common: they are not only founded on truth, but making allowance for the colorings of poetry, they are all strictly [redacted]
Men who are constantly repeating songs which they c[redacted]
hear, and who appeal to the authorized singers of the[redacted]
umpires in disputed questions, are not likely to be mi[redacted]
matters in the accuracy of which they have so lively

This is the earliest and most simple of the various stages through which history is obliged to pass. But in the course of time, unless unfavorable circumstances intervene, society advances; and among other changes, there is one in particular of the greatest importance. I mean the introduction of the art of writing, which, before many generations are passed, must effect a complete alteration in the character of the national traditions. The manner in which this occurs has, so far as I am aware, never been pointed out; and it will therefore be interesting to attempt to trace some of its details.

The first and perhaps the most obvious consideration is, that the introduction of the art of writing gives permanence to the national knowledge, and thus lessens the utility of that oral information in which all the acquirements of an unlettered people must be contained. Hence it is that as a country advances the influence of tradition diminishes, and traditions themselves become less trustworthy. Besides this, the preservers of these traditions lose in this stage of society much of their former reputation. Among a perfectly unlettered people, the singers of ballads are, as we have already seen, the sole depositaries of those historical facts on which the fame, and often the property, of their chieftains principally depend. But when this same nation becomes acquainted with the art of writing, it grows unwilling to intrust these matters to the memory of itinerant singers, and avails itself of its new art to preserve them in a fixed and material form. As soon as this is effected, the importance of those who repeat the national traditions is sensibly diminished. They gradually sink into an inferior class, which, having lost its old reputation, no longer consists of those superior men to whose abilities it owed its former fame. Thus we see that although without letters there can be no knowledge of much importance, it is nevertheless true that their introduction is injurious to historical traditions in two distinct ways: first by weakening the traditions, and secondly by weakening the class of men whose occupation it is to preserve them.

But this is not all. Not only does the art of writing lessen the number of traditionary truths, but it directly encourages the propagation of falsehoods. This is effected by what may be termed a principle of accumulation, to which all systems of belief have been deeply indebted. In ancient times, for example, the name of Hercules was given to several of those great public robbers who scourged mankind, and who, if their crimes were

successful as well as enormous, were sure after their death to be worshiped as heroes. How this appellation originated is uncertain; but it was probably bestowed at first on a single man, and afterwards on those who resembled him in the character of their achievements. This mode of extending the use of a single name is natural to a barbarous people, and would cause little or no confusion, as long as the tradition of the country remained local and unconnected. But as soon as these traditions became fixed by a written language, the collectors of them, deceived by the similarity of name, assembled the scattered facts, and ascribing to a single man these accumulated exploits, degraded history to the level of a miraculous mythology. In the same way, soon after the use of letters was known in the North of Europe, there was drawn up by Saxo Grammaticus the life of the celebrated Ragnar Lodbrok. Either from accident or design, this great warrior of Scandinavia, who had taught England to tremble, had received the same name as another Ragnar, who was prince of Jutland about a hundred years earlier. This coincidence would have caused no confusion as long as each district preserved a distinct and independent account of its own Ragnar. But by possessing the resource of writing, men became able to consolidate the separate trains of events, and as it were, fuse two truths into one error. And this was what actually happened. The credulous Saxo put together the different exploits of both Ragnars, and ascribing the whole of them to his favorite hero, has involved in obscurity one of the most interesting parts of the early history of Europe.

The annals of the North afford another curious instance of this source of error. A tribe of Finns called Quæns occupied a considerable part of the eastern coast of the Gulf of Bothnia. Their country was known as Quænland; and this name gave rise to a belief that to the north of the Baltic there was a nation of Amazons. This would easily have been corrected by local knowledge: but by the use of writing, the flying rumor was at once fixed; and the existence of such a people is positively affirmed in some of the earliest European histories. Thus too Åbo, the ancient capital of Finland, was called Turku, which in the Swedish language means a market-place. Adam of Br[illegible] having occasion to treat of the countries adjoining th[illegible] was so misled by the word Turku that this cel[illegible] assures his readers that there were Turks in F[illegible]

To these illustrations many others might

how mere names deceived the early historians, and gave rise to relations which were entirely false, and might have been rectified on the spot; but which, owing to the art of writing, were carried into distant countries and thus placed beyond the reach of contradiction. Of such cases, one more may be mentioned, as it concerns the history of England. Richard I., the most barbarous of our princes, was known to his contemporaries as the Lion; an appellation conferred upon him on account of his fearlessness and the ferocity of his temper. Hence it was said that he had the heart of a lion; and the title Cœur de Lion not only became indissolubly connected with his name, but actually gave rise to a story, repeated by innumerable writers, according to which he slew a lion in a single combat. The name gave rise to the story; the story confirmed the name: and another fiction was added to that long series of falsehoods of which history mainly consisted during the Middle Ages.

The corruptions of history, thus naturally brought about by the mere introduction of letters, were in Europe aided by an additional cause. With the art of writing, there was in most cases also communicated a knowledge of Christianity; and the new religion not only destroyed many of the Pagan traditions, but falsified the remainder by amalgamating them with monastic legends. The extent to which this was carried would form a curious subject for inquiry; but one or two instances of it will perhaps be sufficient to satisfy the generality of readers.

Of the earliest state of the great Northern nations we have little positive evidence; but several of the lays in which the Scandinavian poets related the feats of their ancestors or of their contemporaries are still preserved; and notwithstanding their subsequent corruption, it is admitted by the most competent judges that they embody real and historical events. But in the ninth and tenth centuries, Christian missionaries found their way across the Baltic, and introduced a knowledge of their religion among the inhabitants of Northern Europe. Scarcely was this effected when the sources of history began to be poisoned. At the end of the eleventh century Sæmund Sigfusson, a Christian priest, gathered the popular and hitherto unwritten histories of the North into what is called the "Elder Edda"; and he was satisfied with adding to his compilation the corrective of a Christian hymn. A hundred years later there was made another collection of the native histories; but the principle which I have [illegible] had a long [illegible] to operate,

now displayed its effects still more clearly. In this second collection, which is known by the name of the "Younger Edda," there is an agreeable mixture of Greek, Jewish, and Christian fables; and for the first time in the Scandinavian annals, we meet with the widely diffused fiction of a Trojan descent.

If by way of further illustration we turn to other parts of the world, we shall find a series of facts confirming this view. We shall find that in those countries where there has been no change of religion, history is more trustworthy and connected than in those countries where such a change has taken place. In India, Brahmanism, which is still supreme, was established at so early a period that its origin is lost in the remotest antiquity. The consequence is that the native annals have never been corrupted by any new superstition, and the Hindus are possessed of historic traditions more ancient than can be found among any other Asiatic people. In the same way, the Chinese have for upwards of two thousand years preserved the religion of Fo, which is a form of Buddhism. In China, therefore, though the civilization has never been equal to that of India, there is a history, not indeed as old as the natives would wish us to believe, but still stretching back to several centuries before the Christian era, from whence it has been brought down to our own times in an uninterrupted succession. On the other hand, the Persians, whose intellectual development was certainly superior to that of the Chinese, are nevertheless without any authentic information respecting the early transactions of their ancient monarchy. For this I can see no possible reason except the fact that Persia, soon after the promulgation of the Koran, was conquered by the Mohammedans, who completely subverted the Parsee religion and thus interrupted the stream of the national traditions. Hence it is that, putting aside the myths of the Zendavesta, we have no native authorities for Persian history of any value, until the appearance in the eleventh century of the Shah Nameh; in which, however, Firdusi has mingled the miraculous relations of those two religions by which his country had been successively subjected. The result is, that if it were not for the various discoveries which have been made, of monuments, inscriptions, and coins, we should be compelled to rely on the scanty and inaccurate details in the Greek writers for our knowledge of the history of one of the most important of th

COMTE DE BUFFON.

GEORGE LOUIS LE CLERC, COMTE DE BUFFON, a distinguished French naturalist, born at Montbard, Sept. 7, 1707; died at Paris, April 16, 1788. Destined for the law, he showed so marked a preference for the physical sciences that he was permitted to follow his inclinations. In 1739 he became a member of the Academy of Sciences, and was appointed Keeper of the Royal Museum. He now conceived the idea of making the study of Natural History intelligible and attractive to all classes of readers. The idea he endeavored to carry out in his great work, "Histoire Naturelle, Générale et Particulière," the first work which presents the separate known facts of natural history in a systematized and popular form. The work has now little scientific value, but it has been of immense service in awakening and diffusing a love of the study of Nature. Buffon frequently presents his ideas in a highly imaginative form. His "Natural History" widely popularized the study of zoölogy and of nature in general, owing to the author's luminous and attractive style and his very plausible generalizations; it was translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. The definite edition of this "General and Particular Natural History" is in 36 volumes (1749–1788).

THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST MAN.

(From "Natural History.")

I RECOLLECT that moment, full of joy and perplexity, when, for the first time, I was aware of my singular existence. I did not know what I was, where I was, or where I came from. I opened my eyes: how my sensations increased! The light, the vault of heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, everything interested me, animated me, and gave me an inexpressible sentiment of pleasure. I thought at first that all these objections were in me, and made a part of myself. I was confirming myself in this idea, when I turned my eyes toward the sun; its brilliancy distressed me; I involuntarily closed my

eyelids, and I felt a slight sensation of grief. In this moment of darkness I thought I had lost my entire being.

Afflicted and astonished, I was thinking of this great change, when suddenly I heard sounds: the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the air, formed a concert, the sweet influence of which touched my very soul. I listened for a long time, and I soon felt convinced that this harmony was myself. Intent upon and entirely occupied with this new part of my existence, I had already forgotten light, that other portion of my being, the first with which I had become acquainted, when I reopened my eyes. What happiness to possess once more so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed what I had felt the first time, and for awhile suspended the charming effect of sound. I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects; I soon discovered that I might lose and recover these objects; and that I had, at my will, the power of destroying and reproducing this beautiful part of myself; and, although it seemed to me immense in its grandeur, from the quality of the rays of light, and from the variety of the colors, I thought I had discovered that it was all a portion of my being.

I was beginning to see without emotion, and to hear without agitation, when a slight breeze, whose freshness I felt, brought to me perfumes that gave me an inward pleasure, and caused a feeling of love for myself. Agitated by all these sensations, and oppressed by the pleasure of so beautiful and grand an existence, I suddenly rose, and I felt myself taken along by an unknown power. I only made one step; the novelty of my situation made me motionless; my surprise was extreme; I thought my existence was flying from me; the movement I had made disturbed the objects around me; I imagined everything was disordered.

I put my hand to my head; I touched my forehead and eyes; I felt all over my body; my hand then appeared to me the principal organ of my existence. What I felt was so distinct and so complete, the enjoyment of it appeared so perfect, compared with the pleasure that light and sound had caused me, that I gave myself up entirely to this substantial part of my being, and I felt that my ideas acquired profundity and reality. Every part of my body that I touched seemed to give back to my hand feeling for feeling, and each touch a new idea in my mind. I was not long in discovering that the faculty of feeling was spread over eve

soon found out the limits of my existence, which had at first seemed to me immense in extent. I had cast my eyes over my body; I thought it of enormous dimensions, so large, that all the objects that struck my eye appeared to me, in comparison, mere luminous points. I examined myself for a long time, I looked at myself with pleasure, I followed my hand with my eyes, and I observed all its movements. My mind was filled with the strangest ideas. I thought the movement of my hand was only a kind of fugitive existence, a succession of similar things. I put my hand near my eyes; it seemed to me larger than my whole body, and it hid an infinite number of objects from my view.

I began to suspect that there was an illusion in the sensations that my eyes made me experience. I had distinctly seen that my hand was only a small part of my body, and I could not understand how it could increase so as to appear of immoderate size. I then resolved to trust only to touch, which had not yet deceived me, and to be on my guard with respect to every other way of feeling and being. This precaution was useful to me. I put myself again in motion, and I walked with my head high and raised toward heaven. I struck myself slightly against a palm-tree; filled with fear, I placed my hand on this foreign substance, for such I thought it because it did not give me back feeling for feeling. I turned away with a sort of horror, and then I knew for the first time that there was something distinct from myself. More agitated by this new discovery than I had been by all the others, I had great difficulty in reassuring myself; and, after having meditated upon this event, I came to the conclusion that I ought to judge of external objects as I had judged of the parts of my own body; that it was only by touching them that I could assure myself of their existence. I then tried to touch all I saw. I wanted to touch the sun; I stretched out my arms to embrace the horizon, and I only clasped the emptiness of air.

At every experiment that I made, I became more and more surprised; for all the objects around appeared to be equally near me: and it was only after an infinite number of trials that I learnt to use my eyes to guide my hand; and, as it gave me totally different ideas from the impressions that I received through the sense of sight, my opinions were only more imperfect, and my whole being was to me still a confused existence.

Profoundly occupied with myself, with what I was, and

what I might be, the contrarieties I had just experienced humiliated me. The more I reflected, the more doubts arose in my mind. Tired out by so much uncertainty, fatigued by the workings of my mind, my knees bent, and I found myself in a position of repose. This state of tranquillity gave new vigor to my senses. I was seated under the shadow of a fine tree; fruits of a red color hung down in clusters within reach of my hand. I touched them lightly; they immediately fell from the branch, like the fig when it has arrived at maturity. I seized one of these fruits. I thought I had made a conquest, and I exulted in the power I felt of being able to hold in my hand another entire being. Its weight, though very slight, seemed to me an animated resistance, which I felt pleasure in vanquishing. I had put this fruit near my eyes; I was considering its form and color. Its delicious smell made me bring it nearer; it was close to my lips; with long respirations I drew in the perfume, and I enjoyed in long draughts the pleasures of smell. I was filled with this perfumed air. My mouth opened to exhale it: it opened again to inhale it. I felt that I possessed an internal sense of smell, purer and more delicate than the first. At last I tasted. What a flavor! What a novel sensation! Until then I had only experienced pleasure; taste gave me the feeling of voluptuousness. The nearness of the enjoyment to myself produced the idea of possession. I thought the substance of the fruit had become mine, and that I had the power of transforming beings. Flattered by this idea of power, and urged by the pleasure I had felt, I gathered a second and a third fruit, and I did not tire of using my hand to satisfy my taste; but an agreeable languor, by degrees taking possession of my senses, weighed on my members, and suspended the activity of my mind. I judged of my inactivity by the faintness of my thoughts; my weakened senses blunted all the objects around, which seemed feeble and indistinct.

At this moment, my now useless eyes closed, and my head, no longer kept up by the power of my muscles, fell back to seek support on the turf. Everything became effaced, everything disappeared. The course of my thoughts was interrupted; I lost the sensation of existence. This sleep was profound, but I do not know whether it was of long duration, not yet having an idea of time, and therefore unable to measure it. It was only a second birth, and I merely felt that I began to exist. The annihilation I had just experienced

tion of fear, and made me feel that I could not exist forever. Another thing disquieted me. I did not know that I had not lost during my sleep some part of my being. I tried my senses; I endeavored to know myself again. At this moment the sun, at the end of the course, ceased to give light. I scarcely perceived that I lost the sense of sight; I existed too much to fear the cessation of my being; and it was in vain that the obscurity recalled to me the idea of my first sleep.

The Humming-Bird.

(From the "Natural History.")

Of all animated beings this is the most elegant in form and the most brilliant in colors. The stones and metals polished by our arts are not comparable to this jewel of Nature. She has placed it least in size of the order of birds, *maxime miranda in minimis*. Her masterpiece is the little humming-bird, and upon it she has heaped all the gifts which the other birds may only share. Lightness, rapidity, nimbleness, grace, and rich apparel all belong to this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz gleam upon its dress. It never soils them with the dust of earth, and in its aërial life scarcely touches the turf an instant. Always in the air, flying from flower to flower, it has their freshness as well as their brightness. It lives upon their nectar, and dwells only in the climates where they perennially bloom.

All kinds of humming-birds are found in the hottest countries of the New World. They are quite numerous and seem to be confined between the two tropics, for those which penetrate the temperate zones in summer only stay there a short time. They seem to follow the sun in its advance and retreat; and to fly on the wing of zephyrs after an eternal spring.

The vivacity of these small birds is only equaled by their courage, or rather their audacity. Sometimes they may be seen chasing furiously birds twenty times their size, fastening upon their bodies, letting themselves be carried along in their flight, while they peck them fiercely until their tiny rage is satisfied. Sometimes they fight each other vigorously. Impatience seems their very essence. If they approach a blossom and find it faded, they mark their spite by hasty rending of the petals. Their only voice is a weak cry, "*screp, screp*," frequent and repeated, which they utter in the woods from dawn, until at the first rays of the sun they all take flight and scatter over the country.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, an English novelist, playwright, and poet, born in London, May 25, 1803; died in Torquay, Jan. 18, 1873. He was the son of Gen. Earle Bulwer and Elizabeth B. Lytton, heiress of Knebworth, to whose estates he succeeded in 1844, and assumed the surname of Lytton.

He was prepared by his mother for Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's medal by a poem on "Sculpture"(1825), and was graduated at Trinity Hall in 1826. At fifteen he had published "Ishmael, an Oriental Tale, with Other Poems" (1820). "Weeds and Wild Flowers" was privately printed in 1826; "O'Neill, or the Rebel," appeared in 1827. He afterward ignored these productions, with "The Siamese Twins" (1831), a metrical satire.

His marriage with Rosina Wheeler (1827) resulted in a separation in 1836. Lady Bulwer wrote several novels which were understood to satirize her husband and his friends. In 1847, and again in 1852, he sat in Parliament; and in 1858–1859 was colonial secretary, during which he called into existence the colonies of British Columbia and Queensland. In 1866 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. Altogether his works exceed sixty in number, and fill 110 volumes. His novels display great versatility, range of power, power of handling psychological and social problems, variety of incident and portraiture; and many are based on romantic and occult themes. Among the most famous are: "Falkland" (1827); "Pelham" (1828); "Devereux" (1829); "Paul Clifford" (1830); "Eugene Aram" (1832); "Godolphin" (1833); "Pilgrims of the Rhine" (1834); "Last Days of Pompeii" (1834); "Rienzi" (1837); "Ernest Maltravers" (1837); "Alice, or the Mysteries" (1838); "Last of the Barons" (1843); "Harold" (1843); "The Caxtons" (1850); "My Novel" (1853); "What Will He Do With It?" (1859); "A Strange Story" (1862); "The Coming Race" (1871); "Kenelm Chillingly" (1873); and "The Parisians" (1873). Three of his dramas — "The Lady of Lyons"(1838); "Richelieu"(1838); and "Money" (1848) — still hold the stage.

The Dream of Arbaces.

(From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

The awful night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheater rolled drearily away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of THE LAST DAY OF POMPEII! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry — a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields. But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were agitated, and seemed, as it were, to run disturbedly back from the shore; while along the blue and stately Sarnus, whose ancient breadth of channel the traveler now vainly seeks to discover, there crept a hoarse and sullen murmur, as it glided by the laughing plains and the gaudy villas of the wealthy citizens. Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph. Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapors, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that had so long rested over the crest of Vesuvius had suddenly vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow rose without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horseman upon horseman, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in; and the voices of numerous pedestrian groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment; the streets were crowded with citizens and strangers from the populous neighborhood of Pompeii; and noisily — fast — confusedly swept the many streams of life toward the fatal show.

. . . . . .

Glaucus and Olinthus had been placed together in that gloomy and narrow cell in which the criminals of the arena waited their last and fearful struggle. Their eyes, of late accustomed to the darkness, scanned the faces of each other in this awful hour, and by that dim l[illegible]ness, which chased away the natural hues from [illegible] yet more ashy and ghastly whiteness

and dauntless — their limbs did not tremble — their lips were compressed and rigid. The religion of the one, the pride of the other, the conscious innocence of both, and it may be the support derived from their mutual companionship, elevated the victim into the hero.

"Hark! hearest thou that shout? They are growling over their human blood," said Olinthus.

"I hear; my heart grows sick; but the gods support me."

"The gods! O rash young man! in this hour recognize only the One God. Have I not taught thee in the dungeon, wept for thee, prayed for thee? — in my zeal and in my agony, have I not thought more of thy salvation than my own?"

"Brave friend!" answered Glaucus, solemnly, "I have listened to thee with awe, with wonder, and with a secret tendency toward conviction. Had our lives been spared, I might gradually have weaned myself from the tenets of my own faith, and inclined to thine; but, in this last hour, it were a craven thing and a base, to yield to hasty terror what should only be the result of lengthened meditation. Were I to embrace thy creed, and cast down my father's gods, should I not be bribed by thy promise of heaven, or awed by thy threats of hell? Olinthus, no! Think we of each other with equal charity — I honoring thy sincerity — thou pitying my blindness or my obdurate courage. As have been my deeds, such will be my reward; and the Power or Powers above will not judge harshly of human error, when it is linked with honesty of purpose and truth of heart. Speak we no more of this. Hush! Dost thou hear them drag yon heavy body through the passage? Such as that clay will be ours soon."

"O Heaven! O Christ! already I behold ye!" cried the fervent Olinthus, lifting up his hands; "I tremble not — I rejoice that the prison-house shall be soon broken."

Glaucus bowed his head in silence. He felt the distinction between his fortitude and that of his fellow-sufferer. The heathen did not tremble; but the Christian exulted.

The door swung gratingly back — the gleam of spears shot along the walls.

"Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come," said a loud and clear voice; "the lion awaits thee."

"I am ready," said the Athenian. "Brother and co-mate, one last embrace! Bless me — and, farewell!"

The Christian opened his arms — he clasped the young

heathen to his breast — he kissed his forehead and cheek — he sobbed aloud — his tears flowed fast and hot over the features of his new friend.

"Oh! could I have converted thee, I had not wept. Oh! that I might say to thee, 'We two shall sup this night in Paradise!'"

"It may be so yet," answered the Greek with a tremulous voice. "They whom death parts now, may yet meet beyond the grave: on the earth — on the beautiful, the beloved earth, farewell forever! — Worthy officer, I attend you."

Glaucus tore himself away; and when he came forth into the air, its breath, which, though sunless, was hot and arid, smote withcringly upon him. His frame, not yet restored from the effects of the deadly draught, shrank and trembled. The officers supported him.

"Courage!" said one; "thou art young, active, well knit. They give thee a weapon! despair not, and thou mayst yet conquer."

Glaucus did not reply; but, ashamed of his infirmity, he made a desperate and convulsive effort, and regained the firmness of his nerves. They anointed his body, completely naked as it: by a cincture round the loins, placed the stilus (vain weapon!) in his hand, and led him into the arena.

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear — all fear itself — was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features — he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye, — he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land — of the divinity of its worship — at once a hero and a god!

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion!

"By Venus, how warm it is!" said Fulvia; "yet there is no

sun. Would that those stupid sailors could have fastened up that gap in the awning!"

"Oh, it is warm indeed. I turn sick — I faint!" said the wife of Pansa; even her experienced stoicism giving way at the struggle about to take place.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head — snuffed the air through the bars — then lay down — started again — and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below on the arena.

The editor's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around — hesitated — delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign; the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest — and his prey.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that *one* well-directed thrust (for he knew that he should have time but for *one*) might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal.

At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on falling, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wan-

dered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

The editor called to the keeper.

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper, with some fear but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle — voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned in wonder at the interruption, toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled — breathless — heated — half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. "Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste — he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian — HE is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the prætor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian! — quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eyewitness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there! — stand back! — give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces — there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, — Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly of food; but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"The priest Calenus! — Calenus!" cried the mob. "*Is* it he? No — it is a dead man!"

"It *is* the priest Calenus," said the prætor, gravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me — it is from the darkness and

horror of a death by famine — that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian — *he* is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. — A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. "Remove the Athenian — *Arbaces to the lion!*"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale — from coast to sea — "*Arbaces to the lion!*"

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus — remove, but guard him yet," said the prætor. "The gods lavish their wonders upon this day."

As the prætor gave the word of release, there was a cry of joy — a female voice — a child's voice — and it was of joy! It rang through the heart of the assembly with electric force — it was touching, it was holy, that child's voice! And the populace echoed it back with sympathizing congratulation!

"Silence!" said the grave prætor — "who is there?"

"The blind girl — Nydia," answered Sallust; "it is her hand that has raised Calenus from the grave, and delivered Glaucus from the lion."

"Of this hereafter," said the prætor. "Calenus, priest of Isis, thou accusest Arbaces of the murder of Apæcides?"

"I do!"

"Thou didst behold the deed?"

"Prætor — with these eyes —"

"Enough at present — the details must be reserved for more suiting time and place. Arbaces of Egypt, thou hearest the charge against thee — thou hast not yet spoken — what hast thou to say?"

The gaze of the crowd had been long riveted on Arbaces: but not until the confusion which he had betrayed at the first charge of Sallust and the entrance of Calenus had subsided. At the shout, "Arbaces to the lion!" he had indeed trembled, and the dark bronze of his cheek had taken a paler hue. But he had soon recovered his haughtiness and self-control. Proudly he returned the angry glare of the countless eyes around him; and replying now to the question of the prætor, he said, in that accent so peculiarly tranquil and commanding, which characterized his tones: —

"Prætor, this charge is so mad that it scarcely deserves reply. My first accuser is the noble Sallust — the most intimate friend of Glaucus! my second is a priest; I revere his garb and calling

— but, people of Pompeii! ye know somewhat of the character of Calenus — he is griping and gold-thirsty to a proverb; the witness of such men is to be bought! Prætor, I am innocent!"

"Sallust," said the magistrate, "where found you Calenus?"

"In the dungeons of Arbaces."

"Egyptian," said the prætor, frowning, "thou didst, then, dare to imprison a priest of the gods — and wherefore?"

"Hear me," answered Arbaces, rising calmly, but with agitation visible in his face. "This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made, unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune: I remonstrated — in vain. Peace there — let not the priest interrupt me! Noble prætor — and ye, O people! I was a stranger in the land — I knew myself innocent of crime — but the witness of a priest against me might yet destroy me. In my perplexity I decoyed him to the cell whence he has been released, on pretense that it was the coffer-house of my gold. I resolved to detain him there until the fate of the true criminal was sealed, and his threats could avail no longer; but I meant no worse. I may have erred — but who among ye will not acknowledge the equity of self-preservation? Were I guilty, why was the witness of this priest silent at the trial? — *then* I had not detained or concealed him. Why did he not proclaim my guilt when I proclaimed that of Glaucus? Prætor, this needs an answer. For the rest, I throw myself on your laws. I demand their protection. Remove hence the accused and the accuser. I will willingly meet, and cheerfully abide by, the decision of the legitimate tribunal. This is no place for further parley."

"He says right," said the prætor. "Ho! guards — remove Arbaces — guard Calenus! Sallust, we hold you responsible for your accusation. Let the sports be resumed."

"What!" cried Calenus, turning round to the people, "shall Isis be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance? Shall justice be delayed now, that it may be frustrated hereafter? Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey? A god! a god! — I feel the god rush to my lips! *To the lion — to the lion with Arbaces!*"

His exhausted frame could support no longer the ferocious malice of the priest; he sank on the ground in strong convulsions — the foam gathered to his mouth — he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered! The people saw, and shuddered.

"It is a god that inspires the holy man! — *To the lion with the Egyptian!*"

With that cry up sprang — on moved — thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights — they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command — in vain did the prætor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood — they thirsted for more — their superstition was aided by their ferocity. Aroused — inflamed by the spectacle of their victims, they forgot the authority of their rulers. It was one of those dread popular convulsions common to crowds wholly ignorant, half free and half servile; and which the peculiar constitution of the Roman provinces so frequently exhibited. The power of the prætor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier — the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd — when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition — he beheld — and his craft restored his courage!

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd; "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness,— the branches, fire! — a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence — through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the

den of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheater itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower!

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their most costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!

Stunned by his reprieve, doubting that he was awake, Glaucus had been led by the officers of the arena into a small cell within the walls of the theater. They threw a loose robe over his form, and crowded round in congratulation and wonder. There was an impatient and fretful cry without the cell; the throng gave way, and the blind girl, led by some gentler hand, flung herself at the feet of Glaucus.

"It is *I* who have saved thee," she sobbed [illegible] let me die!"

"Nydia, my child!—my [illegible]!"

"Oh, let me feel thy [illegible] thy breath! [illegible] livest! We are not too late! [illegible] would never yield! and [illegible] dying wind among tombs!—[illegible]

hours ere food and wine restored to him something of strength. But thou livest! thou livest yet! And I — *I* have saved thee!"

This affecting scene was soon interrupted by the event just described.

"The mountain! the earthquake!" resounded from side to side. The officers fled with the rest; they left Glaucus and Nydia to save themselves as they might.

As the sense of the dangers around them flashed on the Athenian, his generous heart recurred to Olinthus. He, too, was reprieved from the tiger by the hand of the gods; should he be left to a no less fatal death in the neighboring cell? Taking Nydia by the hand, Glaucus hurried across the passages; he gained the den of the Christian. He found Olinthus kneeling and in prayer.

"Arise! arise! my friend," he cried. "Save thyself, and fly! See; Nature is thy dread deliverer!" He led forth the bewildered Christian, and pointed to a cloud which advanced darker and darker, disgorging forth showers of ashes and pumice stones; — and bade him hearken to the cries and trampling rush of the scattered crowd.

"This is the hand of God — God be praised!" said Olinthus, devoutly.

"Fly! seek thy brethren! Concert with them thy escape. Farewell!"

Olinthus did not answer, neither did he mark the retreating form of his friend. High thoughts and solemn absorbed his soul; and in the enthusiasm of his kindling heart, he exulted in the mercy of God rather than trembled at the evidence of His power.

At length he roused himself, and hurried on, he scarce knew whither.

The open doors of a dark, desolate cell suddenly appeared on his path; through the gloom within there flared and flickered a single lamp; and by its light he saw three grim and naked forms stretched on the earth in death. His feet were suddenly arrested; for, amid the terrors of that drear recess — the spoliarium of the arena — he heard a low voice calling on the name of Christ!

He could not resist lingering at that a
den, and his feet were dabbled in the slov
gushed from the corpses over the sand.

"Who," said the Nazarene, "calls upon the Son of God?"

No answer came forth; and turning round, Olinthus beheld, by the light of the lamp, an old gray-headed man sitting on the floor, and supporting in his lap the head of one of the dead. The features of the dead man were firmly and rigidly locked in the last sleep; but over the lip there played a fierce smile — not the Christian's smile of hope, but the dark sneer of hatred and defiance.

Yet on the face still lingered the beautiful roundness of early youth. The hair curled thick and glossy over the unwrinkled brow; and the down of manhood but slightly shaded the marble of the hueless cheek. And over this face bent one of such unutterable sadness — of such yearning tenderness — of such fond, and such deep despair! The tears of the old man fell fast and hot, but he did not feel them; and when his lips moved, and he mechanically uttered the prayer of his benign and hopeful faith, neither his heart nor his sense responded to the words: it was but the involuntary emotion that broke from the lethargy of his mind. His boy was dead, and had died for him! — and the old man's heart was broken!

"Medon!" said Olinthus, pityingly, "arise, and fly! God is forth upon the wings of the elements! The New Gomorrah is doomed! — Fly, ere the fires consume thee!"

"He was ever so full of life! — he *can not* be dead! Come hither! — place your hand on his heart! — sure it beats yet?"

"Brother, the soul has fled! — we will remember it in our prayers! Thou canst not reanimate the dumb clay! Come, come, — hark! while I speak, yon crashing walls! — hark! yon agonizing cries! Not a moment is to be lost! — Come!"

"I hear nothing!" said Medon, shaking his gray hair. "The poor boy, his love murdered him!"

"Come! come! forgive this friendly force."

"What! Who would sever the father from the son?" And Medon clasped the body tightly in his embrace, and covered it with passionate kisses. "Go!" said he, lifting up his face for one moment. "Go! — we must be alone!"

"Alas!" said the compassionate Nazarene. "Death hath severed ye already!"

The old man smiled very calmly. "No, no, no!" he muttered, his voice growing lower with each word, — "Death has been more kind!"

With that his head drooped on his son's breast — his arms

relaxed their grasp. Olinthus caught him by the hand — the pulse had ceased to beat! The last words of the father were the words of truth, — *Death had been more kind!*

Meanwhile, Glaucus and Nydia were pacing swiftly up the perilous and fearful streets. The Athenian had learned from his preserver that Ione was yet in the house of Arbaces. Thither he fled, to release — to save her! The few slaves whom the Egyptian had left at his mansion when he had repaired in long procession to the amphitheater, had been able to offer no resistance to the armed band of Sallust; and when afterward the volcano broke forth they had huddled together, stunned and frightened, in the inmost recesses of the house. Even the tall Ethiopian had forsaken his post at the door; and Glaucus (who left Nydia without — the poor Nydia, jealous once more, even in such an hour!) passed on through the vast hall without meeting one from whom to learn the chamber of Ione. Even as he passed, however, the darkness that covered the heavens increased so rapidly, that it was with difficulty he could guide his steps. The flower-wreathed columns seemed to reel and tremble; and with every instant he heard the ashes fall cranchingly into the roofless peristyle. He ascended to the upper rooms — breathless he paced along, shouting out aloud the name of Ione; and at length he heard, at the end of the gallery, a voice — *her* voice, in wondering reply! To rush forward — to shatter the door — to seize Ione in his arms — to hurry from the mansion — seemed to him the work of an instant! Scarce had he gained the spot where Nydia was, than he heard steps advancing toward the house, and recognized the voice of Arbaces, who had returned to seek his wealth and Ione ere he fled from the doomed Pompeii. But so dense was already the reeking atmosphere, that the foes saw not each other, though so near,— save that, dimly in the gloom, Glaucus caught the moving outline of the snowy robes of the Egyptian.

They hastened onward — those three! Alas! — whither? They now saw not a step before them — the blackness became utter. They were encompassed with doubt and horror! — and the death he had escaped seemed to Glaucus only to have changed its form and augmented its victims.

. . . . . .

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass.

It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky — now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set in flames; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of

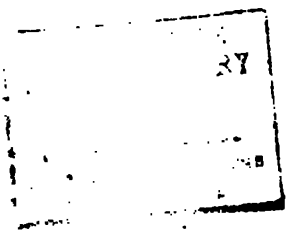
the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticos of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild — haggard — ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the deathlike faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with and fearfully chuckling over the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps — in vain: they could not discover her — it was evident she had been swept along in some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly toward the sea-shore, by which they had re-

NYDIA

From Painting by C. von Bodenhausen



solved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? All was rayless to them — a maze without a clew. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

"Alas! alas!" murmured Ione, "I can go no further; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest! — beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!"

"Hush, my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! Yet, whither — oh! whither, can we direct ourselves through the gloom? Already, it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago."

"O gods! yon rock — see, it hath riven the roof before us! It is death to move through the streets!"

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione — see! the portico of the Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers."

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labor gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time!

"Who is there?" said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge. "Yet, what matters? — the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes."

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and, with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus: and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes — the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple — and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed crouched beneath the pillars; — and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them — the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator as for companionship; and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors as well as her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected, a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple. They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed, according to the error of the early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand; they imagined now that the Day had come.

"Woe! woe!" cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. "Behold! the Lord descendeth to judgment! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men! Woe! woe! ye strong and mighty! Woe to ye of the fasces and the purple! Woe to the idolater and the worshiper of the beast! Woe to ye who pour forth the blood of saints, and gloat over the death-pangs of the sons of God! Woe to the harlot of the sea! — woe! woe!"

And with a loud and deep chorus, the troop chanted forth along the wild horrors of the air, — "Woe to the harlot of the sea! — woe! woe!"

The Nazarenes paced slowly on, their torches still flickering in the storm, their voices still raised in menace and solemn warning, till, lost amid the windings in the streets, the darkness of the atmosphere and the silence of death again fell over the scene.

There was one of the frequent pauses in the showers, and Glaucus encouraged Ione once more to proceed. Just as they stood, hesitating, on the last step of the portico, an old man, with a bag in his right hand and leaning upon a youth, tottered by. The youth bore a torch. Glaucus recognized the two as father and son — miser and prodigal.

"Father," said the youth, "if you cannot move more swiftly, I must leave you, or we *both* perish!"

"Fly, boy, then, and leave thy sire!"

"But I cannot fly to starve; give me thy bag of gold!" And the youth snatched at it.

"Wretch! wouldst thou rob thy father?"

"Ay! who can tell the tale in this hour? Miser, perish!"

The boy struck the old man to the ground, plucked the bag from his relaxing hand, and fled onward with a shrill yell.

"Ye gods!" cried Glaucus: "are ye blind, then, ev dark? Such crimes may well confound the guiltle guilty in one common ruin. Ione, on! — on!"

The Battle of Barnet.

(From "The Last of the Barons.")

Raw, cold, and dismal, dawned the morning of the fourteenth of April — the Easter Sabbath. . . . In the profound darkness of the night and the thick fog, Edward had stationed his men at a venture upon the heath at Gladsmoor, and hastily environed the camp with palisades and trenches. He had intended to have rested immediately in front of the foe, but, in the darkness, mistook the extent of the hostile line, and his men were ranged only opposite to the *left* side of the Earl's force (towards Hadley), leaving the right unopposed. Most fortunate for Edward was this mistake; for Warwick's artillery, and the new and deadly bombards he had constructed, were placed in the *right* of the Earl's army; and the provident Earl, naturally supposing Edward's left was there opposed to him, ordered his gunners to cannonade all night. Edward, "as the flashes of the guns illumined by fits the gloom of midnight, saw the advantage of his unintentional error; and to prevent Warwick from discovering it, reiterated his orders for the most profound silence." Thus even his very blunders favored Edward more than the wisest precautions had served his fated foe. . . . The Earl's artillery wheeled rapidly from the right wing, and, sudden as a storm of lightning, the fire from the cannon flashed through the dun and heavy vapor.

At that moment, however, from the center of the Yorkist army arose, scarcely drowned by the explosion, that deep-toned shout of enthusiasm, which, he who has once heard it, coming, as it were, from the one heart of an armed multitude, will ever recall as the most kindling and glorious sound which ever quickened the pulse and thrilled the blood — for along that part of the army now rode King Edward. His mail was polished as a mirror, but otherwise unadorned, resembling that which now invests his effigies at the Tower, and the housings of his steed were spangled with silver suns, for the silver sun was the cognizance on all his banners. His head was bare, and through the hazy atmosphere the gold of his rich locks seemed literally to shine. He passed slowly along the steady line, till, halting where he deemed his voice could be farthest heard, he reined in, and lifting his hand, the shout of the soldiery was hushed, though still while he spoke from Warwick's archers came the

arrowy shower, and still the gloom was pierced and the hush interrupted by the flash and the roar of the bombards.

"Englishmen and friends," said the martial chief, "to bold deeds go but few words. Before you is the foe! From Ravenspur to London I have marched — treason flying from my sword, loyalty gathering to my standard. With but two thousand men, on the 14th of March I entered England — on the 14th of April, fifty thousand is my muster-roll. Who shall say, then, that I am not King, when one month mans a monarch's army from his subjects' love? And well know ye, now, that my cause is yours and England's! Those against us are men who would rule in despite of law — barons whom I gorged with favors, and who would reduce this fair realm of Kings, Lords, and Commons, to be the appanage and property of one man's measureless ambition — the park, forsooth, the homestead to Lord Warwick's private house! Ye gentlemen and knights of England, let them and their rabble prosper, and your properties will be despoiled, your lives insecure, all law struck dead. What differs Richard of Warwick from Jack Cade, save that if his name is nobler, so is his treason greater? Commoners and soldiers of England — freemen, however humble — what do these rebel lords (who would rule in the name of Lancaster) desire? To reduce you to villeins and to bondsmen, as your forefathers were to them. Ye owe freedom from the barons to the just laws of my sires your kings. Gentlemen and knights, commoners and soldiers, Edward IV. upon his throne will not profit by a victory more than you. This is no war of dainty chivalry, it is a war of true men against false. No quarter! Spare not either knight or hilding! Warwick, forsooth, will not smite the Commons. Truly not — the rabble are his friends. I say to you — " and Edward, pausing in the excitement and sanguinary fury of his tiger nature — the soldiers, heated like himself to the thirst of blood, saw his eyes sparkle, and his teeth gnash, as he added in a deeper and lower, but not less audible voice: "I say to you, SLAY ALL! What heel spares the viper's brood? "

"We will — we will! " was the horrid answer, which came hissing and muttered forth from morion and cap of steel.

"Hark! to their bombards! " resumed Edward. "The enemy would fight from afar, for they excel us in their archers and gunners. Upon them, then — hand to hand, and man to man! Advance banners — sound trumpets! Sir Oliver, my bassinet!

Soldiers, if my standard falls, look for the plume upon your King's helmet! Charge!"

Then, with a shout wilder and louder than before, on through the hail of the arrows — on through the glare of the bombards — rather with a rush than in a march, advanced Edward's center against the array of Somerset. But from a part of the encampment where the circumvallation seemed strongest, a small body of men moved not with the general body.

To the left of the churchyard of Hadley, at this day, the visitor may notice a low wall; on the other side of that wall is a garden, then but a rude eminence on Gladsmoor Heath. On that spot a troop in complete armor, upon destriers pawing impatiently, surrounded a man upon a sorry palfrey, and in a gown of blue — the color of royalty and of servitude — that man was Henry the Sixth. In the same space stood Friar Bungey, his foot on the Eureka, muttering incantations, that the mists he had foretold, and which had protected the Yorkists from the midnight guns, might yet last, to the confusion of the foe. And near him, under a gaunt, leafless tree, a rope round his neck, was Adam Warner, Sibyll, still faithful to his side, nor shuddering at the arrows and the guns; her whole fear concentrated upon the sole life for which her own was prized. Upon this eminence, then, these lookers-on stood aloof. And the meek ears of Henry heard through the fog the inexplicable, sullen, jarring clash — steel had met steel.

"Holy Father!" exclaimed the kingly saint, "and this is the Easter Sabbath, thy most solemn day of peace!"

"Be silent," thundered the friar, "thou disturbest my spells. *Barabbarara — Santhinoa — Foggibus increscebo — confusio inimicis — Garabbora, vapor et mistes!*"

We must now rapidly survey the dispositions of the army under Warwick. In the right wing, the command was intrusted to the Earl of Oxford and the Marquis of Montagu. The former, who led the cavalry of that division, was stationed in the van; the latter, according to his usual habit — surrounded by a strong bodyguard of knights, and a prodigious number of squires as aids-de-camp — remained at the rear, and directed thence, by his orders, the general movement. In this wing the greater number were Lancastrian, jealous of Warwick, and only consenting to the generalship of Montagu, because shared by their favorite hero, Oxford. In the mid-space lay the chief strength of the bowmen, with a goodly number of pikes and

bills, under the Duke of Somerset; and this division also was principally Lancastrian, and shared the jealousy of Oxford's soldiery. The left wing, composed for the most part of Warwick's yeomanry and retainers, was commanded by the Duke of Exeter, conjointly with the Earl himself. Both armies kept a considerable body in reserve, and Warwick, besides this resource, had selected from his own retainers a band of picked archers, whom he had skillfully placed in the outskirts of a wood that then stretched from Wrotham Park to the column that now commemorates the battle of Barnet, on the high northern road. He had guarded these last-mentioned archers (where exposed in front to Edward's horsemen) by strong, tall barricades, leaving only such an opening as would allow one horseman at a time to pass, and defending by a formidable line of pikes this narrow opening left for communication, and to admit to a place of refuge in case of need. These dispositions made, and ere yet Edward had advanced on Somerset, the Earl rode to the front of the wing under his special command, and, agreeably to the custom of the time observed by his royal foe, harangued the troops. Here were placed those who loved him as a father, and venerated him as something superior to mortal man — here the retainers, who had grown up with him from his childhood, who had followed him to his first fields of war, who had lived under the shelter of his many castles, and fed in that rude equality of a more primeval age, which he loved still to maintain, at his lavish board. And now Lord Warwick's coal-black steed halted, motionless in the van. His squire bore his helmet, overshadowed by the eagle of Monthermer, the outstretched wings of which spread wide into sable plumes; and as the Earl's noble face turned full and calm upon the bristling lines, there arose, not the vulgar uproar that greeted the aspect of the young King Edward. By one of those strange sympathies which pass through multitudes, and seize them with a common feeling, the whole body of those adoring vassals became suddenly aware of the change which a year had made in the face of their chief and father. They saw the gray flakes in his Jove-like curls, the furrows in that lofty brow, the hollows in that bronzed and manly visage, which had seemed to their rude admiration to wear the stamp of the twofold Divinity — Beneficence and Valor. A thrill of tenderness and awe shot through the veins of every one — tears of devotion rushed into many a hardy eye. No — *there*, was not the ruthless captain addressing

his hireling butchers; it *was* the chief and father rallying gratitude, and love, and reverence, to the crisis of his stormy fate.

"My friends, my followers, and my children," said the Earl, "the field we have entered is one from which there is no retreat; here must your leader conquer, or here die. It is not a parchment pedigree; it is not a name, derived from the ashes of dead men, that make the only charter of a king. We Englishmen were but slaves, if in giving crown and scepter to a mortal like ourselves, we asked not in return the kingly virtues. Beset, of old, by evil counselors, the reign of Henry VI. was obscured, and the weal of the realm endangered. Mine own wrongs seemed to me great, but the disasters of my country not less. I deemed that in the race of York England would know a wiser and happier rule. What was, in this, mine error ye partly know. A prince dissolved in luxurious vices — a nobility degraded by minions and bloodsuckers — a people plundered by purveyors, and a land disturbed by brawl and riot. But ye know not all: God makes man's hearth man's altar — our hearths were polluted; our wives and daughters were viewed as harlots; and lechery ruled the realm. A king's word should be fast as the pillars of the world. What man ever trusted Edward and was not deceived? Even now the unknightly liar stands in arms with the weight of perjury on his soul. In his father's town of York, ye know that he took, three short weeks since, solemn oath of fealty to King Henry. And now King Henry is his captive, and King Henry's holy crown upon his traitor's head — 'traitors' calls he *us?* What name, then, rank enough for him? Edward gave the promise of a brave man, and I served him. He proved a base, a false, a licentious, and a cruel king, and I forsook him; may all free hearts in all free lands so serve kings when they become tyrants! Ye fight against a cruel and atrocious usurper, whose bold hand cannot sanctify a black heart — ye fight not only for King Henry, the meek and the godly — ye fight not for him alone, but for his young and princely son, the grandchild of Henry of Agincourt, who, old men tell me, has that hero's face, and who, I know, has that hero's frank and royal and noble soul — ye fight for the freedom of your land, for the honor of your women, for what is better than any king's cause — for justice and mercy — for truth and manhood's virtues against corruption in the laws, slaughter by the scaffold, falsehood in a ruler's lips, and shameless harlotry in the councils of ruthless power. The order I

have ever given in war, I give now; we war against the leaders of evil, not against the hapless tools; we war against our oppressors, not against our misguided brethren. Strike down every plumed crest, but when the strife is over, spare every common man! Hark! while I speak, I hear the march of your foe! Up standards! — blow trumpets! And now, as I brace my bassinet, may God grant us all a glorious victory, or a glorious grave. On, my merry men! show these London loons the stout hearts of Warwickshire and Yorkshire. On, my merry men! A Warwick! A Warwick!"

As he ended, he swung lightly over his head the terrible battle-ax which had smitten down, as the grass before the reaper, the chivalry of many a field; and ere the last blast of the trumpets died, the troops of Warwick and of Gloucester met, and mingled hand to hand.

Although the Earl had, on discovering the position of the enemy, moved some of his artillery from his right wing, yet there still lay the great number and strength of his force. And there, therefore, Montagu, rolling troop on troop to the aid of Oxford, pressed so overpoweringly upon the soldiers under Hastings, that the battle very soon wore a most unfavorable aspect for the Yorkists. It seemed, indeed, that the success which had always hitherto attended the military movements of Montagu was destined for a crowning triumph. Stationed, as we have said, in the rear, with his light-armed squires, upon fleet steeds, around him, he moved the springs of the battle with the calm sagacity which at that moment no chief in either army possessed. Hastings was thoroughly outflanked, and though his men fought with great valor, they could not resist the weight of superior numbers.

In the midst of the carnage in the center, Edward reined in his steed, as he heard the cry of victory in the gale:

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "our men at the left are cravens — they fly! they fly! Ride to Lord Hastings, Sir Humphrey Bourchier, bid him defile hither what men are left him; and now, ere our fellows are well aware what hath chanced yonder, charge we, knights and gentlemen, on, on! — break Somerset's line; on, on, to the heart of the rebel Earl!"

Then, visor closed, lance in rest, Edward and his cavalry dashed through the archers and billmen of Somerset; clad in complete mail, impervious to the weapons of the infantry, they slaughtered as they rode, and their way was marked by corpses

and streams of blood. Fiercest and fellest of all, was Edward himself; when his lance shivered, and he drew his knotty mace from its sling by his saddlebow, woe to all who attempted to stop his path. Vain alike steel helmet or leathern cap, jerkin or coat of mail. In vain Somerset threw himself into the melee. The instant Edward and his cavalry had made a path through the lines for his foot soldiery, the fortunes of the day were half retrieved. It was no rapid passage, pierced and reclosed, that he desired to effect, it was the wedge in the oak of war. There, rooted in the very midst of Somerset's troops, doubling on each side, passing on but to return again, where helm could be crashed and man overthrown, the mighty strength of Edward widened the breach more and more, till faster and faster poured in his bands, and the center of Warwick's army seemed to reel and whirl round the broadening gap through its ranks, as the waves round some chasm in a maëlstrom.

But in the interval, the hard-pressed troops commanded by Hastings were scattered and dispersed; driven from the field, they fled in numbers through the town of Barnet; many halted not till they reached London, where they spread the news of the Earl's victory and Edward's ruin.

Through the mist, Friar Bungey discerned the fugitive Yorkists under Hastings, and heard their cries of despair: through the mist, Sibyll saw, close beneath the intrenchments which protected the space on which they stood, an armed horseman with the well-known crest of Hastings on his helmet, and, with lifted visor, calling his men to the return, in the loud voice of rage and scorn. And then, she herself sprang forwards, and forgetting his past cruelty in his present danger, cried his name — weak cry, lost in the roar of war! But the friar, now fearing he had taken the wrong side, began to turn from his spells, to address the most abject apologies to Adam, to assure him that he would have been slaughtered at the Tower, but for the friar's interruption; and that the rope round his neck was but an insignificant ceremony due to the prejudices of the soldiers. "Alas, Great Man," he concluded; "I see still that thou art mightier than I am; thy charms, though silent, are more potent than mine, though my lungs crack beneath them! *Confusio Inimicis Taralorolu*, — I mean no harm to the Earl — *Garrabora, mistes et nubes* — Lord, what will become of me!"

Meanwhile, Hastings, with a small body of horse who, being composed of knights and squires, specially singled out for

the sword, fought with the pride of disdainful gentlemen and the fury of desperate soldiers, finding it impossible to lure back the fugitives, hewed their own way through Oxford's ranks to the center, where they brought fresh aid to the terrible arm of Edward.

The mist still continued so thick that Montagu was unable to discern the general prospects of the field. But, calm and resolute in his post, amidst the arrows which whirled round him, and often struck, blunted, against his Milan mail, the Marquis received the reports of his aids-de-camp (may that modern word be pardoned?) as, one after one, they emerged through the fog to his side.

"Well," he said, as one of these messengers now spurred to the spot, "we have beaten off Hastings and his hirelings; but I see not 'the silver Star' of Lord Oxford's banner."

"Lord Oxford, my lord, has followed the enemy he routed to the farthest verge of the heath."

"Saints help us! Is Oxford thus headstrong? He will ruin all if he be decoyed from the field! Ride back, sir! Yet — hold!" as another of the aids-de-camp appeared. "What news from Lord Warwick's wing?"

"Sore beset, bold Marquis. Gloucester's line seems countless; it already outflanks the Earl. The Duke himself seems inspired by hell! Twice has his slight arm braved even the Earl's battle-ax, which spared the boy but smote to the dust his comrades!"

"Well, and what of the center, sir?" as a third form now arrived.

"There, rages Edward in person. He hath pierced into the midst. But Somerset still holds on gallantly!"

Montagu turned to the first aid-de-camp.

"Ride, sir! Quick! This to Oxford — no pursuit! Bid him haste, with all his men, to the left wing, and smite Gloucester in the rear. Ride, ride — for life and victory! If he come but in time, the day is ours!"

The aid-de-camp darted off, and the mist swallowed up horse and horseman.

"Sound trumpets to the return!" said the Marquis; then after a moment's musing: "Though Oxford hath driven our main force of cavalry, we have still some stout and Warwick must be strengthened. On to the *aller!* A Montagu! a Montagu!" And lan

quis, and the knights immediately around him, and hitherto not personally engaged, descended the hillock at a hand gallop, and were met by a troop outnumbering their own, and commanded by the Lords D'Eyncourt and Say.

At this time, Warwick was indeed in the same danger that had routed the troops of Hastings; for, by a similar position, the strength of the hostile numbers being arrayed with Gloucester, the Duke's troops had almost entirely surrounded him. And Gloucester himself wondrously approved the trust that had consigned to his stripling arm the flower of the Yorkist army. Through the mists, the blood-red manteline he wore over his mail, the grinning teeth of the boar's head which crested his helmet, flashed and gleamed wherever his presence was most needed to encourage the flagging or spur on the fierce. And there seemed to both armies something ghastly and preternatural in the savage strength of this small, slight figure thus startingly caparisoned, and which was heard evermore uttering its sharp war-cry: "Gloucester, to the onslaught! Down with the rebels, down!"

Nor did this daring personage disdain, in the midst of his fury, to increase the effect of valor by the art of a brain that never ceased to scheme on the follies of mankind. "See! see!" he cried, as he shot meteor-like from rank to rank. "See — these are no natural vapors! Yonder the mighty friar, who delayed the sails of Margaret, chants his spells to the Powers that ride the gale. Fear not the bombards — their enchanted balls swerve from the brave! The dark legions of Air fight for us! For the hour is come when the fiend shall rend his prey!" And fiendlike seemed the form thus screeching forth his predictions from under the grim headgear; and then darting and disappearing amidst the sea of pikes, cleaving its path of blood!

But still the untiring might of Warwick defied the press of numbers that swept round him, tide upon tide. Through the mists, his black armor, black plume, black steed, gloomed forth like one thundercloud in the midst of a dismal heaven. The noble charger bore along that mighty rider, animating, guiding all, with as much ease and lightness as the racer bears its puny weight; the steed itself was scarce less terrible to encounter than the [illegible] rider's ax. Protected from arrow and lance by [illegible] long chanfron or pike which projected from [illegible] as it scoured

along. No line of men, however serried, could resist the charge of that horse and horseman. And vain even Gloucester's dauntless presence and thrilling battle-cry, when the stout Earl was seen looming through the vapor, and his cheerful shout was heard: "My merry men, fight on!"

For a third time, Gloucester, spurring forth from his recoiling and shrinking followers, bending low over his saddlebow, covered by his shield, and with the tenth lance (his favorite weapon, because the one in which skill best supplied strength) he had borne that day, launched himself upon the vast bulk of his tremendous foe. With that dogged energy, that rapid calculation which made the basis of his character, and which ever clove through all obstacles at the one that if destroyed, destroyed the rest,—in that his first great battle, as in his last at Bosworth, he singled out the leader, and rushed upon the giant as the mastiff on the horns and dewlap of the bull. Warwick, in the broad space which his arm had made around him in the carnage, reined in as he saw the foe, and recognized the grizzly cognizance and scarlet mantle of his godson. And even in that moment, with all his heated blood, and his remembered wrong, and his imminent peril, his generous and lion heart felt a glow of admiration at the valor of the boy he had trained to arms — of the son of the beloved York. "His father little thought," muttered the Earl, "that that arm should win glory against his old friend's life!" And as the half-uttered word died on his lips, the well-poised lance of Gloucester struck full upon his bassinet, and, despite the Earl's horsemanship and his strength, made him reel in his saddle, while the Prince shot by, and suddenly wheeling round, cast away the shivered lance, and assailed him sword in hand.

"Back, Richard — boy, back!" said the Earl, in a voice that sounded hollow through his helmet: "It is not against thee that my wrongs call for blood — pass on!"

"Not so, Lord Warwick," answered Richard, in a sobered and almost solemn voice, dropping for the moment the point of his sword, and raising his visor, that he might be the better heard: "On the field of battle all memories, sweet in peace, must die! St. Paul be my judge, that even in this hour I [redacted] you well; but I love renown and glory mo[redacted] my sword sit power and royalty, and most — ambition: these would nerve brother's breast, were that breast my

future. Thou hast given thy daughter to another! I smite the father, to regain my bride. Lay on, and spare not! — for he who hates thee most would prove not so fell a foe as the man who sees his fortunes made or marred — his love crushed or yet crowned, as this day's battle closes in triumph or defeat. REBEL, DEFEND THYSELF!"

No time was left for further speech; for as Richard's sword descended, two of Gloucester's followers, Parr and Milwater by name, dashed from the halting lines at the distance, and bore down to their young Prince's aid. At the same moment, Sir Marmaduke Nevile and the Lord Fitzhugh spurred from the opposite line; and thus encouraged, the band on either side came boldly forward, and the melee grew fierce and general. But still Richard's sword singled out the Earl, and still the Earl, parrying his blows, dealt his own upon meaner heads. Crushed by one swoop of the ax fell Milwater to the earth; down as again it swung on high, fell Sir Humphrey Bourchier, who had just arrived to Gloucester with messages from Edward, never uttered in the world below. Before Marmaduke's lance fell Sir Thomas Parr; and these three corpses making a barrier between Gloucester and the Earl, the Duke turned fiercely upon Marmaduke, while the Earl, wheeling round, charged into the midst of the hostile line, which scattered to the right and left.

"On! my merry men, on!" rang once more through the heavy air. "They give way — the London tailors, — on!" and on dashed, with their joyous cry, the merry men of Yorkshire and Warwick, the warrior-yeomen! Separated thus from his great foe, Gloucester, after unhorsing Marmaduke, galloped off to sustain that part of his following which began to waver and retreat before the rush of Warwick and his chivalry.

This, in truth, was the regiment recruited from the loyalty of London, and little accustomed, we trow, were the worthy heroes of Cockaigne to the discipline of arms, nor trained to that stubborn resistance which makes, under skillful leaders, the English *peasants* the most enduring soldiery that the world has known since the day when the Roman sentinel perished amidst the falling columns and lava floods, rather than, though society itself dissolved, forsake his post unbidden. "St. Thomas defend us!" muttered a worthy tailor, who in the flush of his valor, when safe in the Chepe, had consented to bear the rank of lieutenant, "it is not reasonable to expect men of pith and substance to be crushed into jellies, and carved into subtleties

by horse-hoofs and pole-axes. Right about face! Fly!"—and throwing down his sword and shield, the lieutenant fairly took to his heels as he saw the charging column, headed by the raven steed of Warwick, come giant-like through the fog. The terror of one man is contagious, and the Londoners actually turned their backs, when Nicholas Alwyn cried, in his shrill voice and northern accent: "Out on you! What will the girls say of us in East-gate and the Chepe? Hurrah for the bold hearts of London! Round me, stout 'prentices! let the boys shame the men! This shaft for Cockaigne!" And as the troop turned irresolute, and Alwyn's arrow left his bow, they saw a horseman by the side of Warwick reel in his saddle and fall at once to the earth, and so great evidently was the rank of the fallen man, that even Warwick reined in, and the charge halted midway in its career. It was no less a person than the Duke of Exeter whom Alwyn's shaft had disabled for the field. This incident, coupled with the hearty address of the stout goldsmith, served to reanimate the flaggers, and Gloucester, by a circuitous route, reaching their line a moment after, they dressed their ranks, and a flight of arrows followed their loud "Hurrah for London Town!"

But the charge of Warwick had only halted, and (while the wounded Exeter was borne back by his squires to the rear) it dashed into the midst of the Londoners, threw their whole line into confusion, and drove them, despite all the efforts of Gloucester, far back along the plain. This well-timed exploit served to extricate the Earl from the main danger of his position; and hastening to improve his advantage, he sent forthwith to command the reserved forces under Lord St. John, the Knight of Lytton, Sir John Coniers, Dymoke, and Robert Hilyard, to bear down to his aid.

At this time Edward had succeeded, after a most stubborn fight, in effecting a terrible breach through Somerset's wing; and the fogs continued still so dense and mirk, that his foe itself, for Somerset had prudently drawn back to re-form his disordered squadron, seemed vanished from the field. Halting now, as through the dim atmosphere came from different quarters the many battle-cries of that feudal day, by which alone he could well estimate the strength or weakness of those in the distance, his calmer genius as a general cooled, for a individual ferocity of knight and soldier. He from his brow, to listen with greater cert

and riders round him were well content to take breath and pause from the weary slaughter.

The cry of "Gloucester to the *onslaught!*" was heard no more. Feebler and feebler, scatteringly as it were, and here and there, the note had changed into "Gloucester to the *rescue!*"

Farther off, rose mingled and blent together, the opposing shouts "A Montagu!—a Montagu!"—"Strike for D'Eyncourt and King Edward!"—"A Say—a Say!"

"Ha!" said Edward, thoughtfully, "bold Gloucester fails—Montagu is bearing on to Warwick's aid—Say and D'Eyncourt stop his path. Our doom looks dark! Ride, Hastings—ride! retrieve thy laurels, and bring up the reserve under Clarence. But hark ye, leave not his side—he may desert again! Ho! ho! Again, 'Gloucester to the rescue!' Ah! how lustily sounds the cry of 'Warwick'! By the flaming sword of St. Michael we will slacken that haughty shout, or be evermore dumb ourself, ere the day be an hour nearer to the eternal judgment!"

Deliberately Edward rebraced his helm, and settled himself in his saddle, and with his knights riding close each to each, that they might not lose themselves in the darkness, regained his infantry and led them on to the quarter where the war now raged fiercest, round the black steed of Warwick and the blood-red manteline of the fiery Richard.

It was now scarcely eight in the morning, though the battle had endured three hours; and as yet victory so inclined to the Earl, that naught but some dire mischance could turn the scale. Montagu had cut his way to Warwick, Somerset had reëstablished his array. The fresh vigor brought by the Earl's reserve had well-nigh completed his advantage over Gloucester's wing. The new infantry under Hilyard, the unexhausted riders under Sir John Coniers and his knightly compeers, were dealing fearful havoc, as they cleared the plain, and Gloucester, fighting inch by inch, no longer outnumbering but outnumbered, was driven nearer and nearer towards the town, when suddenly a pale, sickly, and ghost-like ray of sunshine, rather resembling the watery gleam of a waning moon than the radiance of the Lord of Light, broke through the mists, and showed to the Earl's eager troops the banner and badges of a

wing to the spot. "Behold," cried the young

andard and the badge of the Usurper

— a silver sun! Edward himself is delivered into our hands! Upon them — bill and pike, lance and brand, shaft and bolt! Upon them, and crown the day!"

The same fatal error was shared by Hilyard, as he caught sight of the advancing troop, with their silver cognizance. He gave the word, and every arrow left its string. At the same moment, as both horse and foot assailed the fancied foe, the momentary beam vanished from the heaven, the two forces mingled in the sullen mists, when, after a brief conflict, a sudden and horrible cry of "*Treason! Treason!*" resounded from either band. The shining star of Oxford, returning from the pursuit, had been mistaken for Edward's cognizance of the sun. Friend was slaughtering friend, and when the error was detected, each believed the other had deserted to the foe. In vain, here Montagu and Warwick, and there Oxford and his captains sought to dispel the confusion, and unite those whose blood had been fired against each other. While yet in doubt, confusion, and dismay, rushed full into the center Edward of York himself, with his knights and riders; and his tossing banners, scarcely even yet distinguished from Oxford's starry ensigns, added to the general incertitude and panic. Loud in the midst rose Edward's trumpet voice, while *through* the midst, like one crest of foam upon a roaring sea, danced his plume of snow. Hark! again, again — near and nearer — the tramp of steeds, the clash of steel, the whiz and hiss of arrows, the shout of "Hastings to the onslaught!" Fresh, and panting for glory and for blood, came on King Edward's large reserve: from all the scattered parts of the field spurred the Yorkist knights, where the uproar, so much mightier than before, told them that the crisis of the war was come. Thither, as vultures to the carcass, they flocked and wheeled; thither D'Eyncourt, and Lovell, and Cromwell's bloody sword, and Say's knotted mace; and thither, again rallying his late half-beaten myrmidons, the grim Gloucester, his helmet bruised and dinted, but the boar's teeth still gnashing wrath and horror from the grisly crest. But direst and most hateful of all in the eyes of the yet undaunted Earl, thither, plainly visible, riding scarcely a yard before him, with the cognizance of Clare wrought on his gay mantle, and in all the pomp and bravery of a holiday suit, came the perjured Clarence. Conflict now it could scarce be called: as well might the Dane have rolled back the sea from his footstool, as [illegible] ordered troop (often and aye, d[illegible]

there by Edward's sun, dealing random blows against each other) have resisted the general whirl and torrent of the surrounding foe. To add to the rout, Somerset and the onguard of his wing had been marching towards the Earl at the very time that the cry of "treason" had struck their ears, and Edward's charge was made; these men, nearly all Lancastrians, and ever doubting Montagu, if not Warwick, with the example of Clarence and the Archbishop of York fresh before them, lost heart at once — Somerset himself headed the flight of his force.

"All is lost!" said Montagu, as side by side with Warwick the brothers fronted the foe, and for one moment stayed the rush.

"Not yet," returned the Earl; "a band of my northern archers still guard yon wood — I know them — they will fight to the last gasp! Thither then, with what men we may. You so marshal our soldiers, and I will make good the retreat. Where is Sir Marmaduke Nevile?"

"Here!"

"Horsed again, young cousin! I give thee a perilous commission. Take the path down the hill; the mists thicken in the hollows, and may hide thee. Overtake Somerset — he hath fled westward, and tell him, from me, if he can yet rally but one troop of horse — but one — and charge Edward suddenly in the rear, he will yet redeem all. If he refuse, the ruin of his King, and the slaughter of the brave men he deserts, be on his head! Swift — *à tout bride*, Marmaduke. Yet one word," added the Earl, in a whisper — "if you fail with Somerset come not back, make to the Sanctuary. *You* are too young to die, cousin! Away! — keep to the hollows of the chase."

As the knight vanished Warwick turned to his comrades: "Bold nephew Fitzhugh, and ye brave riders, round me — so, we are fifty knights! Haste thou, Montagu, to the wood! — the wood!"

So noble in that hero age was the Individual, MAN, even amidst the multitudes massed by war, that history vies with romance in showing how far a single sword could redress the scale of war. While Montagu, with rapid dexterity, and a voice [illegible] victory, drew back the remnant of the lines, and [illegible] retreated to the outskirts of the wood, Warwick [illegible] protected the movement from the count- [illegible] forth from Edward's swarming and [illegible] dividing and charging singly

— now rejoining — and breast to breast, they served to divert and perplex and harass the eager enemy. And never in all his wars, in all the former might of his indomitable arm, had Warwick so excelled the martial chivalry of his age, as in that eventful and crowning hour. Thrice almost alone, he penetrated into the very center of Edward's body-guard, literally felling to the earth all before him. Then perished by his battle-ax Lord Cromwell, and the redoubted Lord of Say — then, no longer sparing even the old affection, Gloucester was hurled to the ground. The last time he penetrated even to Edward himself, smiting down the King's standard-bearer, unhorsing Hastings, who threw himself on his path; and Edward, setting his teeth in stern joy as he saw him, rose in his stirrups, and for a moment the mace of the King, the ax of the Earl, met as thunder encounters thunder; but then a hundred knights rushed into the rescue, and robbed the baffled avenger of his prey. Thus charging and retreating, driving back, with each charge, far and farther the mighty multitude hounding on to the lion's death, this great chief and his devoted knights, though terribly reduced in number, succeeded at last in covering Montagu's skillful retreat; and when they gained the outskirts of the wood, and dashed through the narrow opening between the barricades, the Yorkshire archers approved their Lord's trust, and, shouting as to a marriage feast, hailed his coming.

But few, alas! of his fellow-horsemen had survived that marvelous enterprise of valor and despair. Of the fifty knights who had shared its perils, eleven only gained the wood; and, though in this number the most eminent (save Sir John Coniers, either slain or fled), might be found — their horses, more exposed than themselves, were for the most part wounded and unfit for further service. At this time the sun again, and suddenly as before, broke forth — not now with a feeble glimmer, but a broad and almost a cheerful beam, which sufficed to give a fuller view than the day had yet afforded of the state and prospects of the field.

To the right and to the left, what remained of the cavalry of Warwick were seen flying fast — gone the lances of Oxford, the bills of Somerset. Exeter, pierced by the shaft [redacted] was lying cold and insensible, remote from [redacted] deserted even by his squires.

In front of the archers, and such men from the sword, halted the immense and

of Edward, their thousand banners glittering in the sudden sun; for, as Edward beheld the last wrecks of his foe, stationed near the covert, his desire of consummating victory and revenge made him cautious, and, fearing an ambush, he had abruptly halted.

When the scanty followers of the Earl thus beheld the immense force arrayed for their destruction, and saw the extent of their danger and their loss, — here the handful, there the multitude, — a simultaneous exclamation of terror and dismay broke from their ranks.

"Children!" cried Warwick, "droop not! Henry, at Agincourt, had worse odds than we!"

But the murmur among the archers, the lealest part of the Earl's retainers, continued, till there stepped forth their captain, a gray old man, but still sinewy and unbent, the iron relic of a hundred battles.

"Back to your men, Mark Forester!" said the Earl, sternly.

The old man obeyed not. He came on to Warwick, and fell on his knees beside his stirrup.

"Fly, my lord, escape is possible for you and your riders. Fly through the wood, we will screen your path with our bodies. Your children, father of your followers, your children of Middleham, ask no better fate than to die for you! Is it not so?" and the old man, rising, turned to those in hearing. They answered by a general acclamation.

"Mark Forester speaks well," said Montagu. "On you depends the last hope of Lancaster. We may yet join Oxford and Somerset! This way, through the wood — come!" and he laid his hand on the Earl's rein.

"Knights and sirs," said the Earl, dismounting, and partially raising his visor as he turned to the horsemen, "let those who will, fly with Lord Montagu! Let those who, in a just cause, never despair of victory, nor, even at the worst, fear to face their Maker, fresh from the glorious death of heroes, dismount with me!" Every knight sprang from his steed, Montagu the first. "Comrades!" continued the Earl, then addressing the retainers, "when the children fight for a father's honor, the father flies not from the peril into which he has drawn the children. What to me were life, stained by the blood of mine own beloved retainers, basely deserted by their chief? Edward has proclaimed that he will spare *none*. Fool! he gives us, then, the [illegible] nightiness of despair! To your bows! — one

shaft — if it pierce the joints of the tyrant's mail — one shaft may scatter yon army to the winds! Sir Marmaduke has gone to rally noble Somerset and his riders — if we make good our defense one little hour — the foe may be yet smitten in the rear, and the day retrieved! Courage and heart, then!" Here the Earl lifted his visor to the farthest bar, and showed his cheerful face — "Is this the face of a man who thinks all hope is gone?"

In this interval, the sudden sunshine revealed to King Henry, where he stood, the dispersion of his friends. To the rear of the palisades, which protected the spot where he was placed, already grouped "the lookers-on, and no fighters," as the chronicler words it, who, as the guns slackened, ventured forth to learn the news, and who now, filling the churchyard of Hadley, strove hard to catch a peep of Henry the saint, or of Bungey the sorcerer. Mingled with these gleamed the robes of the tymbesteres, pressing nearer and nearer to the barriers, as wolves, in the instinct of blood, come nearer and nearer round the circling watch-fire of some northern travelers. At this time the friar, turning to one of the guards who stood near him, said, "The mists are needed no more now — King Edward hath got the day — eh?"

"Certes, great master," quoth the guard, "nothing now lacks to the King's triumph, except the death of the Earl."

"Infamous necromancer, hear that!" cried Bungey to Adam. "What now avail thy bombards and thy talisman! Hark ye! — tell me the secret of the last — of the damnable engine under my feet, and I may spare thy life."

Adam shrugged his shoulders in impatient disdain: "Unless I gave thee my science, my secret were profitless to thee. Villain and numskull, do thy worst."

The friar made a sign to a soldier who stood behind Adam, and the soldier silently drew the end of the rope which girded the scholar's neck round a bough of the leafless tree. "Hold!" whispered the friar, "not till I give the word. The Earl may recover himself yet," he added to himself. And therewith he began once more to vociferate his incantations. Meanwhile, the eyes of Sibyll had turned for a moment from her father; for the burst of sunshine, lighting up the valley suddenly given to her eyes, in the distance, the the old farmhouse, with the wintry orchard — n smiling with starry blossoms. Far remote from

was that abode of peace, that once happy home, where she had watched the coming of the false one!

Loftier and holier were the thoughts of the fated King. He had turned his face from the field, and his eyes were fixed upon the tower of the church behind. And while he so gazed, the knell from the belfry began solemnly to chime. It was now near the hour of the Sabbath prayers, and amidst horror and carnage, still the holy custom was not suspended.

"Hark!" said the King, mournfully. "That chime summons many a soul to God!"

While thus the scene on the eminence of Hadley, Edward, surrounded by Hastings, Gloucester, and his principal captains, took advantage of the unexpected sunshine, to scan the foe and its position, with the eye of his intuitive genius for all that can slaughter man. "This day," he said, "brings no victory, assures no crown, if Warwick escape alive. To you, Lovell and Ratcliffe, I intrust two hundred knights — your sole care, the head of the rebel Earl!"

"And Montagu?" said Ratcliffe.

"Montagu? Nay — poor Montagu, I loved him as well once, as my own mother's son; and Montagu," he muttered to himself, "I never wronged, and therefore him I can forgive! Spare the Marquis. I mislike that wood; they must have more force within than that handful on the skirts betrays. Come hither, D'Eyncourt."

And a few minutes afterwards Warwick and his men saw two parties of horse leave the main body — one for the right hand, one the left — followed by long detachments of pikes, which they protected; and then the central array marched slowly and steadily on towards the scanty foe. The design was obvious — to surround on all sides the enemy, driven to its last desperate bay. But Montagu and his brother had not been idle in the breathing pause; they had planted the greater portion of the archers skillfully among the trees. They had placed their pikemen on the verges of the barricades, made by sharp stakes and fallen timber; and where their rampart was unguarded by the [illegible] which had been left free for the horsemen, Hilyard and [illegible] took their post, filling the gap with [illegible]

And now, as [illegible] — with [illegible] of plumes, and [illegible] on Warwick [illegible]

on his eagle crest despoiled or shorn, stood, dismounted, his visor still raised, by his renowned steed. Some of the men had by Warwick's order removed the mail from the destrier's breast; and the noble animal, relieved from the weight, seemed as unexhausted as its rider; save where the champed foam had bespecked its glossy hide, not a hair was turned; and the onguard of the Yorkists heard its fiery snort, as they moved slowly on. This figure of horse and horseman stood prominently forth amidst the little band. And Lovell, riding by Ratcliffe's side, whispered: "Beshrew me, I would rather King Edward had asked for mine own head, than that gallant Earl's!"

"Tush, youth," said the inexorable Ratcliffe, "I care not of what steps the ladder of mine ambition may be made!"

While they were thus speaking, Warwick, turning to Montagu and his knights, said:—

"Our sole hope is in the courage of our men. And, as at Touton, when I gave the throne to yon false man, I slew, with my own hand, my noble Malech, to show that on that spot I would win or die, and by that sacrifice so fired the soldiers that we turned the day—so now—oh, gentlemen, in another hour ye would jeer me, for my hand fails; this hand that the poor beast hath so often fed from! Saladin, last of thy race, serve me now in death as in life. Not for my sake, O noblest steed that ever bore a knight—not for mine this offering!"

He kissed the destrier on his frontal, and Saladin, as if conscious of the coming blow, bent his proud crest humbly, and licked his lord's steel-clad hand. So associated together had been horse and horseman, that had it been a human sacrifice, the bystanders could not have been more moved. And when, covering the charger's eyes with one hand, the Earl's dagger descended, bright and rapid—a groan went through the ranks. But the effect was unspeakable! The men knew at once that to them, and them alone, their lord intrusted his fortunes and his life—they were nerved to more than mortal daring. No escape for Warwick—why, then, in Warwick's person they lived and died! Upon foe as upon friend, the sacrifice produced all that could tend to strengthen the last refuge of despair. Even Edward, where he rode in the van, beheld and knew the meaning of the deed. Victorious Touton rushed back upon his memory with a thrill of strange terror and remorse.

"He will die as he has lived," said Gloucester, with admiration. "If I live for such a field, God grant me such a death!"

As the words left the Duke's lips, and Warwick, one foot on his dumb friend's corpse, gave the mandate, a murderous discharge from the archers in the covert rattled against the line of the Yorkists, and the foe, still advancing, stepped over a hundred corpses to the conflict. Despite the vast preponderance of numbers, the skill of Warwick's archers, the strength of his position, the obstacle to the cavalry made by the barricades, rendered the attack perilous in the extreme. But the orders of Edward were prompt and vigorous. He cared not for the waste of life, and as one rank fell, another rushed on. High before the barricades stood Montagu, Warwick, and the rest of that indomitable chivalry, the flower of the ancient Norman heroism. As idly beat the waves upon a rock as the ranks of Edward upon that serried front of steel. The sun still shone in heaven, and still Edward's conquest was unassured. Nay, if Marmaduke could yet bring back the troops of Somerset upon the rear of the foe, Montagu and the Earl felt that the victory might be for them. And often the Earl paused, to hearken for the cry of "Somerset" on the gale, and often Montagu raised his visor to look for the banners and the spears of the Lancastrian Duke. And ever, as the Earl listened and Montagu scanned the field, larger and larger seemed to spread the armament of Edward. The regiment which boasted the stubborn energy of Alwyn was now in movement, and, encouraged by the young Saxon's hardihood, the Londoners marched on, unawed by the massacre of their predecessors. But Alwyn, avoiding the quarter defended by the knights, defiled a little towards the left, where his quick eye, inured to the northern fogs, had detected the weakness of the barricade in the spot where Hilyard was stationed; and this pass Alwyn (discarding the bow) resolved to attempt at the point of the pike — the weapon answering to our modern bayonet. The first rush which he headed was so impetuous as to effect an entry. The weight of the numbers behind urged on the foremost, and Hilyard had not sufficient space for the sweep of the two-handed sword which had done good work that day. While here the conflict became fierce and doubtful, the right wing led by D'Eyncourt had pierced the wood, and, surprised to discover no ambush, fell upon the archers in the rear. The scene was now inexpressibly terrific; cries and

groans, and the ineffable roar and yell of human passion, re sounded demonlike through the shade of the leafless trees And at this moment, the provident and rapid generalship o Edward had moved up one of his heavy bombards. Warwick and Montagu, and most of the knights, were called from the barricades to aid the archers thus assailed behind, but an instant before that defense was shattered into air by the explosion of the bombard. In another minute horse and foot rushed through the opening. And amidst all the din was heard the voice of Edward: "Strike! and spare not; we win the day!" "We win the day! — victory! — victory!" repeated the troops behind; rank caught the sound from rank — and file from file — it reached the captive Henry, and he paused in prayer; it reached the ruthless friar, and he gave the sign to the hireling at his shoulder; it reached the priest as he entered, unmoved, the church of Hadley. And the bell, changing its note into a quicker and sweeter chime, invited the living to prepare for death, and the soul to rise above the cruelty, and the falsehood, and the pleasure and the pomp, and the wisdom and the glory of the world! And suddenly, as the chime ceased, there was heard, from the eminence hard by, a shriek of agony — a female shriek — drowned by the roar of a bombard in the field below.

On pressed the Yorkists through the pass forced by Alwyn. "Yield thee, stout fellow," said the bold trader to Hilyard, whose dogged energy, resembling his own, moved his admiration, and in whom, by the accent in which Robin called his men, he recognized a north countryman: "Yield, and I will see that thou goest safe in life and limb — look round — ye are beaten."

"Fool!" answered Hilyard, setting his teeth, "the People are never beaten!" And as the words left his lips, the shot from the recharged bombard shattered him piecemeal.

"On for London, and the crown!" cried Alwyn — "the citizens *are* the people!"

At this time, through the general crowd of the Yorkists, Ratcliffe and Lovell, at the head of their appointed knights, galloped forward to accomplish their crowning mission.

Behind the column which still commemorates "the great battle" of that day, stretches now a trilateral patch of pasture land, which faces a small house. At that time this space was rough forest ground, and where now, in [illegible] small trees, types of the diminutive offs[illegible] and ignoble civilization, rose then two

the warriors of the Norman Conquest. They grew close together, yet, though their roots interlaced — though their branches mingled, one had not taken nourishment from the other. They stood, equal in height and grandeur, the twin giants of the wood. Before these trees, whose ample trunks protected them from the falchions in the rear, Warwick and Montagu took their last post. In front rose literally mounds of the slain, whether of foe or friend; for round the two brothers to the last had gathered the brunt of war, and they towered now, almost solitary in valor's sublime despair, amidst the wrecks of battle, and against the irresistible march of fate. As side by side they had gained this spot, and the vulgar assailants drew back, leaving the bodies of the dead their last defense from death, they turned their visors to each other, as for one latest farewell on earth.

"Forgive me, Richard!" said Montagu — "forgive me thy death; had I not so blindly believed in Clarence's fatal order, the savage Edward had never passed alive through the pass of Pontefract."

"Blame not thyself," replied Warwick. "We are but the instruments of a wiser Will. God assoil thee, brother mine. We leave this world to tyranny and vice. Christ receive our souls!"

For a moment their hands clasped, and then all was grim silence.

Wide and far, behind and before, in the gleam of the sun, stretched the victorious armament, and that breathing pause sufficed to show the grandeur of their resistance — the grandest of all spectacles, even in its hopeless extremity — the defiance of brave hearts to the brute force of the Many. Where they stood they were visible to thousands, but not a man stirred against them. The memory of Warwick's past achievements, the consciousness of his feats that day, all the splendor of his fortunes and his name, made the mean fear to strike, and the brave ashamed to murder. The gallant D'Eyncourt sprung from his steed, and advanced to the spot. His followers did the same.

"Yield, my lords — yield! Ye have done all that men could do."

"Yield, Mont[illegible] [illegible]ck. "Edward can harm not thee. Life ha[illegible] [illegible] least."

"Not with pow[illegible] [illegible] not, Sir Knight," answered th[illegible]

"Then die! and make room for the new men whom ye so have scorned!" exclaimed a fierce voice; and Ratcliffe, who had neared the spot, dismounted, and hallooed on his blood-hounds.

Seven points might the shadow have traversed on the dial, and before Warwick's ax, and Montagu's sword, seven souls had gone to judgment. In that brief crisis, amidst the general torpor and stupefaction and awe of the bystanders, round one little spot centered still a war.

But numbers rushed on numbers, as the fury of conflict urged on the lukewarm; Montagu was beaten to his knee — Warwick covered him with his body — a hundred axes re-sounded on the Earl's stooping casque, a hundred blades gleamed round the joints of his harness — a simultaneous cry was heard — over the mounds of the slain, through the press into the shadow of the oaks, dashed Gloucester's charger. The conflict had ceased — the executioners stood mute in a half-circle. Side by side, ax and sword still griped in their iron hands, lay Montagu and Warwick.

The young Duke, his visor raised, contemplated the fallen foes in silence. Then dismounting, he unbraced with his own hand the Earl's helmet. Revived for a moment by the air, the hero's eyes unclosed, his lips moved, he raised, with a feeble effort, the gory battle-ax, and the armed crowd recoiled in terror. But the Earl's soul, dimly conscious, and about to part, had escaped from that scene of strife — its later thoughts of wrath and vengeance — to more gentle memories, to such memories as fade the last from true and manly hearts.

"Wife! child!" murmured the Earl, indistinctly. "Anne — Anne! Dear ones, God comfort ye!" And with these words the breath went, the head fell heavily on its mother earth, the face set, calm and undistorted as the face of a soldier should be, when a brave death has been worthy of a brave life.

"So," muttered the dark and musing Gloucester, unconscious of the throng, "so perishes the race of Iron! Low lies the last Baron who could control the throne and command the people. The Age of Force expires with knighthood and deeds of arms. And over this dead great man I see the new Cycle dawn. Happy, henceforth, he who can plot, and [illegible], and fawn, and smile!" Waking with a start, the splendid dissimulator said, as in sad remorse, overhasty, knights and gentlemen. I

ghty enough to have spared such noble foes. Sound trumts! Fall in file! Way, there — way! King Edward comes! ng live the King!"

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

JOHN THACKRAY BUNCE.

JOHN THACKRAY BUNCE, novelist, editor, and professor, born at Faringdon, Berkshire, April 11, 1828, educated at one of the King Edward VI. Schools, Birmingham. Editor of *Birmingham Daily Post* since 1862. He has been governor of the King Edward's Schools, Trustee of Mason College, member of Museums and Art Schools and Free Libraries, Committees of the Corporation, and Professor of English Literature to Royal Birmingham Society of Artists. Among his publications are: "Cloudland and Shadowland" (1865); "Fairy Tales, their Origin and Meaning" (1878); "History of the Corporation of Birmingham" (1885); "History of the Birmingham Music Festivals" (1881).

THE STUPID RAKSHAS.

SUPPOSE we take a glance at those famous Hindu demons, the Rakshas, who are the originals of all the ogres and giants of our nursery tales. Now the Rakshas were very terrible creatures indeed, and in the minds of many people in India are so still, for they are believed in even now. Their natural form, so the stories say, is that of huge, unshapely giants, like clouds, with hair and beard of the color of the red lightning; but they can take any form they please, to deceive those whom they wish to devour, for their great delight, like that of the ogres, is to kill all they meet, and to eat the flesh of those whom they kill. Often they appear as hunters, of monstrous size, with tusks instead of teeth, and with horns on their heads, and all kinds of grotesque and frightful weapons and ornaments. They are very strong, and make themselves stronger by various arts of magic; and they are strongest of all at nightfall, when they are supposed to roam about the jungles, to enter the tombs, and even to make their way into the cities, and carry off their victims.

But the Rakshas are not alone like ogres in their cruelty, but also in their fondness for money, and for precious stones, they get together in great quan[illegible]

for some of them are kings of their species, and have thousands upon thousands of inferior Rakshas under their command. But while they are so numerous and so powerful, the Rakshas, like all the ogres and giants in Fairyland, are also very stupid, and are easily outwitted by clever people. There are many Hindu stories which are told to show this. I will tell you one of them.

Two little Princesses were badly treated at home, and so they ran away into a great forest, where they found a palace belonging to a Rakshas, who had gone out. So they went into the house and feasted, and swept the rooms, and made everything neat and tidy. Just as they had done this, the Rakshas and his wife came home, and the two Princesses ran up to the top of the house, and hid themselves on the flat roof. When the Rakshas got indoors he said to his wife: "Somebody has been making everything clean and tidy. Wife, did you do this?" "No," she said; "I don't know who can have done it." "Some one has been sweeping the courtyard," said the Rakshas; "wife, did you sweep the courtyard?" "No," she answered; "I did not do it." Then the Rakshas walked round and round several times, with his nose up in the air, saying: "Some one is here now; I smell flesh and blood. Where can they be?" "Stuff and nonsense!" cried the Rakshas' wife. "*You* smell flesh and blood, indeed! Why, you have just been killing and eating a hundred thousand people. I should wonder if you *didn't* still smell flesh and blood!"

They went on disputing, till at last the Rakshas gave it up. "Never mind," he said; "I don't know how it is — I am very thirsty: let's come and drink some water." So they went to the well, and began letting down jars into it, and drawing them up, and drinking the water. Then the elder of the two Princesses, who was very bold and wise, said to her sister, "I will do something that will be very good for us both." So she ran quickly down stairs, and crept close behind the Rakshas and his wife, as they stood on tiptoe more than half over the side of the well, and catching hold of one of the Rakshas' heels, and one of his wife's, she gave each a little push, and down they both tumbled into the well, and were drowned — the Rakshas

Rakshas' wife. The Princess then went back to her

said, "I have killed the Rakshas!" "What, both?"

er. "Yes, both," she said. "Won't they come

sister. "No, never," answered she.

This, you see, is something like the story of the Little Girl and the Three Bears, so well known amongst our Nursery Tales.

Another story will show you how stupid a Rakshas is, and how easily he can be outwitted.

Once upon a time a Blind Man and a Deaf Man made an agreement. The Blind Man was to hear for the Deaf Man; and the Deaf Man was to see for the Blind Man; and so they were to go about on their travels together. One day they went to a nautch — that is, a singing and dancing exhibition. The Deaf Man said, "The dancing is very good; but the music is not worth listening to."

"I do not agree with you," the Blind Man said; "I think the music is very good; but the dancing is not worth looking at."

So they went away for a walk in the jungle. On the way they found a donkey, belonging to a dhobee, or washerman, and a big chattee, or iron pot, which the washerman used to boil clothes in.

"Brother," said the Deaf Man, "here is a donkey and a chattee; let us take them with us, they may be useful."

So they took them, and went on. Presently they came to an ants' nest.

"Here," said the Deaf Man, "are a number of very fine black ants; let us take some of them to show our friends."

"Yes," said the Blind Man, "they will do as presents to our friends." So the Deaf Man took out a silver box from his pocket, and put several of the black ants into it. After a time a terrible storm came on.

"Oh dear!" cried the Deaf Man, "how dreadful this lightning is! let us get to some place of shelter."

"I don't see that it's dreadful at all," said the Blind Man, "but the thunder is terrible; let us get under shelter."

So they went up to a building that looked like a temple, and went in, and took the donkey and the big pot and the black ants with them. But it was not a temple, it was the house of a powerful Rakshas, [redacted]akshas came home as soon as they had got inside an[redacted]d [redacted]. Finding that he couldn't get in, louder than the thunder, and great fists. Now the Deaf M saw him, and was very frighte

ful to look at. But the Blind Man, as he couldn't see, was very brave; and he went to the door and called out, "Who are you? and what do you mean by coming here and battering at the door in this way, and at this time of night?"

"I'm a Rakshas," he answered, in a rage; "and this is my house, and if you don't let me in I will kill you."

Then the Blind Man called out in reply: "Oh! you're a Rakshas, are you? Well if you're Rakshas, I'm Bakshas, and Bakshas is as good as Rakshas."

"What nonsense is this?" cried the monster; "there is no such creature as a Bakshas."

"Go away," replied the Blind Man; "if you make any further disturbance I'll punish you; for know that I *am* Bakshas, and Bakshas is Rakshas' father."

"Heavens and earth!" cried the Rakshas, "I never heard such an extraordinary thing in my life. But if you are my father, let me see your face," — for he began to get puzzled and frightened, as the person inside was so very positive.

Now the Blind Man and the Deaf Man didn't quite know what to do; but at last they opened the door just a little, and poked the donkey's nose out.

"Bless me," thought the Rakshas, "what a terribly ugly face my father Bakshas has got."

Then he called out again: "Oh! father Bakshas, you have a very big fierce face, but people have sometimes very big heads and very little bodies; let me see you, body and head, before I go away."

Then the Blind Man and the Deaf Man rolled the great iron pot across the floor with a thundering noise; and the Rakshas, who watched the chink of the door very carefully, said to himself, "He has got a great body as well, so I had better go away." But he was still doubtful; so he said, "Before I go away let me hear you scream, for all the tribe of the Rakshas scream dreadfully." Then the Blind Man and the Deaf Man took two of the black ants out of the box, and put one into each of the donkey's ears, and the ants bit the donkey, and the donkey began to bray and to bellow as loud as he could; and then the Rakshas ran away quite frightened.

In the morning the Blind Man and the Deaf Man found that the floor of the house was covered with heaps of gold, and silver, and precious stones; and they made four great bundles of the treasure, and took one each, and put the other two on the

donkey, and off they went. But the Rakshas was waiting some distance off to see what his father Bakshas was like by daylight; and he was very angry when he saw only a Deaf Man, and a Blind Man, and a big iron pot, and a donkey, all loaded with *his* gold and silver. So he ran off and fetched six of his friends to help him, and each of the six had hair a yard long, and tusks like an elephant. When the Blind Man and the Deaf Man saw them coming they went and hid the treasure in the bushes, and then they got up into a lofty betel-palm and waited — the Deaf Man, because he could see, getting up first, to be furthest out of harm's way. Now the seven Rakshas were not able to reach them, and so they said, "Let us get on each other's shoulders and pull them down." So one Rakshas stooped down, and the second got on his shoulders, and the third on his, and the fourth on his, and the fifth on his, and the sixth on his, and the seventh — the one who had invited the others — was just climbing up, when the Deaf Man got frightened and caught hold of the Blind Man's arm, and as he was sitting quite at ease, not knowing that they were so close, the Blind Man was upset, and tumbled down on the neck of the seventh Rakshas. The Blind Man thought he had fallen into the branches of another tree, and stretching out his hands for something to take hold of, he seized the Rakshas' two great ears and pinched them very hard. This frightened the Rakshas, who lost his balance and fell down to the ground, upsetting the other six of his friends, the Blind Man all the while pinching harder than ever, and the Deaf Man crying out from the top of the tree — "You're all right, brother, hold on tight, I'm coming down to help you" — though he really didn't mean to do anything of the kind.

Well, the noise, and the pinching, and all the confusion, so frightened the six Rakshas that they thought they had had enough of helping their friend, and so they ran away; and the seventh Rakshas, thinking that because they ran there must be great danger, shook off the Blind Man and ran away too. And then the Deaf Man came down from the tree and embraced the Blind Man, and said, "I could not have done better myself."

Then the Deaf Man divided the treasure; one great heap for himself, and one little heap for the Blind Man. But the Blind Man felt his heap and then felt the other, and then, being angry at the cheat, he gave the Deaf Man a box on the ear, so tremendous that it made the Deaf Man hear. And the Deaf

Man, also being angry, gave the other such a blow in the face that it made the Blind Man see. So they became good friends directly, and divided the treasure into equal shares, and went home laughing at the stupid Rakshas.

Eros and Psyche in Eastern Lands.

The story of Eros and Psyche, as it is told by Apuleius, in his book of Metamorphoses written nearly two thousand years ago, was told ages before Apuleius by people other than the Greeks, and in a language which existed long before theirs. It is the tale of Urvasî and Purûravas, which is to be found in one of the oldest of the Vedas, or Sanskrit sacred books, which contain the legends of the Aryan race before it broke up and went in great fragments southward into India, and westward into Persia and Europe. A translation of the story of Urvasî and Purûravas is given by Mr. Max Müller, who also tells what the story means, and this helps us to see the meaning of the tale of Eros and Psyche, and of many other myths which occur among all the branches of the Aryan family, — among the Teutons, the Scandinavians, and the Slavs, as well as among the Greeks. Urvasî, then, was an immortal being, a kind of fairy, who fell in love with Purûravas, a hero and a king; and she married him, and lived with him, on this condition — that she should never see him unless he was dressed in his royal robes.

Now there was a ewe, with two lambs, tied to the couch of Urvasî and Purûravas; and the fairies — or Gandharvas, as the kinsfolk of Urvasî were called, wished to get her back amongst them: and so they stole one of the lambs. Then Urvasî reproached her husband, and said, "They take away my darling, as if I lived in a land where there is no hero and no man." The fairies stole the other lamb, and Urvasî reproached her husband again, saying, "How can that be a land without heroes or men where I am?" Then Purûravas hastened to bring back the pet lamb; so eager was he that he stayed not to clothe himself, and so sprang up naked. Then the Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasî saw her husband naked as if by daylight; and then she cried out to her kinsfolk, "I come back," and she vanished. And Purûravas, made wretched by the loss of his love, sought her everywhere, and once he was permitted to see her, and when he saw her, he said he should die if she did not

come back to him. But Urvasî could not return; but she gave him leave to come to her, on the last night of the year, to the golden seats; and he stayed with her for that night. And Urvasî said to him, "The Gandharvas will to-morrow grant thee a wish; choose." He said, "Choose thou for me." She replied, "Say to them, Let me be one of you." And he said this, and they taught him how to make the sacred fire, and he became one of them, and dwelt with Urvasî forever.

Now this, we see, is like the story of Eros and Psyche; and Mr. Max Müller teaches us what it means. It is the story of the Sun and the Dawn. Urvasî is the Dawn, which must vanish or die when it beholds the risen Sun; and Purûravas is the Sun; and they are united again at sunset, when the Sun dies away into night. So, in the Greek myth, Eros is the dawning Sun, and when Psyche, the Dawn, sees him, he flies from her, and it is only at nightfall that they can be again united. In the same paper Mr. Max Müller shows how this root idea of the Aryan race is found again in another of the most beautiful of Greek myths or stories — that of Orpheus and Eurydice. In the Greek legends the Dawn has many names; one of them is Eurydice. The name of her husband, Orpheus, comes straight from the Sanskrit: it is the same as Ribhu or Arbhu, which is a name of Indra, or the Sun, or which may be used for the rays of the Sun. The old story, then, says our teacher, was this: "Eurydice (the Dawn) is bitten by a serpent (the Night); she dies, and descends into the lower regions. Orpheus follows her, and obtains from the Gods that his wife shall follow him, if he promises not to look back. Orpheus promises — ascends from the dark world below; Eurydice is behind him as he rises, but, drawn by doubt or by love, he looks round; the first ray of the Sun glances at the Dawn; and the Dawn fades away."

We have now seen that the Greek myth is like a much older myth existing amongst the Aryan race before it passed westward. We have but to look to other collections of Aryan folklore to find that in some of its features the legend is common to all branches of the Aryan family. In our own familiar story of "Beauty and the Beast," for instance, we have the same idea. There are the three sisters, one of whom is chosen as the bride of an enchanted monster, who dwells in a be[illegible] the arts of her sisters she is kept away fro[illegible] the point of death through his grief. The [illegible] revives, and becomes changed into a hand[illegible]

live happy ever after. One feature of these legends is that beings closely united to each other — as closely, that is, as the Sun and the Dawn — may not look upon each other without misfortune. This is illustrated in the charming Scandinavian story of "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," which is told in various forms, the best of them being in Mr. Morris's beautiful poem in "The Earthly Paradise," and in Dr. Dasent's "Norse Tales." We shall abridge Dr. Dasent's version, telling the story in our own way: —

There was a poor peasant who had a large family whom he could scarcely keep; and there were several daughters amongst them. The loveliest was the youngest daughter, who was very beautiful indeed. One evening in autumn, in bad weather, the family sat round the fire; and there came three taps at the window. The father went out to see who it was, and he found only a great White Bear. And the White Bear said, "If you will give me your youngest daughter, I will make you rich." So the peasant went in and asked his daughter if she would be the wife of the White Bear; and the daughter said "No." So the White Bear went away, but said he would come back in a few days to see if the maiden had changed her mind. Now her father and mother talked to her so much about it, and seemed so anxious to be well off, that the maiden agreed to be the wife of the White Bear; and when he came again, she said "Yes," and the White Bear told her to sit upon his back, and hold by his shaggy coat, and away they went together.

After the maiden had ridden for a long way, they came to a great hill, and the White Bear gave a knock on the hill with his paw, and the hill opened, and they went in. Now inside the hill there was a palace with fine rooms, ornamented with gold and silver, and all lighted up; and there was a table ready laid; and the White Bear gave the maiden a silver bell, and told her to ring it when she wanted anything. And when the maiden had eaten and drunk, she went to bed, in a beautiful bed with silk pillows and curtains, and gold fringe to them. Then, in the dark, a man came and lay down beside her. This was the White Bear, who was an Enchanted Prince, and who was able to cast off the shape of a beast at night, and to become a man [illegible] before daylight, he went away and turned once more that his wife could never see him in the

[illegible]me, and the wife of the White

Bear was very happy with her kind husband, in the beautiful palace he had made for her. Then she grew dull and miserable for want of company, and she asked leave to go home for a little while to see her father and mother, and her brothers and sisters. So the White Bear took her home again, but he told her that there was one thing that she must not do: she must not go into a room with her mother alone, to talk to her, or a great misfortune would happen.

When the wife of the White Bear got home, she found that her family lived in a grand house, and they were all very glad to see her; and then her mother took her into a room by themselves, and asked about her husband. And the wife of the White Bear forgot the warning, and told her mother that every night a man came and lay down with her, and went away before daylight, and that she had never seen him, and wanted to see him very much. Then the mother said it might be a Troll she slept with, and that she ought to see what it was; and she gave her daughter a piece of candle, and said, "Light this while he is asleep, and look at him, but take care you don't drop the tallow upon him." So then the White Bear came to fetch his wife, and they went back to the palace in the hill, and that night she lit the candle while her husband was asleep, and then she saw that he was a handsome Prince, and she felt quite in love with him, and gave him a soft kiss. But just as she kissed him she let three drops of tallow fall upon his shirt, and he woke up.

Then the White Bear was very sorrowful, and said that he was enchanted by a wicked fairy, and that if his wife had only waited for a year before looking at him, the enchantment would be broken, and he would be a man again always. But now that she had given way to curiosity, he must go to a dreary castle East of the Sun and West of the Moon, and marry a witch Princess, with a nose three ells long. And then he vanished, and so did his palace, and his poor wife found herself lying in the middle of a gloomy wood, and she was dressed in rags, and was very wretched. But she did not stop to cry about her hard fate, for she was a brave girl, and made up her mind to go at once in search of her husband.

So she walked for days, and then she
sitting on a hillside, and playing with a g
asked the old woman the way to the Land
West of the Moon. And the old woman
and then she said: "I don't know whe

on and ask my next neighbor. Ride there on my horse, and when you have done with him, give him a pat under the left ear and say, 'Go home again;' and take this golden apple with you, — it may be useful."

So she rode on for a long way, and then came to another old woman, who was playing with a golden carding comb; and she asked her the way to the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon. But this old woman couldn't tell her, and bade her go on to another old woman, a long way off. And she gave her the golden carding comb, and lent her a horse just like the first one.

And the third old woman was playing with a golden spinning wheel; and she gave this to the wife of the White Bear, and lent her another horse, and told her to ride on to the East Wind, and ask him the way to the enchanted land. Now after a weary journey she got to the home of the East Wind, and he said he had heard of the Enchanted Prince, and of the country East of the Sun and West of the Moon, but he did not know where it was, for he had never been so far.

But he said, "Get on my back, and we will go to my brother the West Wind; perhaps he knows." So they sailed off to the West Wind, and told him the story, and he took it quite kindly, but said he didn't know the way. But perhaps his brother the South Wind might know; and they would go to him. So the White Bear's wife got on the back of the West Wind, and he blew straight away to the dwelling place of the South Wind, and asked him where to find the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

But the South Wind said that although he had blown pretty nearly everywhere, he had never blown there; but he would take her to his brother the North Wind, the oldest, and strongest, and wisest Wind of all; and he would be sure to know. Now the North Wind was very cross at being disturbed, and he used bad language, and was quite rude and unpleasant. But he was a kind Wind after all, and when his brother the West Wind told him the story, he became quite fatherly, and said he would do what he could, for he knew the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon very well.

But he said, "It is a long way off; so far off that once in my life I blew an aspen leaf there, and was so tired with it that I couldn't blow or puff for ever so many days after." So they rested that night, and next morning the North Wind puffed

himself out, and got stout, and big, and strong, ready for the journey; and the maiden got upon his back, and away they went to the country East of the Sun and West of the Moon. It was a terrible journey, high up in the air, in a great storm, and over the mountains and the sea, and before they got to the end of it the North Wind grew very tired, and drooped, and nearly fell into the sea, and got so low down that the crests of the waves washed over him. But he blew as hard as he could, and at last he put the maiden down on the shore, just in front of the Enchanted Castle that stood in the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon; and there he had to stop and rest many days before he became strong enough to blow home again.

Now the wife of the White Bear sat down before the castle, and began to play with the golden apple. And then the wicked Princess with the nose three ells long opened a window, and asked if she would sell the apple. But she said "No"; she would give the golden apple for leave to spend the night in the bedchamber of the Prince who lived there. So the Princess with the long nose said "Yes," and the wife of the White Bear was allowed to pass the night in her husband's chamber. But a sleeping draught had been given to the Prince, and she could not wake him, though she wept greatly, and spent the whole night in crying out to him; and in the morning before he woke she was driven away by the wicked Princess.

Well, next day she sat and played with the golden carding comb, and the Princess wanted that too; and the same bargain was made; but again a sleeping draught was given to the Prince, and he slept all night, and nothing could waken him; and at the first peep of daylight the wicked Princess drove the poor wife out again. Now it was the third day, and the wife of the White Bear had only the golden spinning wheel left. So she sat and played with it, and the Princess bought it on the same terms as before. But some kind folk who slept in the next room to the Prince told him that for two nights a woman had been in his chamber, weeping bitterly, and crying out to him to wake and see her. So, being warned, the Prince only pretended to drink the sleeping draught, and so when his wife came into the room that night he was wide [illegible] and was rejoiced to see her; [illegible] spent the whole [illegible] ving talk.

Now the next [illegible] Prince's [illegible]

now that his lost wife had found him, he hit upon a plan to escape marrying the Princess with the long nose. So when morning came, he said he should like to see what his bride was fit for. "Certainly," said the Witch Mother and the Princess, both together. Then the Prince said he had a fine shirt, with three drops of tallow upon it; and he would marry only the woman who could wash them out, for no other would be worth having. So they laughed at this, for they thought it would be easily done. And the Princess began, but the more she rubbed, the worse the tallow stuck to the shirt. And the old Witch Mother tried; but it got deeper and blacker than ever. And all the Trolls in the enchanted castle tried; but none of them could wash the shirt clean. Then said the Prince, "Call in the lassie who sits outside, and let her try." And she came in, and took the shirt, and washed it quite clean and white, all in a minute. Then the old Witch Mother put herself into such a rage that she burst into pieces, and so did the Princess with the long nose, and so did all the Trolls in the castle; and the Prince took his wife away with him, and all the silver and gold, and a number of Christian people who had been enchanted by the witch; and away they went forever from the dreary Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

In the story of "The Soaring Lark," in the collection of German popular tales made by the brothers Grimm, we have another version of the same idea; and here, as in Eros and Psyche, and in the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, it is the woman to whose fault the misfortunes are laid, and upon whom falls the long and weary task of search. The story, told in brief, is this. A merchant went on a journey, and promised to bring back for his three daughters whatever they wished. The eldest asked for diamonds, the second for pearls, and the youngest, who was her father's favorite, for a singing, soaring lark. As the merchant came home, he passed through a great forest, and on the top bough of a tall tree he found a lark, and tried to take it. Then a Lion sprang from behind the tree, and said the lark was his, and that he would eat up the merchant for trying to steal it. The merchant told the Lion why he wanted the bird, and then the Lion said that he would give him the lark, and let him go, on one condition, namely, that he should give to the Lion the first thing or person that met him on his return. Now the first person who met the merchant when he got home was his youngest daughter, and the poor merchant told her the

story, and wept very much, and said that she should not go into the forest.

But the daughter said, "What you have promised you must do;" and so she went into the forest, to find the Lion. The Lion was an Enchanted Prince, and all his servants were also turned into lions; and so they remained all day, but at night they all changed back again into men. Now when the Lion Prince saw the merchant's daughter, he fell in love with her, and took her to a fine castle, and at night, when he became a man, they were married, and lived very happily, and in great splendor. One day the Prince said to his wife, —

"To-morrow your eldest sister is to be married; if you would like to be there, my lions shall go with you." So she went, and the lions with her, and there were great rejoicings in her father's house, because they were afraid that she had been torn to pieces in the forest; and after staying some time, she went back to her husband.

After a while, the Prince said to his wife, "To-morrow your second sister is going to be married," and she replied, "This time I will not go alone, for you shall go with me." Then he told her how dangerous that would be, for if a single ray from a burning light fell upon him, he would be changed into a Dove, and in that form would have to fly about for seven years.

But the Princess very much wanted him to go, and in order to protect him from the light, she had a room built with thick walls, so that no light could get through, and there he was to sit while the bridal candles were burning. But by some accident, the door of the room was made of new wood, which split, and made a little chink, and through this chink one ray of light from the torches of the bridal procession fell like a hair upon the Prince, and he was instantly changed in form; and when his wife came to tell him that all danger was over, she found only a White Dove, who said very sadly to her, —

"For seven years I must fly about in the world, but at every seventh mile I will let fall a white feather and a drop of red blood, which will show you the way, and if you follow it, you may save me."

Then the White Dove flew out of the door, and the Princess followed it, and at every seventh mile the Dove let fall a white feather and a drop of red blood; and so, guid
and the drops of blood, she followed the D
years had almost passed, and she began to

and then the Lion conquered in the fight, and both of them took their human forms again. But the Enchanted Princess was too quick for the poor wife, for she instantly seized the Prince and sprang upon the back of the Griffin, and away they flew, quite out of sight. Now the poor deserted wife sat down on the desolate shore, and cried bitterly; and then she said, "So far as the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, will I search for my husband, till I find him;" and so she traveled on and on, until one day she came to the palace whither the Enchanted Princess had carried the Prince; and there was great feasting going on, and they told her that the Prince and Princess were about to be married. Then she remembered what the Sun had said, and took out the casket and opened it, and there was the most beautiful dress in all the world; as brilliant as the Sun himself. So she put it on, and went into the palace, and everybody admired the dress, and the Enchanted Princess asked if she would sell it.

"Not for gold or silver," she said, "but for flesh and blood."

"What do you mean?" the Princess asked.

"Let me sleep for one night in the bridegroom's chamber," the wife said.

So the Enchanted Princess agreed, but she gave the Prince a sleeping draught, so that he could not hear his wife's cries; and in the morning she was driven out, without a word from him, for he slept so soundly that all she said seemed to him only like the rushing of the wind through the fir-trees.

Then the poor wife sat down and wept again, until she thought of the egg the Moon had given her; and when she took the egg and broke it, there came out of it a hen with twelve chickens, all of gold, and the chickens pecked quite prettily, and then ran under the wings of the hen for shelter. Presently the Enchanted Princess looked out of the window, and saw the hen and the chickens, and asked if they were for sale. "Not for gold or silver, but for flesh and blood," was the answer she got; and then the wife made the same bargain as before — that she should spend the night in the bridegroom's chamber. Now this night the Prince was warned by his servant, and so he poured away the sleeping draught instead of drinking it; and when his wife came, a [illegible]owful story, he knew her, and said, "Now I [illegible]th went as quickly as possible, a[illegible]

who carried them over the Red Sea; and when they got to the middle of the sea, the Princess let fall the nut which the North Wind had given to her, and a great nut-tree grew up at once, on which the Griffin rested; and then it went straight to their home, where they lived happy ever after.

One more story of the same kind must be told, for three reasons: because it is very good reading, because it brings together various legends, and because it shows that these were common to Celtic as well as to Hindu, Greek, Teutonic, and Scandinavian peoples. It is called "The Battle of the Birds," and is given at full length, and in several different versions, in Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." To bring it within our space we must tell it in our own way.

Once upon a time every bird and other creature gathered to battle. The son of the King of Tethertoun went to see the battle, but it was over before he got there, all but one fight, between a great Raven and a Snake; and the Snake was getting the victory. The King's son helped the Raven, and cut off the Snake's head. The Raven thanked him for his kindness and said, "Now I will give thee a sight; come up on my wings;" and then the Raven flew with him over seven mountains, and seven glens, and seven moors, and that night the King's son lodged in the house of the Raven's sisters, and promised to meet the Raven next morning in the same place. This went on for three nights and days, and on the third morning, instead of a raven, there met him a handsome lad, who gave him a bundle, and told him not to look into it, until he was in the place where he would most wish to dwell. But the King's son did look into the bundle, and then he found himself in a great castle with fine grounds about it, and he was very sorry, because he wished the castle had been near his father's house, but he could not put it back into the bundle again. Then a great Giant met him, and offered to put the castle back into a bundle for a reward, and this was to be the Prince's son, when the son was seven years old. So the Prince promised, and the Giant put everything back into the bundle, and the Prince went home with it to his father's house. When he got there he opened the bundle, and out came the castle and all the [illegible] just as before, and at the castle door stood a beautiful [illegible] who asked him to marry her, and they were married, [illegible] a son. When the seven years were up, the Giant [illegible] for the boy, and then the King's son (who had now

become a king himself) told his wife about his promise. "Leave that to me and the Giant," said the Queen. So she dressed the cook's son (who was the right age) in fine clothes, and gave him to the Giant; but the Giant gave the boy a rod, and asked him, "If thy father had that rod, what would he do with it?" "He would beat the dogs if they went near the King's meat," said the boy. Then said the Giant, "Thou art the cook's son," and he killed him. Then the Giant went back, very angry, and the Queen gave him the butler's son; and the Giant gave him the rod, and asked him the same question. "My father would beat the dogs if they came near the King's glasses," said the boy. "Thou art the butler's son," said the Giant; and he killed him. Now the Giant went back the third time, and made a dreadful noise. "Out here *thy* son," he said, "or the stone that is highest in thy dwelling shall be the lowest." So they gave him the King's son, and the Giant took him to his own house, and he stayed there a long while. One day the youth heard sweet music at the top of the Giant's house, and he saw a sweet face. It was the Giant's youngest daughter; and she said to him: "My father wants you to marry one of my sisters, and he wants me to marry the King of the Green City, but I will not. So when he asks, say thou wilt take me." Next day the Giant gave the King's son choice of his two eldest daughters; but the Prince said, "Give me this pretty little one," and then the Giant was angry, and said that before he had her he must do three things. The first of these was to clean out a byre or cattle place, where there was the dung of a hundred cattle, and it had not been cleaned for seven years. He tried to do it, and worked till noon, but the filth was as bad as ever.

Then the Giant's youngest daughter came, and bade him sleep, and she cleaned out the stable, so that a golden apple would run from end to end of it. Next day the Giant set him to thatch the byre with birds' down, and he had to go out on the moors to catch the birds; but at midday, he had caught only two blackbirds, and then the Giant's youngest daughter came again, and bade him sleep, and then she caught the birds, and thatched the byre with the feathers before sundown. The third day the Giant set him another task. In the f-
was a fir-tree, and at the top was a magpie's
nest were five eggs, and he was to bri
Giant without breaking one of the

tall; from the ground to the first branch it was five hundred feet, so that the King's son could not climb up it. Then the Giant's youngest daughter came again, and she put her fingers one after the other into the tree, and made a ladder for the King's son to climb up by. When he was at the nest at the very top, she said, "Make haste now with the eggs, for my father's breath is burning my back;" and she was in such a hurry that she left her little finger sticking in the top of the tree. Then she told the King's son that the Giant would make all his daughters look alike, and dress them alike, and that when the choosing time came he was to look at their hands, and take the one that had not a little finger on one hand. So it happened, and the King's son chose the youngest daughter, because she put out her hand to guide him.

Then they were married, and there was a great feast, and they went to their chamber. The Giant's daughter said to her husband, "Sleep not, or thou diest; we must fly quick, or my father will kill thee." So first she cut an apple into nine pieces, and put two pieces at the head of the bed, and two at the foot, and two at the door of the kitchen, and two at the great door, and one outside the house. And then she and her husband went to the stable, and mounted the fine gray filly, and rode off as fast as they could. Presently the Giant called out, "Are you asleep yet?" and the apple at the head of the bed said, "We are not asleep." Then he called again, and the apple at the foot of the bed said the same thing; and then he asked again and again, until the apple outside the house door answered; and then he knew that a trick had been played on him, and ran to the bedroom and found it empty. And then he pursued the runaways as fast as possible. Now at daybreak — "at the mouth of day," the story-teller says — the Giant's daughter said to her husband, "My father's breath is burning my back; put thy hand into the ear of the gray filly, and whatever thou findest, throw it behind thee." "There is a twig of sloe-tree," he said. "Throw it behind thee," said she; and he did so, and twenty miles of black-thorn wood grew out of it, so thick that a weasel could not get through. But the Giant cut through it with his big ax and his wood knife, and them again.

of day the Giant's daughter said again, "My burning my back;" and then her husband 's ear, and took out a piece of gray

stone, and threw it behind him, and there grew up directly a great rock twenty miles broad and twenty miles high. Then the Giant got his mattock and his lever, and made a way through the rocks, and came after them again. Now it was near sunset, and once more the Giant's daughter felt her father's breath burning her back. So, for the third time, her husband put his hand into the filly's ear, and took out a bladder of water, and he threw it behind him, and there was a fresh-water loch, twenty miles long and twenty miles broad; and the Giant came on so fast that he ran into the middle of the loch and was drowned.

Here is clearly a sun myth, which is like those of ancient Hindu and Greek legend: the blue-gray Filly is the Dawn, on which the new day, the maiden and her lover, speed away. The great Giant, whose breath burns the maiden's back, is the morning Sun, whose progress is stopped by the thick shade of the trees. Then he rises higher, and at midday he breaks through the forest, and soars above the rocky mountains. At evening, still powerful in speed and heat, he comes to the great lake, plunges into it, and sets, and those whom he pursues escape. This ending is repeated in one of the oldest Hindu mythical stories, that of Bheki, the Frog Princess, who lives with her husband on condition that he never shows her a drop of water. One day he forgets, and she disappears: that is, the sun sets or dies on the water — a fanciful idea which takes us straight as an arrow to Aryan myths.

Now, however, we must complete the Gaelic story, which here becomes like the Soaring Lark, and the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, and other Teutonic and Scandinavian tales.

After the Giant's daughter and her husband had got free from the Giant, she bade him go to his father's house, and tell them about her; but he was not to suffer anything to kiss him, or he would forget her altogether. So he told everybody they were not to kiss him, but an old greyhound leaped up at him, and touched his mouth, and then he forgot all about the Giant's daughter, just as if she had never lived. Now when the King's son left her, the poor forgotten wife sat beside a well, and when night came she climbed into an oak-tree, and slept among the branches. There was a shoemaker who lived near the well, next day he sent his wife to fetch water, and as she drew saw what she fancied to be her own reflection in the wa

it was really the likeness of the maiden in the tree above it. The shoemaker's wife, however, thinking it was her own, imagined herself to be very handsome, and so she went back and told the shoemaker that she was too beautiful to be his thrall, or slave, any longer, and so she went off. The same thing happened to the shoemaker's daughter; and she went off too. Then the man himself went to the well, and saw the maiden in the tree, and understood it all, and asked her to come down and stay at his house, and to be his daughter. So she went with him. After a while there came three gentlemen from the King's Court, and each of them wanted to marry her; and she agreed with each of them privately, on condition that each should give a sum of money for a wedding gift. Well, they agreed to this, each unknown to the other; and she married one of them, but when he came and had paid the money, she gave him a cup of water to hold, and there he had to stand, all night long, unable to move or to let go the cup of water; and in the morning he went away ashamed, but said nothing to his friends. Next night it was the turn of the second; and she told him to see that the door latch was fastened; and when he touched the latch he could not let it go, and had to stand there all night holding it; and so he went away, and said nothing. The next night the third came, and when he stepped upon the floor, one foot stuck so fast that he could not draw it out until morning; and then he did the same as the others — went off quite cast down. And then the maiden gave all the money to the shoemaker for his kindness to her. This is like the story of "The Master Maid," in Dr. Dasent's collection of "Tales from the Norse." But there is the end of it to come. The shoemaker had to finish some shoes because the young King was going to be married; and the maiden said she should like to see the King before he married. So the shoemaker took her to the King's castle; and then she [illegible] into the wedding room, and because of her beauty they fill[illegible] for her. When she was going to drink it, the[illegible] of the glass, and out of the flame there ca[illegible] a golden pigeon; and just then three gra[illegible] the floor, and the silver pigeon ate them [illegible] said. "If thou h[illegible] mind when I [illegible] eat that [illegible] giving me a [illegible] fell, and [illegible] pigeon [illegible] pigeon, "[illegible]

wouldst not eat that without giving me a share." Then three other grains fell, and the silver pigeon ate them up. And the golden pigeon said: "If thou hadst mind when I harried the magpie's nest, thou wouldst not eat that without giving me my share. I lost my little finger bringing it down, and I want it still." Then, suddenly, the King's son remembered, and knew who it was, and sprang to her and kissed her from hand to mouth; and the priest came, and they were married.

These stories will be enough to show how the same idea repeats itself in different ways among various peoples who have come from the same stock: for the ancient Hindu legend of Urvasî and Purûravas, the Greek fable of Eros and Psyche, the Norse story of the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, the Teutonic story of the Soaring Lark, and the Celtic story of the Battle of the Birds, are all one and the same in their general character, their origin, and their meaning; and in all these respects they resemble the story which we know so well in English — that of Beauty and the Beast. The same kind of likeness has already been shown in the story of Cinderella, and in those which resemble it in the older Aryan legends and in the later stories of the Greeks.

is destroyed to perpetuate life in another form. The operations of Nature are harsh and inexorable, without mercy, without pity, without any sentiment soever, possessing one sole attribute — that of power. The equal right of different individuals to life, liberty, and happiness, is unknown. If we derive our ideas of right and wrong from certain implanted instincts, we certainly do not find their verification in any of the aspects of untamed Nature. Justice has no existence save as an intellectual perception of cultivated man — it is not a law of nature, but the sublime conception of man. How absurd, then, are all these frequent appeals to natural justice! The right term is natural injustice; and if we look closely we will see that this elementary principle is continually operating in society; that there is always a persistent conflict between natural injustice and human justice. As in Nature the big consume the little, so in society we find the strong controlling and absorbing the weak, the lesser contributing to the fruition of the greater, despite our struggles to have it otherwise. As society has advanced, things have changed much more in name than in fact.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER, an American poet, journalist, and writer of short stories, was born at Oswego, N.Y., Aug. 3, 1855; died at Nutley, N.J., May 11, 1896. He was educated in New York, and was about to enter Columbia College, when he changed his mind and took a position as clerk in an importing house. Being an omnivorous reader and a close and careful student as well, he soon gave up this place and trusted to his pen for a living. While he was writing for the *Arcadian*, a short-lived journal, he was able to increase his acquaintance with the latter-day literatures of France and Germany. In 1873 Bunner began to write for the *Arcadian*, and in 1877, on the issue of the first number of the English edition of *Puck*, he appeared as an assistant editor of that paper. His more permanent works include "A Woman of Honor" (1883); "The Tower of Babel" (1883), a play written for Marie Wainwright; "Airs from Arcady" (1884); "In Partnership" (1884) — in collaboration with Brander Matthews; "The Midge" (1886); "The Story of a New York House" (1887); "Zadoc Pine" (1891); "The Runaway Browns" (1892); "Rowen" (1892); "Made in France" (1893); "Short Sixes" (1894), and "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane" (1896). Shortly before the publication of "The Midge," Mr. Bunner was married to the lady to whom he had dedicated the final stanza of "Airs from Arcady," inscribed "To Her"; and to whom he dedicated all his subsequent books — "To A. L. B."

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF SMITH.[1]

(From "Short Sixes.")

WHEN the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the [illegible] over the top story of the great brick tenement house in [illegible] she lived, she was quite tired out. If you do not understand [illegible] story is, you must remember that [illegible] greed, and hardly any to the [illegible] en the man who owned that [illegible] could rent another floor,

[illegible]mann.

he found no difficulty in persuading the guardians of our building laws to let him clap another story on the roof, like a cabin on the deck of a ship; and in the southeasterly of the four apartments on this floor the little seamstress lived. You could just see the top of her window from the street — the huge cornice that had capped the original front, and that served as her window-sill now, quite hid all the lower part of the story on top of the top story.

The little seamstress was scarcely thirty years old, but she was such an old-fashioned little body in so many of her looks and ways that I had almost spelled her "sempstress," after the fashion of our grandmothers. She had been a comely body, too; and would have been still, if she had not been thin and pale and anxious-eyed.

She was tired out to-night, because she had been working hard all day for a lady who lived far up in the "New Wards" beyond Harlem River, and after the long journey home she had to climb seven flights of tenement-house stairs. She was too tired, both in body and in mind, to cook the two little chops she had brought home. She would save them for breakfast, she thought. So she made herself a cup of tea on the miniature stove, and ate a slice of dry bread with it. It was too much trouble to make toast.

But after dinner she watered her flowers. She was never too tired for that, and the six pots of geraniums that caught the south sun on the top of the cornice did their best to repay her. Then she sat down in her rocking-chair by the window and looked out. Her eyry was high above all the other buildings, and she could look across some low roofs opposite and see the further end of Tompkins Square, with its sparse spring green showing faintly through the dusk. The eternal roar of the city floated up to her and vaguely troubled her. She was a country girl; and although she had lived for ten years in New York, she had never grown used to that ceaseless murmur. To-night she felt the languor of the new season, as well as the heaviness of physical exhaustion. She was almost too tired to go to bed.

She thought of the hard day done and the hard day to be begun after the night spent on the hard little bed. She thought of the peaceful days in the country, when she ta
the Massachusetts village where she was born.
a hundred small slights that she had to bear fro
fed than bred. She thought of the sweet gre

rarely saw nowadays. She thought of the long journey forth and back that must begin and end her morrow's work, and she wondered if her employer would think to offer to pay her fare. Then she pulled herself together. She must think of more agreeable things or she could not sleep. And as the only agreeable things she had to think about were her flowers, she looked at the garden on top of the cornice.

A peculiar gritting noise made her look down, and she saw a cylindrical object that glittered in the twilight, advancing in an irregular and uncertain manner toward her flower-pots. Looking closer, she saw that it was a pewter beer-mug, which somebody in the next apartment was pushing with a two-foot rule. On top of the beer-mug was a piece of paper, and on this paper was written, in a sprawling, half-formed hand: —

porter
pleas excuse the libberty And
drink it

The seamstress started up in terror and shut the window. She remembered that there was a man in the next apartment. She had seen him on the stairs on Sundays. He seemed a grave, decent person; but — he must be drunk. She sat down on her bed all a-tremble. Then she reasoned with herself. The man was drunk, that was all. He probably would not annoy her further. And if he did, she had only to retreat to Mrs. Mulvaney's apartment in the rear, and Mr. Mulvaney, who was a highly respectable man and worked in a boiler-shop, would protect her. So, being a poor woman who had already had occasion to excuse — and refuse — two or three "libberties" of like sort, she made up her mind to go to bed like a reasonable seamstress, and she did. She was rewarded, for when her light was out, she could see in the moonlight that the two-foot rule appeared again with one joint bent back, hitched itself into the mug-handle, and withdrew the mug.

The next day was a hard one for the little seamstress, and she hardly thought of the affair of the night before until the same hour had come around again, and she sat once more by her window. Then she smiled at the remembrance. "Poor fellow," she said in her charitable heart, "I've no doubt he's *awfully* ashamed of it now. Perhaps he was never tipsy before. Perhaps he didn't know there was a lone woman in here to be frightened."

Just then she heard a gritting sound. She looked down. The pewter pot was in front of her, and the two-foot rule was slowly retiring. On the pot was a piece of paper, and on the paper was —

porter
good for the helth
it makes meet

This time the little seamstress shut her window with a bang of indignation. The color rose to her pale cheeks. She thought that she would go down to see the janitor at once. Then she remembered the seven flights of stairs; and she resolved to see the janitor in the morning. Then she went to bed, and saw the mug drawn back just as it had been drawn back the night before.

The morning came, but somehow the seamstress did not care to complain to the janitor. She hated to make trouble — and the janitor might think — and — and — well, if the wretch did it again she would speak to him herself, and that would settle it. And so on the next night, which was a Thursday, the little seamstress sat down by her window, resolved to settle the matter. And she had not sat there long, rocking in the creaking little rocking-chair which she had brought with her from her old home, when the pewter pot hove in sight, with a piece of paper on the top. This time the legend read: —

Perhaps you are afrade i will
adress you
i am not that kind

The seamstress did not quite know whether to laugh or to cry. But she felt that the time had come for speech. She leaned out of her window and addressed the twilight heaven.

"Mr. — Mr. — sir — I — will you *please* put your head out of the window so that I can speak to you?"

The silence of the other room was undisturbed. The seamstress drew back, blushing. But before she could nerve herself for another attack, a piece of paper appeared on the end of the two-foot rule.

when i Say a thing i
mene it
i have Sed i would not
Adress you and i
Will not

What was the little seamstress to do? She stood by the window and thought hard about it. Should she complain to the janitor? But the creature was perfectly respectful. No doubt he meant to be kind. He certainly was kind, to waste these pots of porter on her. She remembered the last time — and the first — that she had drunk porter. It was at home, when she was a young girl, after she had the diphtheria. She remembered how good it was, and how it had given her back her strength. And without one thought of what she was doing, she lifted the pot of porter and took one little reminiscent sip — two little reminiscent sips — and became aware of her utter fall and defeat. She blushed now as she had never blushed before, put the pot down, closed the window, and fled to her bed like a deer to the woods.

And when the porter arrived the next night, bearing the simple appeal —

Don't be afrade of it
drink it all

the little seamstress arose and grasped the pot firmly by the handle, and poured its contents over the earth around her largest geranium. She poured the contents out to the last drop, and then she dropped the pot, and ran back and sat on her bed and cried, with her face hid in her hands.

"Now," she said to herself, "you've done it! And you're just as nasty and hard-hearted and suspicious and mean as — as pusley!" And she wept to think of her hardness of heart. "He will never give me a chance to say 'I am sorry,'" she thought. And really, she might have spoken kindly to the poor man, and told him that she was much obliged to him, but that he really must not ask her to drink porter with him.

"But it's all over and done now," she said to herself as she sat at her window on Saturday night. And then she looked at the cornice, and saw the faithful little pewter pot traveling slowly toward her.

She was conquered. This act of Christian forbearance was too much for her kindly spirit. She read the inscription on the paper,

porter is good for Flours
but better for Fokes

and she lifted the pot to her lips, which were not half so red as her cheeks, and took a good, hearty, grateful draught.

She sipped in thoughtful silence after this first plunge, and presently she was surprised to find the bottom of the pot in full view. On the table at her side a few pearl buttons were screwed up in a bit of white paper. She untwisted the paper and smoothed it out, and wrote in a tremulous hand — she *could* write a very neat hand —

Thanks.

This she laid on the top of the pot, and in a moment the bent two-foot rule appeared and drew the mail-carriage home. Then she sat still, enjoying the warm glow of the porter, which seemed to have permeated her entire being with a heat that was not at all like the unpleasant and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, an atmosphere heavy with the spring damp. A gritting on the tin aroused her. A piece of paper lay under her eyes.

fine groing weather
Smith

Now it is unlikely that in the whole round and range of conversational commonplaces there was one other greeting that could have induced the seamstress to continue the exchange of communications. But this simple and homely phrase touched her country heart. What did "groing weather" matter to the toilers in this waste of brick and mortar? This stranger must be, like herself, a country-bred soul, longing for the new green and the upturned brown mold of the country fields. She took up the paper, and wrote under the first message: —

Fine

But that seemed curt: "for — " she added; "for" what? She did not know. At last in desperation she put down "potatoes." The piece of paper was withdrawn, and came back with an addition: —

Too mist for potatos

And when the little seamstress had read this, and grasped the fact that "m-i-s-t" represented the writer's pronunciation of "moist," she laughed softly to herself. A man whose mind at such a time was seriously bent upon potatoes was not a man to be feared. She found a half-sheet of note-paper, and wrote: —

I lived in a small village before I came to New York, but I am afraid I do not know much about farming. Are you a farmer?

The answer came: —

have ben most Every thing
farmed a Spel in Maine
Smith

As she read this, the seamstress heard the church clock strike nine.

"Bless me, is it so late?" she cried, and she hurriedly penciled *Good Night*, thrust the paper out, and closed the window. But a few minutes later, passing by, she saw yet another bit of paper on the cornice, fluttering in the evening breeze. It said only *good nite*, and after a moment's hesitation, the little seamstress took it in and gave it shelter.

After this they were the best of friends. Every evening the jest appeared, and while the seamstress drank from it at her window, Mr. Smith drank from its twin at his; and notes were exchanged as rapidly as Mr. Smith's early education permitted. They told each other their histories, and Mr. Smith's was one of travel and variety, which he seemed to consider quite a matter of course. He had followed the sea, he had farmed, he had been a logger and a hunter in the Maine woods. Now he was foreman of an East River lumber-yard, and he was prospering. In a year or two he would have enough laid by to go home to Bucksport and buy a share in a ship-building business. All this bubbled out in the course of a jerky but variegated correspondence, in which autobiographic details were mixed with reflections moral and philosophical.

A few samples will give an idea of Mr. Smith's style: —

i was one trip to van demens
land

To which the seamstress replied: —

It must have been very interesting.

But Mr. Smith disposed of this subject very briefly: —

it wornt

Further he vouchsafed: —

i seen a chinese cook in
hong kong could cook flapjacks
like your mother

a mishnery that sells Rum
is the menest of Gods crechers

a bulfite is not what it is
cract up to Be

the dagos are wussen the
brutes

i am 6 1¾
but my Father was 6 foot 4

The seamstress had taught school one winter, and she could not refrain from making an attempt to reform Mr. Smith's orthography. One evening, in answer to this communication, —

i killd a Bare in Maine 600
lbs waight

she wrote: —

Isn't it generally spelled Bear?

but she gave up the attempt when he responded: —

a bare is a mene animle any
way you spel him

The spring wore on, and the summer came, and still the evening drink and the evening correspondence brightened the close of each day for the little seamstress. And the draught of porter put her to sleep each night, giving her a calmer rest than she had ever known during her stay in the noisy city; and it began, moreover, to make a little "meet" for her. And then the thought that she was going to have an hour of pleasant companionship somehow gave her courage to cook and eat her little dinner, however tired she was. The seamstress's cheeks began to blossom with the June roses.

And all this time Mr. Smith kept his vow of silence unbroken, though the seamstress sometimes tempted him with little ejaculations and exclamations to which he might have responded. He was silent and invisible. Only the smoke of his pipe, and the clink of his mug as he set it down on the cornice, told her that a living, material Smith was her correspondent. They never met on the stairs, for their hours of coming and going did not coincide. Once or twice they passed each other in the street — but Mr. Smith looked straight ahead of him about a foot over her head. The little seamstress thought he was a very fine-looking man, with his six feet one and three-quarters and his thick brown beard. Most people would have called him plain.

Once she spoke to him. She was coming home one summer evening, and a gang of corner-loafers stopped her and demanded money to buy beer, as is their custom. Before she had time to be frightened, Mr. Smith appeared, — whence, she knew not, — scattered the gang like chaff, and collaring two of the human hyenas, kicked them, with deliberate, ponderous, alternate kicks, until they writhed in ineffable agony. When he let them crawl away, she turned to him and thanked him warmly, looking very pretty now, with the color in her cheeks. But Mr. Smith answered no word. He stared over her head, grew red in the face, fidgeted nervously, but held his peace until his eyes fell on a rotund Teuton passing by.

"Say, Dutchy!" he roared. The German stood aghast. "I ain't got nothing to write with!" thundered Mr. Smith, looking him in the eye. And then the man of his word passed on his way.

And so the summer went on, and the two correspondents chatted silently from window to window, hid from sight of all the world below by the friendly cornice. And they looked out over the roof and saw the green of Tompkins Square grow darker and dustier as the months went on.

Mr. Smith was given to Sunday trips into the suburbs, and he never came back without a bunch of daisies or black-eyed Susans or, later, asters or golden-rod for the little seamstress. Sometimes, with a sagacity rare in his sex, he brought her a whole plant, with fresh loam for potting.

He gave her also a reel in a bottle, which, he wrote, he had "maid" himself, and some coral, and a dried flying-fish that was something fearful to look upon, with its sword-like fins and its hollow eyes. At first she could not go to sleep with that flying-fish hanging on the wall.

But he surprised the little seamstress very much one cool September evening, when he shoved this letter along the cornice: —

Respected and Honored Madam:

Having long and vainly sought an opportunity to convey to you the expression of my sentiments, I now avail myself of the privilege of epistolary communication to acquaint you with the fact that the Emotions, which you have raised in my breast, are those which should point to Connubial Love and Affection rather than to simple Friendship. In short, Madam, I have the Honor to approach you with a Proposal, the acceptance of which will fill me with ecstatic Gratitude, and enable me to extend to you those Protecting Cares,

which the Matrimonial Bond makes at once the Duty and the Privilege of him, who would, at no distant date, lead to the Hymeneal Altar one whose charms and virtues should suffice to kindle its Flames, without extraneous Aid

I remain, Dear Madam,
Your Humble Servant and Ardent Adorer, J. Smith.

The little seamstress gazed at this letter a long time. Perhaps she was wondering in what Ready Letter-Writer of the last century Mr. Smith had found his form. Perhaps she was amused at the results of his first attempt at punctuation. Perhaps she was thinking of something else, for there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her small mouth.

But it must have been a long time, and Mr. Smith must have grown nervous, for presently another communication came along the line where the top of the cornice was worn smooth. It read:

If not understood will you mary me

The little seamstress seized a piece of paper and wrote: —

If I say Yes, will you speak to me?

Then she rose and passed it out to him, leaning out of the window, and their faces met.

The Old Flag.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for the tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger-tips —
Ay! the lump just left then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shred —
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If Death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with Death has lain
This twenty years and more; —
He died that the work should not be vain
Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray —

But look at his eye fire young and bold,
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes right in to the heart;—
If ever it calls for *you*, boy, be there!
Be there, and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of its sacred dead.

CANDOR.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic Fall
And say you're sorry the Summer's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted.
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb
And you'll have me, anyway, just as
Now, aren't you honestly?" "Ye

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN, an English author, born in Elstow, Bedford, in November, 1628; died in London, Aug. 31, 1688. He was the son of a tinker, went to the village school, and at seventeen enlisted in the Parliamentary army and served during the decisive year of 1645. In 1653 he joined a little community sometimes described as a Baptist church, and preached in the villages near Bedford until imprisoned in the Bedford jail. Here he remained for twelve years, being only released after the Declaration of Indulgence in 1672. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was begun while the author was in prison, and was issued in 1678, a second part appearing in 1684. It was soon followed by "The Holy War," the account of the taking of the "fair and delicate town" of Mansoul by Diabolus, and of its recapture by Prince Emmanuel. "The life of Mr. Badman" is a didactic tale in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive. It describes the career of a vulgar scoundrel, and is "a vivid picture of rough life in the days of Charles II." Mr. Badman is a reprobate, living all his life in sin, and dying in peace. Though now little read, it is a remarkable work.

Bunyan's death was the consequence of an act of charity. In 1688 he traveled on horseback from Bedford to Reading to reconcile a father to his son, whom he had disinherited. Bunyan's mission was successful, but it cost him his life. Returning by London, he was overtaken by rain and drenched to the skin. He reached the house of a friend in London, where he died ten days afterward of a fever.

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON.

(From the "Pilgrim's Progress.")

BUT now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground:

But he considered again that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Apollyon — Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Christian — I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apollyon — By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy King? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Christian — I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death"; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do — look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apollyon — There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Christian — But I have let myself to another, even to the King of Princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apollyon — Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip and return again to me: Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Christian — I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him: how then can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

Apollyon — Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Christian — What I promised thee was in my nonage; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee: and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company and country, better than thine; and therefore leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

Apollyon — Consider again when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways: How many of them have been put to shameful deaths; and besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of our hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

Christian — His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end: and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his, and the glory of the angels.

Apollyon — Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him, and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

Christian — Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

Apollyon — Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest.

Christian — All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful, and ready to forgive; but besides, these infirmities possessed me in my country, for there I sucked them in, and I have

groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Then Apollyon broke out into grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people: I am come out on purpose to withstand thee."

Christian — Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness, therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul."

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now: and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise"; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound: Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing. I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (namely, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I have said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that would go to the city, and yet not go through this town, "must needs go out of the world." (1 Cor. 4: 10.) The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day, too; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities, yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure

told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. 11: 13–16); and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge;--the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and "not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing," and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in an angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party

yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of their fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, also, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it: therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment. But committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood; their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof was this: "That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace: the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear, and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against

him. Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath, before this honorable bench, that he is —

Judge — Hold; give him his oath.

So they sware him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country; he neither regarded prince nor people, law nor custom, but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

Envy — My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they swear him; so he began.

Superstition — My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that I had with him the other day, in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which saying of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned: and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in the behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank — My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoken; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are, the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain

Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility: and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such-like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou renegade, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

Faithful — May I speak a few words in my own defense?

Judge — Sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile renegade, hast to say.

Faithful — 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith; which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town and country. And so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood to hear and observe), Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also, you have heard his reply and confession. It lies now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but think meet to instruct you in our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. (Exod. 1: 22.) There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. (Dan. 3: 6.) There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso for some time called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lion's den. (Dan. 6: 7.) Now, the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must, therefore, needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason that he hath already confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Heady, Mr. Highmind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. Nogood, away with such a fellow from the earth. Aye, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Lovelust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Liveloose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. Highmind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging him is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.

And so they did: therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according

to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw, that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who (as soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison: so he remained there for a space. But He who overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

And as he went, he sang, saying,

> Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
> Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,
> When Faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
> Are crying out under their hellish plights:
> Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
> For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

Giant Despair.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. (Num. 21: 4.) Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called Bypath meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let's go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see; and behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian; here is the easiest going: come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hopeful—But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. (Isa. 9: 16.)

Now, Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way: and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh, that I had kept on my way!

Christian — Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hopeful — I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Christian — Good brother, be not offended: I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hopeful — Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Christian — I am glad I have with me a merciful brother: must not stand here; let us try to go back again.

H — But, good brother, let me go before.

No, if you please, let me go first, that if there

be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hopeful — No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be toward the highway, even the way that thou wentest: turn again." (Jer. 31: 21.) But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. (Psa. 88: 18.) Now, in this place, Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he

asked her, also, what he had best do further with them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counseled him, that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse.

Christian.—Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. (Job 7: 15.) Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hopeful.—Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and ore welcome to me than thus forever to sider, the Lord of the country to which "Thou shalt do no murder," no, not much more, then, are we forbidden

to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life," &c. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth: —

Hopeful — My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through; and art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with

bee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also, this iant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off he bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn ithout the light. But, let us exercise a little more patience. emember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast either afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death; herefore, let us (at least to avoid the shame that it becomes ot a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well s we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife eing in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if hey had taken his counsel: to which he replied, They are turdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to nake away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into he castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls f those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them elieve, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in ieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them gain, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as is wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you re, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have lone; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so ithin ten days I will do to you. Go, get you down to your len again. And with that he beat them all the way thither. hey lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, s before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffilence, and her husband the giant, was got to bed, they began o renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old iant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel ring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, aid she, that they live in hopes that some will come to reieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the neans of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my lear? said the giant. I will therefore search them in the norning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, nd continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half mazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may s well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called

Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it. They then thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows: —

> "Out of the way we went, and then we found
> What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
> And let them that come after have a care,
> Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare;
> Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
> Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair."

(From "The Holy War.")

The Dealings of Diabolus with My Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience.

Now having got possession of this stately palace or castle, what doth he but makes it a garrison for himself, and strengthens and fortifies it with all sorts of provision against the King

Shaddai, or those that should endeavor the regaining of it to him and his obedience again. This done, but not thinking himself yet secure enough, in the next place he bethinks himself of new modeling the town; and so he does, setting up one, and putting down another at pleasure. Wherefore my Lord Mayor, whose name was my Lord Understanding, and Mr. Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, these he put out of place and power.

As for my Lord Mayor, though he was an understanding man, and one, too, that had complied with the rest of the town of Mansoul in admitting the giant into the town; yet Diabolus thought not fit to let him abide in his former luster and glory, because he was a seeing man. Wherefore he darkened him, not only by taking from him his office and power, but by building an high and strong tower, just between the Sun's reflections and the windows of my lord's palace; by which means his house and all, and the whole of his habitation, were made as dark as darkness itself. And thus, being alienated from the light, he became as one that was born blind. To this his house, my lord was confined as to a prison, nor might he, upon his parole, go farther than within his own bounds. And now, had he had an heart to do for Mansoul, what could he do for it, or wherein could he be profitable to her? So then, so long as Mansoul was under the power and government of Diabolus (and so long it was under him as it was obedient to him, which was even until by a war it was rescued out of his hand), so long my Lord Mayor was rather an impediment in, than an advantage to, the famous town of Mansoul.

As for Mr. Recorder, before the town was taken, he was a man well read in the laws of his King and also a man of courage and faithfulness to speak truth at every occasion; and he had a tongue as bravely hung, as he had a head filled with judgment. Now, this man Diabolus could by no means abide, because, though he gave his consent to his coming into the town, yet he could not, by all the wiles, trials, stratagems, and devices that he could use, make him wholly his own. True, he was much degenerated from his former King, and also much pleased with many of the giant's laws and service; but all this would not do, forasmuch as he was not wholly his. He would now and then think upon Shaddai, and have dread of his law upon him, and then he would speak against Diabolus with a voice as great as when a lion roareth. Yea, and would also at

certain times, when his fits were upon him (for you must know that sometimes he had terrible fits), make the whole town of Mansoul shake with his voice; and therefore the new King of Mansoul could not abide him.

Diabolus, therefore, feared the Recorder more than any that was left alive in the town of Mansoul, because, as I said, his words did shake the whole town; they were like the rattling thunder, and also like thunder-claps. Since, therefore, the giant could not make him wholly his own, what doth he do but studies all he can to debauch the old gentleman, and by debauchery to stupefy his mind and more harden his heart in the ways of vanity. And as he attempted, so he accomplished his design: he debauched the man and, by little and little, so drew him into sin and wickedness, that at last he was not only debauched, as at first, and so by consequence defiled, but was almost (at last, I say) past all conscience of sin. And this was the farthest Diabolus could go. Wherefore he bethinks him of another project, and that was to persuade the men of the town that Mr. Recorder was mad, and so not to be regarded. And for this he urged his fits, and said, "If he be himself, why doth he not do thus always? But," quoth he, "as all mad folks have their fits, and in them their raving language, so hath this old man and doating gentleman."

Thus, by one means or another, he quickly got Mansoul to slight, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder could say. For, besides what already you have heard, Diabolus had a way to make the old gentleman, when he was merry, unsay and deny what he in his fits had affirmed. And, indeed, this was the next way to make himself ridiculous, and to cause that no man should regard him. Also he never spake freely for King Shaddai, but always by force and constraint. Besides, he would at one time be hot against that at which, at another, he would hold his peace; so uneven was he now in his doings. Sometimes he would be as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as dead, even then when the whole town of Mansoul was in her career after vanity, and in her dance after the giant's pipe.

Wherefore, sometimes when Mansoul did use to be frightened with the thundering voice of the Recorder that was, and when they did tell Diabolus of it, he would answer that what the old gentleman said was neither of love to him nor pity to them, but of a foolish fondness that he had to be prating; and so would hush, still, and put all to quiet again. And that he

might leave no argument unurged that might tend to make secure, he said, and said it often, "O Mansoul! consider that, notwithstanding the old gentleman's rage, and the rattle of his high and thundering words, you hear nothing of Shaddai himself;" when, liar and deceiver that he was, every outcry of Mr. Recorder against the sin of Mansoul was the voice of God in him to them. . . . "Moreover, O Mansoul," quoth he, "consider how I have served you, even to the uttermost of my power, and that with the best that I have, could get, or procure for you in all the world. . . . I have not laid any restraint upon you; you have no law, statute, or judgment of mine to fright you, I call none of you to account for your doings, except the madman — you know who I mean; I have granted you to live, each man like a prince in his own, even with as little control from me as I myself have from you."

And thus would Diabolus hush and quiet the town of Mansoul, when the Recorder that was, did at times molest them; yea, and with such cursed orations as these would set the whole town in a rage and fury against the old gentleman. Yea, the rascal crew at some times would be for destroying him. They have often wished in my hearing that he had lived a thousand miles off from them: his company, his words, yea, the sight of him, and especially when they remembered how in old times he did use to threaten and condemn them (for all he was now so debauched), did terrify and afflict them sore.

The Prisoners from Mansoul appear Before Prince Emmanuel.

Well, the time is come that the prisoners must go down to the camp, and appear before the Prince. And thus was the manner of their going down: Captain Boanerges went with a guard before them, and Captain Conviction came behind, and the prisoners went down, bound in chains, in the midst. So, I say, the prisoners went in the midst, and the guard went with flying colors behind and before, but the prisoners went with drooping spirits. Or, more particularly thus: — The prisoners went down all in mourning; they put ropes upon themselves; they went on, smiting themselves on the breast, but durst not lift up their eyes to heaven. Thus they went out at the gate of Mansoul, till they came into the midst of the Prince's army, the

sight and glory of which did greatly heighten their affliction. Nor could they now longer forbear, but cry aloud, "O unhappy men! O wretched men of Mansoul!" Their chains, still mixing their dolorous notes with the cries of the prisoners, made the noise more lamentable.

So when they came to the door of the Prince's pavilion, they cast themselves prostrate upon the place; then one went in and told his lord that the prisoners were come down. The Prince then ascended a throne of state, and sent for the prisoners in; who, when they came, did tremble before him, also they covered their faces with shame. Now, as they drew near to the place where he sat, they threw themselves down before him. Then said the Prince to the Captain Boanerges, "Bid the prisoners stand upon their feet." Then they stood trembling before him, and he said, "Are you the men that heretofore were the servants of Shaddai?" And they said, "Yes, Lord, yes." Then said the Prince again, "Are you the men that did suffer yourselves to be corrupted and defiled by that abominable one, Diabolus?" And they said, "We did more than suffer it, Lord, for we chose it of our own mind." The Prince asked further, saying, "Could you have been content that your slavery should have continued under his tyranny as long as you had lived?" Then said the prisoners, "Yes, Lord, yes; for his ways were pleasing to our flesh, and we were grown aliens to a better state." — "And did you," said he, "when I came up against the town of Mansoul, heartily wish that I might not have the victory over you?" — "Yes, Lord, yes," said they. Then said the Prince, "And what punishment is it, think you, that you deserve at my hands, for these and other your high and mighty sins?" And they said, "Both death and the deep, Lord; for we have deserved no less." He then asked again if they had aught to say for themselves why the sentence that they confessed they had deserved should not be passed upon them. And they said, "We can say nothing, Lord: thou art just, for we have sinned." Then said the Prince, "And for what are those ropes in your hands?" The prisoners answered, "These ropes are to bind us withal to the place of execution, if mercy be not pleasing in thy sight." So he further asked, if all the men in the town of Mansoul were in this confession as they? And they answered, "All the natives, Lord; but for the Diabolonians that came into our town where the tyrant got possession of us, we can say nothing for them."

Then the Prince commanded that a herald should be called, and that he should, in the midst and throughout the camp of Emmanuel proclaim, and that with sound of trumpet, that the Prince, the son of Shaddai, had, in his Father's name, and for his Father's glory, gotten a perfect conquest and victory over Mansoul; and that the prisoners should follow him and say Amen. So this was done as he had commanded. And presently the music that was in the upper region sounded melodiously, the captains that were in the camp shouted, and the soldiers did sing songs of triumph to the Prince; the colors waved in the wind, and great joy was everywhere, only it was wanting as yet in the hearts of the men of Mansoul.

Then the Prince called for the prisoners to come and to stand again before him, and they came and stood trembling. And he said unto them, "The sins, trespasses, iniquities that you, with the whole town of Mansoul, have from time to time committed against my Father and me, I have power and commandment from my Father to forgive to the town of Mansoul, and do forgive you accordingly." And having so said, he gave them, written in parchment, and sealed with seven seals, a large and general pardon, commanding my Lord Mayor, my Lord Will-be-will, and Mr. Recorder to proclaim, and cause it to be proclaimed to-morrow, by that the sun is up, throughout the whole town of Mansoul. Moreover, the Prince stripped the prisoners of their mourning weeds, and gave them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Then he gave to each of the three jewels of gold and precious stones, and took away their ropes and put chains of gold about their necks and ear-rings in their ears.

Now, the prisoners, when they did hear the gracious words of Prince Emmanuel, and had beheld all that was done unto them, fainted almost quite away; for the grace, the benefit, the pardon, was sudden, glorious and so big, that they were not able to stand up under it. Yea, my Lord Will-be-will swooned outright; but the Prince stepped to him, put his everlasting arms under him, embraced him, kissed him, and bid him be of good cheer, for all should be performed according to his word. He also did kiss and embrace and smile upon the other two that were Will-be-will's companions, saying, "Take these as further tokens of my love, favor, and compassions to you; and I charge you that you, Mr. Recorder, tell in the town of Mansoul what you have heard and seen."

Then were their fetters broken to pieces before their faces, and cast into the air, and their steps were enlarged under them. Then they fell down at the feet of the Prince, and kissed his feet, and wetted them with tears: also they called out with a mighty strong voice, saying, "Blessed be the glory of the Lord from this place." So they were bid rise up and go to the town, and tell to Mansoul what the Prince had done. He commanded, also, that one with a pipe and tabor should go and play before them all the way into the town of Mansoul. Then was fulfilled what they never looked for, and they were made to possess that which they never dreamed of.

The Doubters.

The doubters are such as have their name from their nature as well as from the land and kingdom where they are born; their nature is to put a question upon every one of the truths of Emmanuel, and their country is called the land of "Doubting," and that land lieth off, and furthest remote to the north, between the land of "Darkness" and that called the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." For though the land of Darkness and that called the Valley of the Shadow of Death be sometimes called as if they were one and the self-same place, yet indeed they are two, lying but a little way asunder, and the land of Doubting points in, and lieth between them. This is the land of Doubting; and these that came with Diabolus to ruin the town of Mansoul are the natives of that country.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

Gottfried August Bürger, a famous German lyric poet, son of a Lutheran clergyman, was born at Wolmerswende, Jan. 1, 1748; died at Göttingen, June 8, 1794. He was educated at Aschersleben and at Halle, and was twice married. He studied theology at Halle, and law at Göttingen, but neglected both for poetry. Through the influence of his friend, Boje, who was one of the members of a famous literary association to which Bürger had been admitted, he obtained a collectorship at Altengleichen. It was here that he wrote his celebrated ballad of "Lenore," which was inspired by hearing a peasant girl singing some snatches of a ghost-story song by moonlight. This ballad immediately established his reputation as a poet. Bürger essayed the dramatic style which Goethe created. He reveled in mystery and gloom, and it was his delight to conjure up ghosts and depict the terror their appearance caused. Two editions of his works were published before his death (1778–1779), a third was brought out (1796).

Lenore.

Lenore starts at daybreak's shine
  From troubled dreams: "Oh say,
Art dead or faithless, Wilhelm, mine?
  How long wilt thou delay?"
He'd gone with Frederic's host to wield
His sword on Prague's dread battle-field,
Nor had he sent to tell
If he were safe and well.

The monarch and the empress, tired
  Of bickering brawl and feud,
To bend their stubborn wills conspired,
  And peace at length conclude;
Each host with song and shouting rang,
With trumpet blast and clash and clang;
Decked with a verdant spray,
Each homeward wends his way.

And everywhere, aye, everywhere,
In road and lane and street,
Went forth the old, the young, the fair,
The shouting host to meet.
"Thank Heaven!" child and mother cried,
"O welcome!" many a promised bride.
Alas! kiss and salute
Were for Lenore mute.

To glean intelligence she sought,
Of all she asked the name,
But there was none could tell her aught,
'Mong all the host that came.
When all were passed, in dark despair,
She wildly tore her raven hair;
In rage and grief profound,
She sank upon the ground.

Her mother hastened to her side,—
"God, banish these alarms!
What is the matter, child?" she cried,
And clasped her in her arms.
"O mother, mother, all is o'er!
O world, farewell for evermore!
No mercy God doth know.
Unhappy me, O woe!"

"Have mercy, God! in thee we trust.
Child, pray a *Pater Noster!*
What God decrees is right and just,
God us with care will foster."—
"O mother, this illusion flee!
Unjust, unjust is God to me!
Availed my prayers before?
Now need I pray no more."

"Help, God! who knows the Father knows
He hears his children's prayer;
The sacrament will soothe thy woes,
And soften thy despair."—
"O mother, mother, naught will tame,
No sacrament will quench this flame,
No sacrament avails,
When death our flesh assails."

"My child, what if the faithless youth,
In Hungary's far plains,

Have cast aside his faith and truth
For other nuptial chains?
Look on his heart, my child, as dead,
'Twill bring no blessings on his head.
When soul and body part,
Flames will consume his heart." —

"O mother, mother, all is o'er!
Forever lost, forlorn!
Death, death is all that I implore,
O would I'd ne'er been born!
Go out, go out, thou life, thou spark!
Die 'midst these horrors drear and dark!
No mercy God doth know.
Unhappy me, O woe!"

"Help, God, do not thy vengeance wreak
Here on thy sickly child!
She knows not what her tongue doth speak;
O be thy judgment mild!
All earthly cares, my child, forswear,
For God and thy salvation care!
Then for thy soul's avail
A bridegroom will not fail." —

"What is salvation, mother? say!
O mother, what is hell?
Salvation is with Wilhelm, yea,
Without him is but hell.
Go out, go out, thou light, thou spark!
Die 'midst these horrors drear and dark!
Nor there, nor here on earth
Hath bliss without him worth."

Thus raged with dread omnipotence
Despair in every vein.
Blaspheming, she of Providence
Continued to complain;
She wrung her hands, she beat her breast,
Until the sun sank down to rest,
Till o'er the vaulted sphere
The golden stars appear.

Hark! tramp, tramp, tramp, without is heard
A charger in full speed!
And at the gate a rider, spurred,
Dismounts his reeking steed.

And hark! O hark! the portal's ring,
So soft, so gentle, ting-ling-ling!
Then came unto her ear
These words, distinct and clear:

"Holla! my child, come, ope the door!
Dost wake, my love, or sleep?
Lov'st thou me now as heretofore?
And dost thou laugh or weep?"
"Ah, Wilhelm, thou, so late by night?
I've wept and watched till dimmed my sight.
My grief, alas, how great!
Whence comest thou so late?"

"We saddle but at dead of night;
I from Bohemia come,
'Twas late ere I began my flight,
Now will I bear thee home."
"Ah, Wilhelm, quick, come in to me!
The wind howls through the hawthorn-tree!
Come in, my fondest, best,
And warm thee on my breast!"

"O let it howl and whistle round
The hawthorn-tree, my sweet!
The charger paws, the spurs resound,
To linger 'tis not meet.
Come, bind thy dress, spring up to me,
Behind me, for to-day I thee
A hundred leagues must bear,
My nuptial couch to share."

"Unto her bridal bed will bear
A hundred leagues thy bride?
O hark! the clock rings through the air
Its tongue eleven cried." —
"Come, dearest, come, the moon is bright,
The dead and we ride quick by night.
To-day thou shalt, I vouch,
Lie on thy nuptial couch." —

"Where is thy little chamber? where
Thy nuptial bed? relate!"
"Cool, small, and quiet, far from here,
Eight boards — two small, six great!" —
"There's room for me?" — "For me and thee.
Come, bind thy dress, spring up to me!

The guests await, and hope
Our chamber door will ope."

She tied her dress, and with a bound
  Upon the charger sprung;
Her arms of lily white around
  The faithful rider slung;
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon
In furious gallop, on, on, on!
Steed snorted, rider, too;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

On sinister and dexter hand,
  Before their eyes in sunder,
How swiftly fly mead, heath, and land!
  The bridges, how they thunder!
"Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear the dead?" — "Ah no,
But love, O speak not so!"

What tones are they which sweep along?
  The flapping ravens hurry.
Hark, tolling bells! Hark, wailing song!
  "The body we will bury."
A mourning train came on before,
A coffin and a bier they bore.
Their song — so croaks the frog,
Ill boding in the bog.

"At midnight bury in the tomb
  The corpse with song and wail!
I bear my youthful spouse now home,
  Come to the bride's regale!
Come, Sexton, bring the choir along,
And chant to me our nuptial song!
Speak, priest, thy blessing, ere
We to our couch repair!"

The song was hushed, the bier was gone
  Obedient to his call.
Whoop! whoop! behind the charger on
  They scoured, one and all.
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew a
In furious gallop on, on, o
Steed snorted, rider, t
The sparks and peb

How flew unto the right and left
  Hedge, tree, and mountain fast!
How swiftly flew, both right and left,
  Town, village, hamlet, past! —
"Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Ah, leave in peace the dead!"

See there! see there! Ha! dimly seen,
  How dance around the wheel,
Crown'd by the moonbeam's pallid sheen,
  The spectral dead their reel.
"So ho! ye rout, come here to me!
Ye rabble rout, come follow me!
And dance our wedding reel
Ere we to slumber steal."

Whoop! whoop! ho, ho! the spirits flee
  Behind with din and noise;
So with the withered hazel-tree
  The rustling whirlwind toys.
And further, further, flew they on,
In furious gallop on, on, on!
Steed snorted, rider, too;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

How all beneath the moonbeam flew,
  How flew it far and fast!
How o'er their head the heavens blue,
  And stars flew swiftly past!
"Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Ah speak not of the dead!"

"Steed, steed! methinks the cock I hear;
  Nigh is the sand-glass spent.
Steed, steed! up, up! away from here!
  The morning air I scent.
At length, at length, our race is run,
The nuptial bed at length is won,
The dead ride quick by night,
Now, now will we alight."

Unto an iron gate anon
  In wild career they flew,

With slender twig one blow thereon
  Burst lock and bolt in two.
Wide open creaked the folding door,
And grave on grave they hurried o'er,
And tombstones gleamed around
Upon the moonlit ground.

Ha! look! see there! within a trice,
  Wheugh! wheugh! a horrid wonder!
The rider's jerkin, piece by piece,
  Like tinder falls asunder.
Upon his head no lock of hair,
A naked skull all grisly bare;
A skeleton, alas!
With scythe and hour-glass.

The snorting charger pranced and neighed,
  Fire from his nostrils came,
Ho, ho! at once beneath the maid
  He vanished in the flame.
And howl on howl ran through the sky,
From out the pit a whining cry;
Lenore's heart was wrung,
'Twixt life and death she hung.

Now in the moonlight danced the train
  Of phantom spirits round,
In giddy circles, in a chain;
  Thus did their howl resound:
"Forbear! forbear! though hearts should break,
Blaspheme not, lest God's wrath thou wake!
Thy body's knell we toll.
May God preserve thy soul!"

The Wives of Weinsberg.[1]

Which way to Weinsberg? neighbor, say!
  'Tis sure a famous city:
It must have cradled, in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay,
  And matrons wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

[1] Translated by C. T. Brooks: Reprinted from "Representative German ," by the courtesy of Mrs. Charles T. Brooks.

King Conrad once, historians say,
Fell out with this good city;
So down he came, one luckless day, —
Horse, foot, dragoons, — in stern array, —
And cannon, — more's the pity!
Around the walls the artillery roared,
And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But naught the little town could scare;
Then, red with indignation,
He bade the herald straight repair
Up to the gates, and thunder there
The following proclamation: —
"Rascals! when I your town do take,
No living thing shall save its neck!"

Now, when the herald's trumpet sent
These tidings through the city,
To every house a death knell went;
Such murder-cries the hot air rent
Might move the stones to pity.
Then bread grew dear, but good advice
Could not be had for any price.

Then, "Woe is me!" "O misery!"
What shrieks of lamentation!
And "Kyrie Eleison!" cried
The pastors, and the flock replied,
"Lord! save us from starvation!"
"Oh, woe is me, poor Corydon —
My neck, — my neck! I'm gone, — I'm gone!"

Yet oft, when counsel, deed, and prayer
Had all proved unavailing,
When hope hung trembling on a hair,
How oft has woman's wit been there!
A refuge never failing;
For woman's wit and Papal fraud,
Of olden time, were famed abroad.

A youthful dame, praised be her name! —
Last night had seen her plighted, —
Whether in waking hour or dream,
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,
Which all the town delighted;
Which you, if you think otherwise,
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

At midnight hour, when culverin
And gun and bomb were sleeping,
Before the camp with mournful mien
The loveliest embassy were seen,
All kneeling low and weeping.
So sweetly, plaintively they prayed,
But no reply save this was made:—

"The women have free leave to go,
Each with her choicest treasure;
But let the knaves their husbands know
That unto them the King will show
The weight of his displeasure."
With these sad terms the lovely train
Stole weeping from the camp again.

And when the morning gilt the sky,
What happened? Give attention:—
The city gates wide open fly,
And all the wives come trudging by,
Each bearing — need I mention? —
Her own dear husband on her back,
All snugly seated in a sack!

Full many a sprig of court, the joke
Not relishing, protested,
And urged the King; but Conrad spoke: —
"A monarch's word must not be broke!"
And here the matter rested.
"Bravo!" he cried, "Ha, ha! Bravo!
Our lady guessed it would be so."

He pardoned all, and gave a ball
That night at royal quarters.
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew,
And up and down the dancers flew,
Court sprigs with city daughters.
The mayor's wife — O rarest sight! —
Danced with the shoemaker that night!

Ah, where is Weinsberg, sir, I pray?
'Tis sure a famous city:
It must have cradled in its day
Full many a maid of noble clay,
And matrons wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, an illustrious British statesman, orator, and essayist, born at Dublin (most probably on Jan. 12, 1729); died at his acquired estate of Beaconsfield, in England, July 8, 1797. He was the son of an attorney in large practice and of some estate. In 1743 Burke went to the Dublin University, where in 1748 he took the degree of B.A. Being destined by his father for the English bar, he went to London in 1750, to keep his terms at the Temple. But he inclined to letters rather than to law, and in 1750 began literary work. Elected to Parliament, he made his first speech in 1766; and from that date until 1790 was one of the chief guides and inspirers of the revived Whig party.

In 1788 the House of Commons voted that Warren Hastings, late Governor-General of India, should be impeached before the House of Lords for high crimes and misdemeanors, and Burke was placed at the head of the commission charged with conducting the impeachment. The trial of Hastings, formally begun in February, 1788, was protracted for more than six years, memorable in history as the era of the French Revolution.

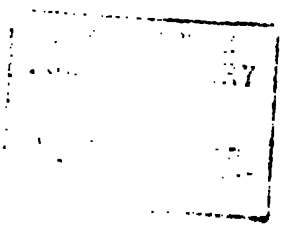
Hastings was found Not Guilty by the House of Lords, and shortly afterward (in June, 1794) Burke gave up his seat in the House of Commons. He was broken in health, and soon suffered a severe domestic loss in the death of Richard Burke, his only surviving son. His speeches and pamphlets are still considered the most striking and suggestive manuals of political philosophy in modern times. They, with his miscellaneous writings, are all included in his "Works and Correspondence" (8 vols., 1852). Among his most important works aside from his speeches are: "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful" (1756); "Reflections on the French Revolution" (1790); and "Letters on a Regicide Peace."

FROM THE SPEECH ON "CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA."

SIR, — It is not a pleasant consideration; but nothing in the world can read so awful and so instructive a lesson as the conduct of the Ministry in this business, upon the mischief of

THE RT HON^BLE EDMUND BURKE

Drawn from the Life



not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs. Never have the servants of the State looked at the whole of your complicated interests in one connected view. They have taken things by bits and scraps, some at one time and one pretense and some at another, just as they pressed, without any sort of regard to their relations or dependencies. They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an act which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honorably and fairly to disclaim. By such management, by the irresistible operation of feeble counsels, so paltry a sum as Threepence in the eyes of a financier, so insignificant an article as Tea in the eyes of a philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe.

Do you forget that in the very last year you stood on the precipice of general bankruptcy? Your danger was indeed great. You were distressed in the affairs of the East India Company; and you well know what sort of things are involved in the comprehensive energy of that significant appellation. I am not called upon to enlarge to you on that danger; which you thought proper yourselves to aggravate, and to display to the world with all the parade of indiscreet declamation. The monopoly of the most lucrative trades and the possession of imperial revenues had brought you to the verge of beggary and ruin. Such was your representation — such, in some measure, was your case. The vent of ten millions of pounds of this commodity, now locked up by the operation of an injudicious tax and rotting in the warehouses of the company, would have prevented all this distress, and all that series of desperate measures which you thought yourselves obliged to take in consequence of it. America would have furnished that vent which no other part of the world can furnish but America, where tea is next to a necessary of life and where the demand grows upon the supply. I hope our dear-bought East India Committees have done us at least so much good as to let us know that without a more extensive sale of that article, our East India revenues and acquisitions can have no certain connection with this country. It is through the American trade of tea that your East India conquests are

to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed, and they must have that great country to lean upon, or they tumble upon your head. It is the same folly that has lost you at once the benefit of the West and of the East. This folly has thrown open folding-doors to contraband, and will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much for the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principles does it stand? This famous revenue stands, at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive (but too comprehensive!) vocabulary of finance — *a preambulary tax.* It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers or satisfaction to the subject. . . .

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated; and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

It is then, sir, upon the *principle* of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your Act of 1767 asserts that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America; your Act of 1769, which takes away that revenue, contradicts the Act of 1767, and by something much stronger than words asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection upon your wisdom to persist in a solemn Parliamentary declaration of the expediency of any object for which at the same time you make no sort of provision. And pray, sir, let not this circumstance escape you, — it is very material:

that the preamble of this Act which we wish to repeal is not *declaratory of a right*, as some gentlemen seem to argue it; it is only a recital of the *expediency* of a certain exercise of a right supposed already to have been asserted; an exercise you are now contending for by ways and means which you confess, though they were obeyed, to be utterly insufficient for their purpose. You are therefore at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom, a quiddity, a thing that wants not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end: and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than ever I could discern. The honorable gentleman has said well — indeed, in most of his *general* observations I agree with him — he says that this subject does not stand as it did formerly. Oh, certainly not! Every hour you continue on this ill-chosen ground, your difficulties thicken on you; and therefore my conclusion is, remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace and the necessity of yielding, both of them, grow upon you every hour of your delay.

To restore order and repose to an empire so great and so distracted as ours, is, merely in the attempt, an undertaking that would ennoble the flights of the highest genius and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding. Struggling a good while with these thoughts, by degrees I felt myself more firm. I derived at length some confidence from what in other circumstances usually produces timidity. I grew less anxious, even from the idea of my own insignificance. For, judging of what you are by what you ought to be, I persuaded myself that you would not reject a reasonable proposition because it had nothing but its reason to recommend it. On the other hand, being totally destitute of all shadow of influence, natural or adventitious, I was very sure that if my proposition were futile or dangerous, if it were weakly conceived or improperly timed, there was nothing exterior to it of power to awe, dazzle, or

delude you. You will see it just as it is; and you will treat it just as it deserves.

The proposition is Peace. Not Peace through the medium of War; not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle in all parts of the empire; not Peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple Peace, sought in its natural course and in its ordinary haunts. It is Peace sought in the spirit of Peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the *former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother country*, to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

My idea is nothing more. Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. My plan, therefore, being formed upon the most simple grounds imaginable, may disappoint some people when they hear it. It has nothing to recommend it to the pruriency of curious ears. There is nothing at all new and captivating in it. It has nothing of the splendor of the project which has been lately laid upon your table by the noble lord in the blue ribbon. It does not propose to fill your lobby with squabbling colony agents, who will require the interposition of your mace at every instant to keep the peace amongst them. It does not institute a magnificent auction of finance, where captivated provinces come to general ransom by bidding against each other, until you knock down the hammer, and determine a proportion of payments beyond all the powers of algebra to equalize and settle.

The plan which I shall presume to suggest derives, however, one great advantage from the proposition and registry of that noble lord's project. The idea of conciliation is admissible. First, the House, in accepting the resolution moved by the noble lord, has admitted — notwithstanding the menacing front of our address, notwithstanding our heavy bills of pains and penalties

—that we do not think ourselves precluded from all ideas of free grace and bounty.

The House has gone further: it has declared conciliation admissible, *previous* to any submission on the part of America. It has even shot a good deal beyond that mark, and has admitted that the complaints of our former mode of exerting the right of taxation were not wholly unfounded. That right, thus exerted, is allowed to have something reprehensible in it — something unwise, or something grievous: since in the midst of our heat and resentment we of ourselves have proposed a capital alteration, and in order to get rid of what seemed so very exceptionable have instituted a mode that is altogether new; one that is indeed wholly alien from all the ancient methods and forms of Parliament.

The *principle* of this proceeding is large enough for my purpose. The means proposed by the noble lord for carrying his ideas into execution, I think indeed are very indifferently suited to the end; and this I shall endeavor to show you before I sit down. But for the present I take my ground on the admitted principle. I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply concession on the one part or on the other. In this state of things I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior, and he loses forever that time and those chances which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide are these two: First, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. On the first of these questions we have gained (as I have just taken the liberty of observing to you) some ground. But I am sensible that a good deal more is still to be done. Indeed, sir, to enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider distinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because after all

our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations nor according to abstract ideas of right; by no means according to mere general theories of government, the resort to which appears to me, in our present situation, no better than arrant trifling. I shall therefore endeavor, with your leave, to lay before you some of the most material of these circumstances in as full and as clear a manner as I am able to state them.

From the Speech of "The Nabob of Arcot's Debts."

That you may judge what chance any honorable and useful end of government has for a provision that comes in for the leavings of these gluttonous demands, I must take it on myself to bring before you the real condition of that abused, insulted, racked, and ruined country, though in truth my mind revolts from it; though you will hear it with horror: and I confess I tremble when I think on these awful and confounding dispensations of Providence. I shall first trouble you with a few words as to the cause.

The great fortunes made in India in the beginnings of conquest naturally excited an emulation in all the parts, and through the whole succession, of the company's service. But in the company it gave rise to other sentiments. They did not find the new channels of acquisition flow with equal riches to them. On the contrary, the high flood-tide of private emolument was generally in the lowest ebb of their affairs. They began also to fear that the fortune of war might take away what the fortune of war had given. Wars were accordingly discouraged by repeated injunctions and menaces; and that the servants might not be bribed into them by the native princes, they were strictly forbidden to take any money whatsoever from their hands. But vehement passion is ingenious in resources. The company's servants were not only stimulated but better instructed by the prohibition. They soon fell upon a contrivance which answered their purposes far better than the methods which were forbidden; though in this also they violated an ancient, but they thought an abrogated, order. They reversed their proceedings. Instead of receiving presents, they made loans. Instead of carrying on wars in their own name, they contrived an authority,

at once irresistible and irresponsible, in whose name they might ravage at pleasure; and being thus freed from all restraint, they indulged themselves in the most extravagant speculations of plunder. The cabal of creditors who have been the object of the late bountiful grant from His Majesty's ministers, in order to possess themselves, under the name of creditors and assignees, of every country in India as fast as it should be conquered, inspired into the mind of the Nabob of Arcot (then a dependant on the country of the humblest order) a scheme of the most wild and desperate ambition that I believe ever was admitted into the thoughts of a man so situated. First, they persuaded him to consider himself as a principal member in the political system of Europe. In the next place they held out to him, and he readily imbibed, the idea of the general empire of Indostan. As a preliminary to this undertaking, they prevailed on him to propose a tripartite division of that vast country — one part to the company; another to the Mahrattas; and the third to himself. To himself he reserved all the southern part of the great peninsula, comprehended under the general name of the Deccan.

On this scheme of their servants, the company was to appear in the Carnatic in no other light than as a contractor for the provision of armies and hire of mercenaries, for his use and under his direction. This disposition was to be secured by the Nabob's putting himself under the guarantee of France, and by the means of that rival nation preventing the English forever from assuming an equality, much less a superiority, in the Carnatic. In pursuance of this treasonable project (treasonable on the part of the English), they extinguished the company as a sovereign power in that part of India; they withdrew the company's garrisons out of all the forts and strongholds of the Carnatic; they declined to receive the ambassadors from foreign courts, and remitted them to the Nabob of Arcot; they fell upon, and totally destroyed, the oldest ally of the company, the king of Tanjore, and plundered the country to the amount of near five millions sterling; one after another, in the Nabob's name but with English force, they brought into a miserable servitude all the princes and great independent nobility of a vast country. In proportion to these treasons and violences, which ruined the people, the fund of the Nabob's debt grew and flourished.

Among the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all

heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the company under the name of the Nabob of Arcot does the eastern, division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the design of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the Nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors would not suffer their Nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince at least his equal the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the Nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble, government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence (which they do not describe but which cannot be misunderstood) from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the

arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, — fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, — enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities: but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement in this dreadful exigency were certainly liberal, and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, — whose very excess of luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, — silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by an hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum: these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting, they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that on better thoughts I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months without intermission this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally; — I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and those not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea east and west, emptied and emboweled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation. Extend your imagination a little farther, and then suppose your ministers taking a survey of this scene of waste and desolation; what would be your thoughts if you should be informed that they were computing how much had been the amount of the excises, how much the customs, how much the land and malt tax, in order that they should charge (take it in the most favorable light) for public service, upon the relics of the satiated vengeance of relentless enemies, the whole of what England had yielded in the most exuberant seasons of peace and abundance? What would you call it? To call it tyranny sublimed into madness would be too faint an image; yet this very madness is the principle upon which the ministers at your right hand have proceeded in their estimate of the revenues of the Carnatic, when they were providing, not supply for the establishments of its protection, but rewards for the authors of its ruin.

Every day you are fatigued and disgusted with this cant: — "The Carnatic is a country that will soon recover, and become instantly as prosperous as ever." They think they are talking

to innocents, who will believe that by sowing of dragons' teeth, men may come up ready grown and ready armed. They who will give themselves the trouble of considering (for it requires no great reach of thought, no very profound knowledge) the manner in which mankind are increased and countries cultivated, will regard all this raving as it ought to be regarded. In order that the people, after a long period of vexation and plunder, may be in a condition to maintain government, government must begin by maintaining them. Here the road to economy lies not through receipt, but through expense; and in that country nature has given no short cut to your object. Men must propagate, like other animals, by the mouth. Never did oppression light the nuptial torch; never did extortion and usury spread out the genial bed. Does any of you think that England, so wasted, would, under such a nursing attendance, so rapidly and cheaply recover? But he is meanly acquainted with either England or India, who does not know that England would a thousand times sooner resume population, fertility, and what ought to be the ultimate secretion from both, — revenue, — than such a country as the Carnatic.

The Carnatic is not by the bounty of nature a fertile soil. The general size of its cattle is proof enough that it is much otherwise. It is some days since I moved that a curious and interesting map kept in the India House should be laid before you. The India House is not yet in readiness to send it; I have therefore brought down my own copy, and there it lies for the use of any gentleman who may think such a matter worthy of his attention. It is indeed a noble map, and of noble things; but it is decisive against the golden dreams and sanguine speculations of avarice run mad. In addition to what you know must be the case in every part of the world (the necessity of a previous provision, seed, stock, capital) that map will show you that the uses of the influences of heaven itself are in that country a work of art. The Carnatic is refreshed by few or no living brooks or running streams, and it has rain only at a season; but its product of rice exacts the use of water subject to perpetual command. This is the national bank of the Carnatic, on which it must have a perpetual credit or it perishes irretrievably. For that reason, in the happier times of India, a number, almost incredible, of reservoirs have been made in chosen places throughout the whole country; they are formed for the greater part of mounds of earth and stones, with sluices of solid ma-

sonry; the whole constructed with admirable skill and labor, and maintained at a mighty charge. In the territory contained in that map alone, I have been at the trouble of reckoning the reservoirs, and they amount to upwards of eleven hundred, from the extent of two or three acres to five miles in circuit. From these reservoirs currents are occasionally drawn over the fields, and these water-courses again call for a considerable expense to keep them properly scoured and duly leveled. Taking the district in that map as a measure, there cannot be in the Carnatic and Tanjore fewer than ten thousand of these reservoirs of the larger and middling dimensions, to say nothing of those for domestic services and the uses of religious purification. These are not the enterprises of your power, nor in a style of magnificence suited to the taste of your minister. These are the monuments of real kings, who were the fathers of their people; testators to a posterity which they embrace as their own. These are the grand sepulchers built by ambition; but the ambition of an insatiable benevolence, which, not contented with reigning in the dispensation of happiness during the contracted term of human life, had strained, with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind, to extend the dominion of their bounty beyond the limits of nature, and to perpetuate themselves through generations of generations, the guardians, the protectors, the nourishers of mankind.

Long before the late invasion, the persons who are objects of the grant of public money now before you had so diverted the supply of the pious funds of culture and population that everywhere the reservoirs were fallen into a miserable decay. But after those domestic enemies had provoked the entry of a cruel foreign foe into the country, he did not leave it until his revenge had completed the destruction begun by their avarice. Few, very few indeed, of these magazines of water that are not either totally destroyed, or cut through with such gaps as to require a serious attention and much cost to re-establish them, as the means of present subsistence to the people and of future revenue to the State.

What, sir, would a virtuous and enlightened ministry do on the view of the ruins of such works before them? on the view of such a chasm of desolation as that which yawned in the midst of those countries to the north and south, which still bore some vestiges of cultivation? They would have reduced all their most necessary establishments; they would have suspended the

justest payments; they would have employed every shilling derived from the producing, to re-animate the powers of the unproductive, parts. While they were performing this fundamental duty, whilst they were celebrating these mysteries of justice and humanity, they would have told the corps of fictitious creditors whose crimes were their claims, that they must keep an awful distance; that they must silence their inauspicious tongues; that they must hold off their profane, unhallowed paws from this holy work; they would have proclaimed with a voice that should make itself heard, that on every country the first creditor is the plow, — that this original, indefeasible claim supersedes every other demand.

This is what a wise and virtuous ministry would have done and said. This, therefore, is what our minister could never think of saying or doing. A ministry of another kind would first have improved the country, and have thus laid a solid foundation for future opulence and future force. But on this grand point of the restoration of the country, there is not one syllable to be found in the correspondence of our ministers, from the first to the last; they felt nothing for a land desolated by fire, sword, and famine; their sympathies took another direction: they were touched with pity for bribery, so long tormented with a fruitless itching of its palms; their bowels yearned for usury, that had long missed the harvest of its returning months; they felt for peculation, which had been for so many years raking in the dust of an empty treasury; they were melted into compassion for rapine and oppression, licking their dry, parched, unbloody jaws. These were the objects of their solicitude. These were the necessities for which they were studious to provide.

To state the country and its revenues in their real condition, and to provide for those fictitious claims consistently with the support of an army and a civil establishment, would have been impossible; therefore the ministers are silent on that head, and rest themselves on the authority of Lord Macartney, who in a letter to the court of directors written in the year 1781, speculating on what might be the result of a wise management of the countries assigned by the Nabob of Arcot, rates the revenues, as in time of peace, at twelve hundred thousand pounds a year, as he does those of the King of Tanjore (which had not been assigned) at four hundred and fifty. On this Lord Macartney grounds his calculations, and on this they choose to ground theirs. It was on this calculation that the ministry, in direct

opposition to the remonstrances of the court of directors, have compelled that miserable enslaved body to put their hands to an order for appropriating the enormous sum of £480,000 annually, as a fund for paying to their rebellious servants a debt contracted in defiance of their clearest and most positive injunctions.

The authority and information of Lord Macartney is held high on this occasion, though it is totally rejected in every other particular of this business. I believe I have the honor of being almost as old an acquaintance as any Lord Macartney has. A constant and unbroken friendship has subsisted between us from a very early period; and I trust he thinks that as I respect his character, and in general admire his conduct, I am one of those who feel no common interest in his reputation. Yet I do not hesitate wholly to disallow the calculation of 1781, without any apprehension that I shall appear to distrust his veracity or his judgment. This peace estimate of revenue was not grounded on the state of the Carnatic as it then, or as it had recently, stood. It was a statement of former and better times. There is no doubt that a period did exist when the large portion of the Carnatic held by the Nabob of Arcot might be fairly reputed to produce a revenue to that, or to a greater amount. But the whole had so melted away by the slow and silent hostilities of oppression and mismanagement, that the revenues, sinking with the prosperity of the country, had fallen to about £800,000 a year even before an enemy's horse had imprinted his hoof on the soil of the Carnatic. From that view, and independently of the decisive effects of the war which ensued, Sir Eyre Coote conceived that years must pass before the country could be restored to its former prosperity and production. It was that state of revenue (namely, the actual state before the war) which the directors have opposed to Lord Macartney's speculation. They refused to take the revenues for more than £800,000. In this they are justified by Lord Macartney himself, who in a subsequent letter informs the court that his sketch is a matter of speculation; it supposes the country restored to its ancient prosperity, and the revenue to be in a course of effective and honest collection. If therefore the ministers have gone wrong, they were not deceived by Lord Macartney: they were deceived by no man. The estimate of the directors is nearly the very estimate furnished by the right honorable gentleman himself, and published to the world in one of the printed reports

certainly grew under the same shade in which learning flourished. They too may decay with their natural protecting principles. With you, for the present at least, they threaten to disappear together. Where trade and manufactures are wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies, their place; but if commerce and the arts should be lost in an experiment to try how well a State may stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and at the same time poor and sordid barbarians, — destitute of religion, honor, or manly pride, possessing nothing at present and hoping for nothing hereafter?

I wish you may not be going fast, and by the shortest cut, to that horrible and disgustful situation. Already there appears a poverty of conception, a coarseness and vulgarity, in all the proceedings of the Assembly and of all their instructors. Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal.

It is not clear whether in England we learned those grand and decorous principles and manners, of which considerable traces yet remain, from you, or whether you took them from us. But to you, I think, we trace them best. You seem to me to be *gentis incunabula nostræ*. France has always more or less influenced manners in England; and when your fountain is choked up and polluted the stream will not run long, or not run clear, with us or perhaps with any nation. This gives all Europe, in my opinion, but too close and connected a concern in what is done in France. Excuse me therefore if I have dwelt too long on the atrocious spectacle of the 6th of October, 1789, or have given too much scope to the reflections which have arisen in my mind on occasion of the most important of all revolutions, which may be dated from that day, — I mean a revolution in sentiments, manners, and moral opinions. As things now stand, with everything respectable destroyed without us, and an attempt *to* destroy within us every principle of respect, one is almost forced to apologize for harboring the common feelings of men.

Why do I feel so differently from the Reverend Dr. Price and those of his lay flock who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse? For this plain reason — because *it is natural* I should; because we are so made as to be affected at such spectacles with melancholy sentiments upon the unstable condition of mortal prosperity, and the tremendous uncertainty

of human greatness; because in those natural feelings we learn great lessons; because in events like these our passions instruct our reason; because when kings are hurled from their thrones by the Supreme Director of this great drama, and become the objects of insult to the base and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the moral as we should a miracle in the physical order of things. We are alarmed into reflection; our minds (as it has long since been observed) are purified by terror and pity; our weak, unthinking pride is humbled under the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom. Some tears might be drawn from me, if such a spectacle were exhibited on the stage. I should be truly ashamed of finding in myself that superficial, theatric sense of painted distress, whilst I could exult over it in real life. With such a perverted mind, I could never venture to show my face at a tragedy. People would think the tears that Garrick formerly, or that Siddons not long since, have extorted from me, were the tears of hypocrisy; I should know them to be the tears of folly.

Indeed, the theater is a better school of moral sentiments than churches where the feelings of humanity are thus outraged. Poets, who have to deal with an audience not yet graduated in the school of the rights of men, and who must apply themselves to the moral constitution of the heart, would not dare to produce such a triumph as a matter of exultation. There, where men follow their natural impulses, they would not bear the odious maxims of a Machiavellian policy, whether applied to the attainment of monarchical or democratic tyranny. They would reject them on the modern, as they once did on the ancient stage, where they could not bear even the hypothetical proposition of such wickedness in the mouth of a personated tyrant, though suitable to the character he sustained. No theatric audience in Athens would bear what has been borne in the midst of the real tragedy of this triumphal day; a principal actor weighing, as it were in scales hung in a shop of horrors, so much actual crime against so much contingent advantage, and after putting in and out weights, declaring that the balance was on the side of the advantages. They would not bear to see the crimes of new democracy posted as in a ledger against the crimes of old despotism, and the book-keepers of politics finding democracy still in debt, but by no means unable or unwilling to pay the balance. In the theater, the first intuitive glance, without any elaborate process of reasoning, will show that this method of

political computation would justify every extent of crime. They would see that on these principles, even where the very worst acts were not perpetrated, it was owing rather to the fortune of the conspirators than to their parsimony in the expenditure of treachery and blood. They would soon see that criminal means, once tolerated, are soon preferred. They present a shorter cut to the object than through the highway of the moral virtues. Justifying perfidy and murder for public benefit, public benefit would soon become the pretext, and perfidy and murder the end; until rapacity, malice, revenge, and fear more dreadful than revenge, could satiate their insatiable appetites. Such must be the consequences of losing, in the splendor of these triumphs of the rights of men, all natural sense of wrong and right.

But the reverend pastor exults in this "leading in triumph," because truly Louis the Sixteenth was "an arbitrary monarch"; that is, in other words, neither more nor less than because he was Louis the Sixteenth, and because he had the misfortune to be born King of France, with the prerogatives of which a long line of ancestors, and a long acquiescence of the people, without any act of his, had put him in possession. A misfortune it has indeed turned out to him, that he was born King of France. But misfortune is not crime, nor is indiscretion always the greatest guilt. I shall never think that a prince, the acts of whose whole reign were a series of concessions to his subjects; who was willing to relax his authority, to remit his prerogatives, to call his people to a share of freedom not known, perhaps not desired, by their ancestors: such a prince, though he should be subjected to the common frailties attached to men and to princes, though he should have once thought it necessary to provide force against the desperate designs manifestly carrying on against his person and the remnants of his authority, — though all this should be taken into consideration, I shall be led with great difficulty to think he deserves the cruel and insulting triumph of Paris and of Dr. Price. I tremble for the cause of liberty, from such an example to kings. I tremble for the cause of humanity, in the unpunished outrages of the most wicked of mankind. But there are some people of that low and degenerate fashion of mind that they look up with a sort of complacent awe and admiration to kings who know how to keep firm in their seat, to hold a strict hand over their subjects, to assert their prerogative, and by the awakened vigilance of a severe despotism to guard against the very first approaches of freedom. Against

such as these they never elevate their voice. Deserters from principle, listed with fortune, they never see any good in suffering virtue, nor any crime in prosperous usurpation.

If it could have been made clear to me that the King and Queen of France (those I mean who were such before the triumph) were inexorable and cruel tyrants, that they had formed a deliberate scheme for massacring the National Assembly (I think I have seen something like the latter insinuated in certain publications), I should think their captivity just. If this be true, much more ought to have been done; but done, in my opinion, in another manner. The punishment of real tyrants is a noble and awful act of justice; and it has with truth been said to be consolatory to the human mind. But if I were to punish a wicked king, I should regard the dignity in avenging the crime. Justice is grave and decorous, and in its punishments rather seems to submit to a necessity than to make a choice. Had Nero, or Agrippina, or Louis the Eleventh, or Charles the Ninth, been the subject; if Charles the Twelfth of Sweden after the murder of Patkul, or his predecessor Christina after the murder of Monaldeschi, had fallen into your hands, sir, or into mine, I am sure our conduct would have been different.

If the French King, or King of the French (or by whatever name he is known in the new vocabulary of your constitution), has in his own person and that of his Queen really deserved these unavowed but unavenged murderous attempts, and those frequent indignities more cruel than murder, such a person would ill deserve even that subordinate executory trust which I understand is to be placed in him; nor is he fit to be called chief in a nation which he has outraged and oppressed. A worse choice for such an office in a new commonwealth than that of a deposed tyrant could not possibly be made. But to degrade and insult a man as the worst of criminals, and afterwards to trust him in your highest concerns as a faithful, honest, and zealous servant, is not consistent with reasoning, nor prudent in policy, nor safe in practice. Those who could make such an appointment must be guilty of a more flagrant breach of trust than any they have yet committed against the people. As this is the only crime in which your leading politicians could have acted inconsistently, I conclude that there is no sort of ground for these horrid insinuations. I think no better of all the other calumnies.

In England, we give no credit to them. We are generous enemies: we are faithful allies. We spurn from us with disgust and indignation the slanders of those who bring us their anecdotes with the attestation of the flower-de-luce on their shoulder. We have Lord George Gordon fast in Newgate; and neither his being a public proselyte to Judaism, nor his having, in his zeal against Catholic priests and all sorts of ecclesiastics, raised a mob (excuse the term, it is still in use here) which pulled down all our prisons, have preserved to him a liberty of which he did not render himself worthy by a virtuous use of it. We have rebuilt Newgate, and tenanted the mansion. We have prisons almost as strong as the Bastile for those who dare to libel the Queens of France. In this spiritual retreat let the noble libeler remain. Let him there meditate on his Talmud, until he learns a conduct more becoming his birth and parts, and not so disgraceful to the ancient religion to which he has become a proselyte; or until some persons from your side of the water, to please your new Hebrew brethren, shall ransom him. He may then be enabled to purchase, with the old hoards of the synagogue, and a very small poundage on the long compound interest of the thirty pieces of silver (Dr. Price has shown us what miracles compound interest will perform in 1790 years), the lands which are lately discovered to have been usurped by the Gallican Church. Send us your Popish Archbishop of Paris, and we will send you our Protestant Rabbin. We shall treat the person you send us in exchange like a gentleman and an honest man, as he is; but pray let him bring with him the fund of his hospitality, bounty, and charity; and depend upon it, we shall never confiscate a shilling of that honorable and pious fund, nor think of enriching the treasury with the spoils of the poor-box.

To tell you the truth, my dear sir, I think the honor of our nation to be somewhat concerned in the disclaimer of the proceedings of this society of the Old Jewry and the London Tavern. I have no man's proxy. I speak only for myself when I disclaim, as I do with all possible earnestness, all communion with the actors in that triumph, or with the admirers of it. When I assert anything else, as concerning the people of England, I speak from observation, not from authority; but I speak from the experience I have had in a pretty extensive and mixed communication with the inhabitants of this kingdom, of all descriptions and ranks, and after

a course of attentive observation begun early in life, and continued for nearly forty years. I have often been astonished, considering that we are divided from you but by a slender dike of about twenty-four miles, and that the mutual intercourse between the two countries has lately been very great, to find how little you seem to know of us. I suspect that this is owing to your forming a judgment of this nation from certain publications which do very erroneously, if they do at all, represent the opinions and dispositions generally prevalent in England. The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle, and noise, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, makes you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a mark of general acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that after all they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, novelist, was born in Manchester, England, Nov. 24, 1849. She was educated in Manchester, and it was here that she learned the Lancashire character and dialect. In 1864 her parents came to America and settled at Knoxville, Tenn., but later removed to Newmarket, where she began to write her first stories. In 1873 she married Dr. L. M. Burnett of Knoxville, but soon after their marriage they made their residence in Washington, D.C.

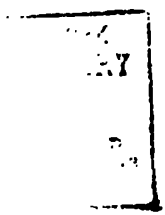
"Surly Tim's Troubles," a dialect story, published in *Scribner's* (1872), in book form (1877), was the first of her stories to attract attention. "That Lass o' Lowrie's," which immediately became popular, and which was afterward dramatized both in America and England, appeared as a serial in *Scribner's* (1876), and in book form (1877). She has since published "Haworth's" (1879); "Louisiana" (1880); "A Fair Barbarian" (1881); "Through One Administration" (1882); "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1886); "The Pretty Sister of José" (1889); "Giovanni and the Other" (1892); "The One I Knew Best of All," an autobiography, (1893); "Piccino and Other Child Stories" (1894); "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress" (1895); "A Lady of Quality" (1895); "His Grace of Osmonde," a sequel to the preceding; and a drama, "The First Gentleman of Europe," with George Fleming, represented in 1897.

THE TIDE ON THE MOANING BAR.

THE MOTHER'S REQUEST.

I HAD never liked him. Much as I loved my lady, and long as I had labored in her service, I cannot say that I ever knew the day when I had any affection for Mr. Jack, even the slightest. There was a hard look in his black eyes from the first, and the moment I saw him, as he lay, a day-old baby, bundled up in lawns and laces, it seemed as if I saw into his future, and trembled. As he grew older, the evil spirit grew with him. He was cruel and selfish as a child, though his handsome face

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT



covered his faults, as such faces are apt to do; and even my lady, who was so gentle and kindly, could see no harm in him, thought his wilful ways were only high spirit. And perhaps she was the more blind to it, because his black eyes were so like his dead father's; and she had always clung to her husband's memory so tenderly. But Mr. Jack was not like his father, though my lady fancied he was. Mr. Towther had never made an enemy in his life; and I am sure Mr. Jack never made a true friend. People flattered and feared him, and pretended to admire his beauty and high-handed ways; but no one ever liked him well enough to speak a good word for him behind his back. But for my lady's sake, people bore with him among the rest; and when she lay upon her deathbed, it was me she gave the charge of caring for him, as I had cared for her.

"Don't leave Mr. Jack, Mallon," she said to me when she could not say anything else. "Don't leave my boy. Take care of him, for my sake. I know he will always take care of you, Mallon. His father would have done it, if he had lived; and I know Jack will."

But though I promised, I knew better than expect anything like gratitude from Mr. Jack. I had watched him all his life, and never knew him to show a thoroughly unselfish impulse.

But for my sweet, dead lady's sake, I stayed with him as housekeeper, at the Manse, as the country house was called, and I tried my best to please him; so we had no disagreement, for he never interfered, so long as things were to his liking; and I may add, never even thought to give me thanks, the thanks his father and my lady had never spared. However, I stayed, and attended to the servants, and kept the house accounts; and when he came down from London with his friends, he never had to complain. And so matters went on, until the month after my lady's death, when he suddenly took a fancy that he wanted me to go with him to a little seaside town, where he had been staying for some whim or other; for, as he condescended to say then, for the first time, he "liked my ways, and liked to have me about him." So remembering my promise to his dying mother, I went, without any words; though I must admit it was rather a trial, at my time of life, to make such a change all at once; and, moreover, I could scarcely see how it was that he could require me.

I found his chambers very fine and handsomely furnished; for it was just like Mr. Jack to have everything of the hand-

somest and best. There was a large suite of them, in a big house, in the principal square, and the rest of the establishment was let to an Irish officer whose regiment was quartered in the town-barracks. Major Clangarthe, the gentleman's name was; and his family, consisting of a wife and three or four children, was with him. His rooms were not so handsome as Mr. Jack's, I discovered; and even the best of them had a queer, untidy look. Mrs. Clangarthe had been a great beauty in her day, and came of a very fine, very poor, Irish family; and on the strength of this, she used to lie on the sofa or sit in an easy-chair all day, joking with the major, and letting the children run wild. They had made away with plenty of money in their time, shabby as things seemed now; and they were as carelessly-happy, good-tempered a set as ever I saw in my life. When they had money, it flew right and left, and when they gave their gay little wine-suppers, I am sure people never enjoyed themselves more than they did; and there was never more hearty laughing than I could hear among the officers who crowded into their drawing-rooms, as if they would rather be there than attend the finest entertainment in the West End. But they were queer people, for all that.

The first I saw of them was two or three days after my arrival, when, as I was sitting at my work, there came a rap at my door, and, in answer to my "come in," it opened, and showed me a young lady standing there, laughing.

"Do you mean 'come in' really?" she said, good-naturedly. "If you don't, I can run away again."

She was a very pretty young lady, indeed, and very young; not more than seventeen; but, to my mind, she looked queer enough. She had big, round, lovely gray eyes, and crinkling, silky, black hair, hanging to a bit of a waist; but the crinkling, black hair looked as if it actually needed brushing; and it was tied back with a purple velvet ribbon, which was anything but clean. I had never seen a lovelier, more supple little figure: it was so lithe, and soft, and round; but her crimson cashmere morning-robe was soiled and frayed; and the seam on one of her shoulders had come unstitched, and showed the white skin through plainly. Even her feet — such pretty feet — were not tidy. One of her slippers had burst out, and the other had lost rosette. But she did not seem to care about her appearance, the chair I offered her close to mine and began to less freedom that made me almost catch my breath.

"I am Lina," she said, as unceremoniously as if she had known me for years. "Lina Clangarthe, from the rooms upstairs; and I thought I would come to see you. Mamma said I might, because we know Mr. Lowther so well. You have been housekeeper in his family ever since he was born, he says."

I told her that I had, and answered all her questions as well as I could, though she asked a great many. The fact was, she asked questions all the time, and seemed so sweet-tempered about it, that I could not help liking the poor, neglected child. And she was as ready to answer questions as she was to ask them; and to my bewilderment told me all about the family affairs, speaking just as gayly about their family troubles as if the whole affair was a joke.

"And so it is a joke," she said, "and fine fun we have out of it, sometimes. If it was n't for Lady Medora, and her lectures, and the tracts she sticks in the boxes of old finery she sends us, we should n't mind it a bit."

Lady Medora was her father's sister, I found out, and was a very rigid person. She sent them boxes of her cast-off finery, two or three times a year, and when they came, they were sure to herald a new lecture on the family frivolity, and a new supply of tracts.

"I wore one in the toe of a slipper for a week," Lina said. "Her ladyship had stuffed it in, and I never should have seen it, but that Fergus's terrier was playing with the rosette, and tore the kid, and pulled it out."

I really thought I must be dreaming, it seemed so strange that the pretty, incomprehensible creature should be revealing the family secrets so frankly; but she rattled on as gayly as if there was nothing at all remarkable in her queer confidences.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "I like old ladies, and you look so nice and good-natured. I shall come in and see you often, if you don't mind. You won't mind, will you? Besides, I am glad for something else. As long as you are here, it won't be the least bit improper to talk to Mr. Jack, when I come in to borrow things. I often come in to borrow things, and I can't help talking when he begins, though I suppose it is a tiny mite improper. And mamma says I must be discreet; but the fact is, my darling Mrs. Mallon, we are not a discreet family. I often think there must be the least taste of vagabond blood in our veins, if we are Clangarthes."

I was so sorry for her, so fearful of the danger her beauty,

and ignorance, and high spirits might throw her into, that even while she laughed I felt heavy-hearted. What sort of a woman could she be, this mother, who let the pretty creature run in and out of a gentleman's private rooms, to borrow things, and listen to whatever flattering nonsense he chose to talk to her? In the liking I had taken to her, I couldn't help speaking a word or two, which I thought might serve as a motherly hint.

"I am glad I have come too, my dear," I said to her. "And I hope you won't take it hardly if I say I am glad for your sake. I hope you will come and see me often; and if you want to borrow anything, just run in here, right to me, because you are quite right in thinking it is not quite proper to apply to Mr. Jack. You are too young and pretty for such things to be quite discreet, my love."

From the bottom of my old woman's heart I felt that she was too good and innocent to be trifled with, and I knew Mr. Jack too well to hope that he meant to act honorably by her. But I did not think of the worst then. God knows I never believed his heart could be as black as it proved itself. I thought it quite likely that he might talk nonsense, and flatter her with hopes he never meant to realize; but I never went so far as to think he could mean to bring misery and despair on this pretty, ignorant young thing, whose heart was so fresh and childish.

She sat and talked to me for more than an hour, and the more she talked, the more I liked her light-hearted, affectionate ways, and the more I wished she had a better mother to guide her. It seemed a trifle curious, too, that I, with all my staid, old-womanish notions, should have taken such a fancy; but, somehow, my heart warmed toward her, and she seemed to see it. I knew that, at first, the innocent rattlebrain had only come to coax her way into my heart, for Mr. Jack's sake; but I could see plainly enough, in the end, that she was quite honest in her liking for me, and would take any motherly counsel I gave her.

I could not help thinking about her when she was gone, and wishing that she was not so ready to admire Mr. Jack's fine ways and handsome face. He was handsome enough, it cannot be denied; and he was the very style of beauty to take a girl's fancy. He was slight, and lithe-limbed, and dark as a Spaniard. Indeed, there had been, two or three centuries ago, a touch of Spanish blood in the Lowther family, and now and then it broke out again, in a pair of dense, black eyes, a slow, sweet smile, and

a graceful languor of motion. My lady's husband had possessed the dark eyes, but the rest had come to Mr. Jack, and it was easy enough to see how a girl like Lina Clangarthe would passionately admire his beauty and careless haughtiness.

WATCHED; NOT WARNED.

That night, for the first time since my arrival, Mr. Jack paid me a visit, and the moment I saw him I knew why he had come. And, after he had talked about other things for a while, he spoke out, carelessly enough.

"You had a visitor this morning, Gorish tells me," he said.

The words were quiet-sounding, to be sure, but I did not trust them; for, bold and deil-may-care as he was by nature, he did not look me in the face when he spoke. He looked down at the half-smoked cigar in his hand, so that his black lashes cast a curious shadow over his long, dark, half-closed eyes.

"Yes, I had a visitor," I answered, as brief as possible.

He smiled languidly, as he smoothed a loose leaf round the cigar with his strong, white fingers.

"A pretty one, too," he said. "However scandalized you may be with your recollection of lovely, untidy hair, and lovely, untidy figure, you will agree with me there, I am sure."

"Yes, sir," I replied, gravely, again. "A pretty one and a bright one. A bright, affectionate, loving one, with a fresh, true heart, I think."

He smiled again, lightly, touching the ash of his cigar.

"Ah!" he said, in a low, half-indifferent sort of tone; and then he put the cigar in his mouth again, and went on smoking, as if he had forgotten all about what we had been saying. It was a way of his to pass things by, and become indifferent to them in a moment. It had been so with his toys and pets, as a child; and it was so even with his friends, and his extravagant fancies.

He said nothing more to me about Miss Lina, and I was glad to find he did n't. It gave me some hope that he had not taken any great fancy to her, as I had at first imagined he had. His fancies were not pleasant things to cope with; and I knew such a fancy as this could come to no good.

But before I had been in the house many days, I found that the Major and he were great friends, and that Mrs. Clangarthe

admired him as much as her daughter did. She had a great weakness for beauty, and Mr. Jack's dark eyes won her from the first. He spent hours in their apartments, passing in and out in the queer, informal way, everybody who had dealings with them seemed to adopt; and it was plain that he was always welcome, for the Major made a great to-do over him, and Mrs. Clangarthe would laugh and talk to him in the good-natured, light-headed fashion which seemed natural to her. The Major was pretty deeply in his debt, Mr. Jack's valet, Gorish, told me, and was continually borrowing fresh supplies; but for the matter of that, Gorish added, he was in debt over head and ears, and borrowed right and left, wherever there was a chance.

As I have said before, there were plenty of visitors constantly coming to the house, most of them military men like the Major, and all of them appeared to be of one opinion regarding Miss Lina. They all admired her, and all made love to her, and I must say that I believe some of the younger ones were really in earnest. And no wonder. When she was dressed, as she was always of an evening, with her lovely figure, lovely face, lovely hair, and reckless high spirits, I am sure there was not a more beautiful creature in London. In spite of their untidy ways, the Clangarthes had a wonderful taste in dress; and what with Lady Medora's presents, and going into debt, they kept up in a way that was astonishing.

But with all the attention she received, and all the fine speeches that were poured into her pretty, ready ears, it was easy to see that Miss Lina cared for none of them but Mr. Jack. She gave way to him in an innocent, open, girlish way, and she tried to amuse him. She was just the generous young creature to be a tender, willing slave, through bitter and sweet. If she loved her husband, he might be her tyrant, if he had the will: and the more I saw, the less I fancied Mr. Jack's winning her warm, loving heart, to play the tyrant over.

I saw a great deal of the family, and had the chance to watch, because, in a short time, I found that I might be of service, in several little ways; and finally, partly through my liking for the girl, and partly at Mr. Jack's request, I fell into the habit of superintending things, here and there, and helping the servants, when they had company. And so the friendship between Miss Lina and myself was strengthened. She began to make a confidante of me, in more ways than one. She told me about her admirers, and laughed at them, in a hearty, enjoyable way which

had not a bit of deceit about it. She showed me her dresses, and came to me for help, when they wanted mending or altering; and when I did anything for her she would kneel on the carpet at my side, with her big gray eyes all a-light with wonder and gratitude. I never helped her in the least, without getting an affectionate burst of thanks, and an impulsive caress. It was her nature to overflow with gratitude and pleasure about small things, and I was the last person in the world to try to restrain her.

They were having one of their free-and-easy little suppers one night, and I had noted among the guests a gentleman I had not seen before. He was not an officer, but a civilian, and though he was well-looking enough, there was a stiffness about his manner, and a haughty pretentiousness in his blonde face, that rendered him by no means as prepossessing as the genial, finely-made, epauletted men who were so fond of thronging the rooms. "Sir Denis," I heard them call him; and I noticed that he seemed very much pleased with Miss Lina, and showed it pretty plainly, in a certain stiffly-polite fashion. It appeared, too, that he was a favorite of Mrs. Clangarthe, for she took a great deal of trouble to draw him out, and evidently wished that Lina would be attentive. But I understood Miss Lina very well by this time, and saw that she was rather uneasy. She was trying very hard to be obediently entertaining; but she was not getting along very well, and was not enjoying herself as she usually did. I had promised Mr. Jack to undertake the management of things that night, and in passing to and fro before the opened doors, I saw that, as she danced with Sir Denis, and talked to him, there was a restless look in her eyes, and a queer, little, eager color on her cheeks. She looked uncomfortable, and I guessed the reason why. Sir Denis had taken Mr. Jack's place so completely that the two had hardly spoken a word to each other; and the poor child was troubling herself about it, and fancying that he was troubled too. But he was bearing it very well, I thought. He was making himself agreeable to a tall young lady with a fine figure and an amber-satin dress, and seemed to be enjoying himself pretty well, to judge from his face, and the young lady's rather loud laughs. He did not take much notice of Miss Lina, and after a while, I think, she began to notice it, for the color in her cheeks died out, and the uneasy look in her eyes deepened. For my part, I felt almost angry. I knew what his indifference meant. He knew his power over her, and meant

to exercise it. He took the tall young lady in amber satin down to supper, and he hung over her, and talked nonsense in a half-joking way, that was torture to the poor child who sat opposite, by the side of her unceremonious admirer, the uneasy color coming and going as she listened to the burst of laughter from their side of the long, narrow table. But at last Mr. Jack got tired of the talkative young woman in amber, and handing her over to somebody else, made his way across the room, as if he was going to leave it.

I was in a room on the other side of the hall, and could see everything; and the hidden misery in Miss Lina's eyes told me that if she could not break from Sir Denis in one way, she would in another. And so she did; for in a minute more she was out in the hall and half-way down the staircase after Mr. Jack, and was speaking to him all in a wild flutter, half frightened, half daring.

"Mr. Lowther!" she said. "Jack! don't go!"

I shall never forget how she looked, just as she stood there, at that minute, the troubled red on her cheeks, the eager girl's desperateness in her big eyes. It is such girls as Lina Clangarthe, who bear misery and shame, because their hearts are tender, and the chances are against them; it is such girls who need the world's pity, and God's help, when the worst comes to the worst. A woman less ignorant of the world's ways would have known better than to let Mr. Jack see she could not bear a shadow of neglect.

"Jack! Don't go!"

A little shiver ran over me as I heard her say it. I did not know before that they had gone so far as that, and my heart quickened forebodingly as he stopped and turned to look up at her. Cruel as it may seem, I was almost ready to pray that he might not hear her, and would go on without answering. She was so pretty — so pretty! The dazzling light seemed all to shine upon her full, soft, white shoulders and arms; even the shining white billows of her silk train could not make her look anything but a child. The light was so bright that the roses that drooped in her bosom, and clung to her loose, soft hair, were as red as blood.

She was pretty enough to bring him back, whether he cared for her or not: and he came, smiling, as if nothing had happened, and stood a few steps below her, as she slipped into a sitting posture, on the stairs, looking down at him, with her soul

the fancy held him; and as soon as he was tired, he would fling her away without a pang of remorse. I could not help feeling a thought bitter against the heedless woman, in the bright room near them. I could hear her laughing, and I could hear the Major laughing, too; and I could not resist an impulse of impatience at their blindness. I never have had children of my own, but I felt sure that no daughter of mine, if I had ever had one, would have been left thus, helplessly, to herself, as Lina Clangarthe was.

And this was only one occasion out of a thousand such. Every day I saw more of an imprudence, which, to my mind, seemed actually terrible. The people who visited the house were as careless and easy-going as the Clangarthes themselves; and Lina was wonderfully popular among both men and women. She was pretty enough to have drawn the world after her, and her queer, bright, high spirits, and reckless inclination and fun, were the very things to please people, who thought of nothing but how to enjoy life and amuse themselves.

"We take life easy," said Lina to me one day. "Where 's the use of taking it so hard, and fretting like Lady Medora. It only makes people ill-natured. We can't help being poor and in debt, but we can help fretting about it, can't we, Mrs. Mallon?"

There never was a lighter-hearted creature on earth than she was then. It appeared as though she was overrunning with fun and life. There was never a dull look on her bright face, or a hard word on her lip. She had a laugh and a jest for every one; and there was not a servant in the house, among all the ill-paid lot, who was not ready to do anything for Miss Lina. It is my opinion that but for her there would scarcely have been a servant on the place. When there was money in the house, she always remembered them, and when there was none, she coaxed them into a good humor. Her maid got her dresses before they were half-worn, and the cook borrowed her jewelry, quite secure in her good-nature, even if she was found out. Ill-regulated as everything was, there was something half-comical about it all. They were so good-natured and easy, and life seemed such an enjoyable affair. Even the ill-used tradesmen, who dunned them from morning till night, went away somewhat pacified, after an interview with Lina, or the Major, though there is no doubt they afterward wondered at their own indiscretion in allowing themselves to be so soothed. It

is my impression that Lady Medora herself had a sense of her own unfitness to cope with them, for though she sent box after box of old finery, and tracts enough to have converted a whole Fiji island, she never visited them.

"And all the better," said Lina, tossing over the contents of one of said boxes on its arrival. "It would only make her uncomfortable, poor soul. She would not understand us, you know, and we should n't understand her. It 's all the better, and we are very grateful to her, I am sure. It 's a blessed thing for us, though, that there 's one saint in the family to pray us all out of purgatory. Lady Medora is a very good woman, Mrs. Mallon. Dear me! I wonder where she wore this rose-colored satin dress. I am going to shake the tracts out of the trimmings, and try it on."

I often thought that, with a good mother, she would have been far different than most girls. My pretty Miss Lina, she was better as it was, in spite of her wild ways. I never heard an ill-natured word from her lips, queer as some of her speeches were, and she was generous and affectionate beyond measure. The tribe of neglected children, who tumbled about the rooms, were fonder of her than they were of any living thing; and she would give up her own pleasure any day to romp with them, when they asked her, which they were by no means chary of doing.

And through watching her, and noticing little things, I saw that her feeling for Mr. Jack was love of the intensest kind; and I saw, too, that it grew stronger every day, and that he led her on. And just as far as he chose to lead, she followed, and was ignorantly happy. He spent his evenings with her; and the Major and Mrs. Clangarthe looked on in their usual amiable, irresponsible way. He rode out with her, and the Major admired Lina's fine figure complacently, as the two cantered away, while Mrs. Clangarthe nodded them a farewell from the drawing-room window.

"Lina is like Lady Anastasia Derry, my dear. Don't you think so?" Mrs. Clangarthe was fond of saying. "You remember Lady Anastasia Derry, Major, and she was Colonel Enniskillen's daughter, and her mother was a Wexford?"

The memory of her aristocratic antecedents was a great source of pleasure to Mrs. Clangarthe, and she clung to it with whimsical pertinacity. She was anxious that Lina should make a good marriage, though I often thought she went about man-

aging the matter in a queer way. She forgot that gentlemen of position and title don't always choose their wives for a pretty face. They are a trifle more particular in these days than they were, or else the old romantic stories have very little foundation.

But it was Mrs. Clangarthe's plans that cast the first shadow over Miss Lina's life. I do not think the girl had ever known a shadow before; but a cloud came at last, and its darkness was too heavy for her. It had first showed itself the night when the tall, stiff young man they called Sir Denis followed her about, and roused Mr. Jack to making love to the young woman in amber satin; and in the course of time this same shadow became the cloud. The stiff young man came to the house pretty often, after the supper-party, and when he came he always fastened himself to Miss Lina, and kept Mr. Jack in the shade. She bore it at first good-humoredly, as she always bore disagreeable things; but after a while it began to trouble her. Whether he cared for her or not, Mr. Jack did not care to have a rival; and when Sir Denis made himself unpleasant, Lina always suffered for it. Mr. Jack did not quarrel with her, he was too wary for that; he simply let her alone, and played indifference, until the poor, warm-hearted, impulsive girl was wretched and reckless enough for anything. She was afraid of vexing him, and afraid of vexing her mother; so between the two she grew desperate. She began to fret in secret, and lost her reckless high spirits, and was only gay by fits and starts.

Mr. Jack made it worse than it was. He knew how to manage her, and by a word, dropped here and there, put it into her mind that her mother's foolish, blind persistence was unnatural cruelty, and that she would be forced to make a sacrifice which would render her wretched for life. The fact was, Mrs. Clangarthe's persistence was only weak ambition, and if Lina had been left alone, the matter would have come to its natural termination smoothly enough. But just as Mr. Jack had tortured his pets in his childhood, he tortured this poor child now, and the trouble was too much for her. She was not used to heart-pain, and at last it broke her down and made her desperate.

She came to my room almost wild, one day, after Sir Denis had left the house. He had been more than usually pretentiously officious, and Mrs. Clangarthe had encouraged him.

"I think that he will propose to you soon, Lina," she had said, after he was gone. "You are so lucky. Now, if Annette and Lucia only marry as well when they grow up, I shall be perfectly satisfied." And when, a few minutes later, Mr. Jack came in, she poured out to him her delight at Lina's success, considering that, as the friend of the family, he was the person most likely to sympathize with her.

There was a spot of flaming scarlet on Lina's cheek, and a dangerous, wild look in her eyes, when she came to me; and she had not been with me five minutes before she broke out, tortured with humiliation, and pain, and fear, telling me the whole story.

"She must be mad," she ended. "She is mad, and she is driving me mad too. I shall do something desperate and wicked, if they don't leave me alone. They cannot see that — that nothing on earth could buy me from my love."

She was sitting on a low stool, at my feet, and her long hair almost hid her face; but when she said that, she tossed the hair back, and looked up at me, with an almost defiant daring in her eyes.

"It is not right to say that, I suppose," she said. "It is not right to acknowledge that I have a true love. Women are not allowed to tell the truth about such things. But you are not blind, if all the rest are. You can see how the truth stands." And then she broke down, all in a sudden shame at herself, and sobbed like a wronged child.

A STRANGE LETTER.

A strange alteration in her manner came about after this. She was not so frank, and even over her brightest moods there was a shadow. But her trouble only made her fonder of Mr. Jack than ever, and I noticed that she was feverishly anxious to please him. I was sorry to see, too, that she put herself into his way a great deal more than was quite prudent; but she was too miserable, and too ignorant of the ways of the world, to be discreet; and so I could not blame her, though I knew she was working against herself. She met him upon the stairs half a dozen times in a day, and I knew very well that the solitary walks she took were taken only in desperate hope of seeing or speaking to him.

"I should die if I did n't see him," she broke out once to

me. "Don't tell me he'll like me the less for it, Mrs. Mallon; men can't be so cruel as that."

She had always been fond of walking on the beach, and from my window I had often watched her strolling on the waste sands, that the fishermen called the Moaning Bar, with the children, and letting them pull her about as not one girl in a dozen would have done. But she never took the children with her now. She walked out alone, though my old eyes were quite sharp enough to see she was not often alone long. Day after day Mr. Jack would follow her down to their trysting-place on the Bar, and for hours I could see them, as they sat sheltered by the rocks, Miss Lina's scarlet jacket, a bright bit of color, contrasted with sea, and sand, and sky.

And in her room upstairs Mrs. Clangarthe made herself comfortable over the success of her plans. She was fond of Lina, as every one else was; she was proud of her beauty, and wished to see her happy; and fancying a good marriage the boon most to be desired, she worked industriously in her behalf, in her own easy-natured, shiftless style. Mr. Lowther was the Major's friend, and had lent the Major money; accordingly, nothing could be more pleasantly desirable than that he should amuse Lina, and Lina should amuse him.

"I like to see young people enjoy themselves, Mrs. Mallon," she said, sweet-temperedly, to me. "And Lina always enjoys herself when she is with Mr. Lowther. She wants brightening a little, too, now, though I am sure I don't see why she should, when her prospects are so good; but she has not been in good spirits lately."

That evening Lina came in from her walk later than usual. It was so late, indeed, that the yellow fog curtained both sea and shore, and the street lamps were beginning to twinkle here and there. She did not go upstairs, but came into my room, and the moment she entered I saw that something was wrong. Her face was pale and haggard, but there was a spot on each cheek as bright as her scarlet jacket, and in her hand she held a letter.

She sat down on a footstool, as she always did. For a minute or two she did not speak. But all at once she began to tremble and cry, and pull at the collar of her sacque as if it was hurting her.

"Oh, Mrs. Mallon!" she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Mallon, just look here! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" And then

she tossed the letter into my lap, and hid her face in her hands, under her loose, fog-damped hair.

"Do you mean that I must read it, my dear?" I asked, feeling faint at heart; for just at that moment a terrible thought flashed across my mind — a thought I had never even approached before.

She nodded her head without speaking, and so I opened it; and it was from no less a person than Lady Medora Darrel herself. Lady Medora had heard rumors of Sir Denis's attention to her niece, and was so far pleased as to wish to encourage them. Sir Denis was the son of a friend of hers, and, of course, unexceptionable; and she discussed the whole matter with a queer frankness, which somehow reminded me of the Clangarthes themselves.

"A marriage like this is more than I ever looked for," she wrote. "Living as you do, you could hardly expect to make such a match. I shall write to your mother at once, and, in the meantime, you may tell her that I will extend to her all the assistance in my power, as regards your bridal *trousseau*, when you need it. After your marriage, I shall be glad to receive you at my house, and hope that a change will be effected in your hitherto frivolous life."

A strange sound, half a choked sob and half a bitter laugh, startled me as I finished reading, and I looked up to find Lina in a white heat of scornful wrath.

"When I need it?" she said. "Good, that; is n't it, Mrs. Mallon? She forgets the old adage, 'First catch your hare.' Sir Denis is n't caught yet, and beside —" She stopped, and shut her white teeth together hard.

Then she broke out, fiercely.

"Do you know what that letter will do?" she said. "It will drive me to despair. It was bad enough before, and now they will take that up as if it was the best luck in the world. They laugh at her, all of them, but they are afraid of her, for all that."

I comforted her to the best of my ability, and she tried to listen, but I saw it was of no use: before she went away I was in an agony of such doubt and fear as I had never known before in my life.

And this was not all. Just as she rose from her seat I heard the hall-door open, and the sound of Mr. Jack's footstep, and from the flash that leaped into her eye I knew that as she

brushed out she was only hurrying to meet him. She was so excited and hurried that she forgot to close the door after her, and, as it stood open, I saw her meet him at the foot of the staircase, with the letter in her hand.

"What is it, Lina?" I heard him say, half-tenderly, half-impatiently, as he caught sight of her, standing in the bright light.

She glanced up at him with a troubled face, and then all at once the fire died out of it, and left her pale as death.

"Jack," she whispered, almost breathlessly, "if you are going to save me, you must save me now." And she dropped her head upon the hand she had laid on the balustrade without another word.

I shall never understand how it was possible that, through the long weeks that followed, a mother could be so carelessly blind as Mrs. Clangarthe showed herself. She seemed to enjoy life as much as ever; she was so sweet-tempered and ready to be amused with trifles; she played hostess at the gay little suppers, and angled for Sir Denis in seeming unconsciousness of the change in the pretty young face, hitherto so cloudlessly bright. It made my heart ache to watch this change as it grew. It was no longer the face that had smiled down on Mr. Jack from the staircase. There was a feverish trouble in its eyes; its very smiles were feverish. I cannot describe the dumb pain and look of inward misery that took the place of the old light-heartedness.

But the girl said very little, though she grew paler every day. She bore up against her trouble almost defiantly, trying to make herself pretty in her lover's eyes, pretending to be gay, and even trying to tolerate Sir Denis. But she could not deceive me. My love for her had made my old eyes too quick. I think, too, that she understood this, for it was only before me that she ever gave in, and sometimes she seemed to break down, though she tried hard to make light of it, and always did it with a wretched ghost of a smile on her pale lips.

"Sir Denis was too much for me to-night," she would say, sometimes. "And — and I have a headache. It makes me look pale, I dare say. Do I look pale, Mrs. Mallon?" trying to laugh. "I feel pale."

But the time came when she ceased even trying to laugh, and would come to me, looking as white as death, trembling and crying.

"Don't tell," she would say. "Don't tell I am not well,

you know; and Lady Medora has been bothering again. Let me have my cry out, and then I shall be better."

I cannot put into words the horror of slow fear which grew upon me. I could not bear to think of it, and fought against it bitterly, trying to think it quite natural that her girlish troubles should make her hysterical and nervous; but at last I began to see a change in Mr. Jack, and this change crushed all my hopes. I began to see that he was getting tired of his amusement; and I knew him so well that I recognized the alteration as soon as it came about; as soon as Miss Lina herself did. He began to try to avoid her, as if by accident at first, but more openly in the course of time. In the end, day after day passed by in which he never entered their rooms.

I wakened earlier than usual one morning, and after dressing went to my window to look out, as I had a habit of doing. The fog was just clearing away, and as my eyes became accustomed to the then floating mist, I glanced accidentally toward the Moaning Bar. Two figures were standing near the rocks together. It did not need a second glance to tell me whose they were. I knew them in an instant; one by its attitude, the other by the scarlet jacket and long, falling hair. It was Lina Clangarthe and Mr. Jack.

He was lounging carelessly against a rock when I looked, and she seemed to be speaking to him passionately, wildly, desperately. She was holding out her hands, and clasping and wringing them as she talked; and he was listening without a gesture, simply listening and watching her.

My heart gave one fierce bound, and fairly stood still. For a moment it seemed that I scarcely breathed, and then I drew back behind the curtain, praying aloud.

"Lord, have mercy upon her! O Lord, have mercy upon her!" I cried.

It was all over when I looked again. Mr. Jack had sauntered away, and Lina was walking rapidly along the beach, toward the street. She was walking hurriedly, and seemed to steady her slight, girlish figure with some difficulty. But she was not crying, and there was not a tear in her eyes when, a few moments later, she came into the room.

"I have been out walking with Mr. Lowther," she said, in a strange, steady voice. "And we have had a bit of a quarrel, Mrs. Mallon. Lovers always have their little quarrels, don't they?"

She seated herself at the window when she entered, and she was sitting there as she spoke, and the minute the words were out of her mouth she turned suddenly and looked at me.

"If you had been at the window, you might have seen us," she said, watching me keenly. "I did not know before that any of these windows fronted the Moaning Bar so directly."

"I think I did see you," I answered, as calmly as possible. "But my old eyes are not as young as they used to be, and I might be mistaken."

That seemed to satisfy her, and for a while she sat silent; but at last she broke out again. "I am rather low-spirited this morning," she said. "Quarrels always make me miserable. I don't think I am as strong as I used to be. I wish life was n't so long. I was thinking this morning it would be an easy sort of a way to end it out there on the Moaning Bar when the tide comes in."

She spoke so deliberately and meditatively that I was startled into making a slight exclamation.

"Why, Miss Lina!" I cried out.

She started a little, looked up at me, and laughed faintly.

"Why not?" she said. "It would be easy enough if one had the courage; and it would n't need much. The tide sweeps round the Bar so suddenly. And then there is no help, and one would n't need courage. Don't be frightened, though, Mrs. Mallon! I am not going to drown myself. I am too fond of life for that; besides, I want to make-up with Jack." And she laughed again.

I was blind enough then to be deceived by her light manner, but I thought of her words afterwards, and remembered, too, her little shudder, when she said: "And then there would be no help."

After that came a change again, stranger and more deceptive than the last. She regained her spirits too rapidly to seem natural; she never said anything against Sir Denis, and was even extravagantly gay in his presence. Her mother was fairly delighted, and exerted herself to her utmost in the matter of dressing her and making her appear to advantage. They gave the little suppers two or three times a week, and at such times from my room I could hear Lina's feverish laugh ringing out above everything. She had never seemed so reckless and light-

hearted, and as the guests passed out of the house I often caught snatches of conversation among the men which showed me that even those who had known her the longest were dazzled afresh and puzzled a little.

But Mr. Jack's attentions were gradually falling off. His unceremonious visits were growing fewer and farther between. I was astonished to find that this did not seem to trouble Lina much, and was so far bewildered that I began to falter again. She did not contrive plans to meet him any longer; and when by accident they encountered each other on the stairs or in the hall, she would give him a careless little nod or a careless speech, and pass on as coolly as she might have done in the first days of their acquaintance. But one evening after she had passed him so, and the hall-door had closed upon him as he went out, I heard her feet flag somewhat in their passage up the staircase, and in a moment more there came to my listening ears the dull, dead thud of a heavy fall.

There was no other sound, nothing but the fall, and, strange to say, no one seemed to hear it but myself; and hurrying out I found lying on the mat at the foot of the stairs Lina Clangarthe in a dead faint, her white face like a stone.

I went to the kitchen-door, and, calling one of the servants as quietly as possible, made her help me to carry the prostrate figure into my room and lay it on my sofa.

"Don't say anything to the others," I commanded the girl. "It is nothing but a faint, and would only alarm Mrs. Clangarthe unnecessarily."

I sent her away before the child's eyes were opened, and then I set myself to work to restore her alone. But before I began I closed the door. I think it must have been a half an hour before she knew me, and when the great, speechful gray eyes unclosed they turned upon me in an agony, needing not a word to express itself. It seemed to me as if I could not bear it. I thought my heart would burst.

"You fell downstairs and fainted, my dear," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "I suppose your foot slipped."

She did not utter a sound, only looked at me, and then all at once at the door as if she was frightened.

"Yes, my dear," I answered, for I guessed what she was thinking of. "Yes, my dear, it's locked. You see I thought there was no need to alarm the household, and frighten your mamma. It was only a faint, and you will be over it soon.

You are almost over it now, only, of course, you feel weak and tired and don't want to talk. Take a little of this wine, and then I will sit down and you shall try to sleep."

She took the wine, but her poor hands trembled so that I had to hold the glass to her lips. She did not speak even then, and after she had swallowed it she slipped down on to the sofa-cushion with her white, young face upon her arm and her long hair half hiding it as she lay.

As for me, I set the wine glass aside and went back to my seat at the window which faced the Moaning Bar.

For two long hours I sat there with my work, looking out at the sea, and now and then glanced round at the helpless young face on the sofa. During those two hours this figure never stirred, but lay there without a movement, the white face half hidden by the heavy, loose hair. The silence was so heavy and terrible, and the time so long in its dull dragging by, that I could scarcely bear it. If I could only have helped her; if I could only have said one word of motherly comfort to her, I should have thanked God for it to the last day of my life. If this was only a girl's heartache it was a bitter one indeed, and one that called for tender words and comfort; but if it was worse, there was no words that human tongue could utter that could be too full of pity and prayer for this young creature in her desolate strait.

I got up from my chair at last and went to her, kneeling down by her side and touching her hair softly.

"Are you asleep, Miss Lina?" I asked.

She stirred a little, but she did not look up as she answered, "No."

"Do you feel better?" I said falteringly. "Fainting-fits are troublesome things, my dear; but there is not much danger in them, you know. I hope —"

I stopped there, because I could say no more. It seemed as if the spell upon her was broken, for she was beginning to shiver and tremble, and in a minute she was clinging to the cushion with both her little hands, sobbing in a wild, gasping, choking way.

"Oh, Mrs. Mallon!" she cried out again and again, "if you only knew what is in my heart to-night; if you only knew what is in my heart to-night! If you only — only — knew!"

I was trembling all over, myself, and crying, too, though I tried hard to speak quietly, as I stroked her hair and patted her shoulder to soothe her.

"Tell me, my love," I said. "Tell me, if you can, and I will try to help you. I am an old woman, my dear, and the Lord may show me how I might help you best. The Lord never fails us, you know, my dear."

But she had lost all hope of controlling herself. She only sobbed, and gasped, and panted, with her hand clenched hard against her heart.

"There is no help for me!" she cried out. "There is no help. There is nothing but death! Nothing but death! Nothing but death and despair!"

The tide had come in and gone out again into the darkness long before she was still; and then it was time for her to go upstairs, for Mrs. Clangarthe was inquiring for her. She got up from the sofa pale as death, and with a strange, hollow look about her eyes. She had worn her wild grief out, but she had not uttered a word that might tell me surely whether my terrible fear had any foundation or not.

She gave a glance at herself as she passed the mirror, and when she reached the door she turned all of a sudden in a wild, nervous way.

"You are not like other people," she said. "You are better some way. I wish you were my mother."

I wonder if the people who are used to reading stories can guess how this one of mine is going to end. I wonder, too, if the most experienced of them would not have started as I did that night on hearing Lina Clangarthe's laugh ring out among the voices in the room above. I think they would, and yet I did hear it. I heard it threading through the bursts of merriment that came from the two or three of her father's fellow-officers who were his guests for the evening, and as I heard it I trembled. She was talking to them, and even rattling off gay little French songs for them, one after the other. She was filling the whole drawing-room with her mirth.

Sir Denis was there too, one of the servants told me, and she was drawing him on and dazzling him with her daring flashes of wit. And toward the end of the evening Mr. Jack came in and went upstairs to join the party, and a few minutes later, to my bewilderment, I heard her laughing and jesting with him too.

They were always gay enough and sometimes a trifle boisterous in that light-hearted way of theirs, but I had never heard them so merry as they seemed to be this night. Peal after peal of laughter came down the staircase to my room.

"It's Miss Lina is making them laugh so," explained the Major's man. "Sure it's in high spur'ts she is this evenin'. The ould fell'ys is houldin' their sides wid the fun in her. It's beyutiful she looks, too, Misthress Mallon, wid a color like a rose, and a light in her eye like foire, an' me Lady Medora's ould dress lookin' new on her. Ah, but it's Sir Denis is the lost boy intirely."

Barregan was just like the rest of the servants, — he fairly adored Miss Lina, and noticed her every mood with as great an interest as if she had been a child of his own. The queer, careless ways of the family extended even to their free-and-easy intercourse with their servants.

It was later than usual when the company dispersed, perhaps because they had enjoyed themselves so well. I sat in my room for hours listening and wondering and fearing by turns, and was just setting Mr. Jack's parlor to rights and bolting the shutters before going to bed when I heard Sir Denis and Mr. Jack himself come out, Miss Lina following them on to the landing to have a last word. The parlor was quite dark, and they could not see me, but I could see them plain enough; and you may be sure my first look was at Miss Lina.

She was standing on the stairs just as she had stood the night Mr. Jack kissed her. Her soft hair was floating over her wide, white shoulders down to her bit of a waist, as she had a girl's fashion of wearing it all loose and curly; and she had on the very dress Lady Medora had given her, the rose-colored satin. It was as Barregan had said, her eyes were like fire; but just at this moment as she looked down at the two men there was scarcely a bit of color in her face, in spite of the light words she was speaking.

"And as you are going away," she was saying to Mr. Jack, "I suppose I may as well say good-by to you, and ask you to give my love to Lady Medora, if you see her, when you are in London. Don't tell any tales out of school, though, or else she won't send me any more of her old dresses, and what would I do without them?"

"And you will try the sorrel mare with me to-morrow, Miss Clangarthe?" Sir Denis said, a sort of stiff confusion mixed with his admiration of her. "She paces well, I can vouch; and we can ride past the Moaning Bar, and on to the Shingle Road, after the tide goes down."

I saw her look down at his face, for one second, with a

strange expression, just as if she had forgotten herself; but it was only for a moment; the next she answered him as gayly as ever, only with an odd, feverish, short laugh. "Yes," she said, "I 'll remember. When the tide goes down, — if nothing happens from now till then. And what could happen? After the tide goes down, then. Good-night." And she gave him a bright, little nod.

"Good-night, Miss Clangarthe," he answered, and went downstairs with his thin face all in a glow of pleasure.

In his momentary excitement he had almost forgotten his companion, but Mr. Jack called after him the next minute.

"Wait a minute, Dermot," he said. Then he turned to the bright-robed young figure on the stair above him, and, as he looked into the white young face, held out his hand.

"Good-night, Lina," he said.

She never stirred; just stood there, white and still, looking right into his evil, handsome, black eyes, without a word. She did not take his hand, or even notice it.

"Good-by," she said, at last.

That was all. Not another word; and after taking another look at her, he turned away, as if she had puzzled him a little, and he was too indifferent to care about translating her.

She watched him down the staircase, through the hall, out into the street, without stirring; and then she turned round, and walked slowly up to her own room; and the last glimpse I had of her in life showed me that queer, calm look in her girl's eyes, and that queer steadiness on her white face.

I have often thought, since then, of the wild desperateness that must have been in that poor wronged young thing's mad heart that dreadful night. I have shuddered, and cried like a child, over the picture that will sometimes force itself upon my mind, — the picture of that steadfast face, as it must have looked during the long hours that passed before daylight came. I have fancied that I could see it, and understand the depth of despair and misery which this girl of seventeen years old must have struggled with, in the silence of the midnight. There had never been a shadow on her life before, and the blackness of death had fallen upon her almost in an hour. Did she pray one short, desperate prayer, or did she face her fate, remembering nothing but what she left behind, and what life might have held for her?

A DESPERATE RESOLUTION.

I was sitting at my parlor window, just as I always did, and the tide was sweeping back, wave by wave, over the sand, and over the rocks, and over the Moaning Bar. It had been a dull, gray morning, and even now the sun was scarcely to be seen at all, as it struggled through the banks of leaden clouds. I was feeling troubled, and not very well. I had not slept much during the night, and losing rest always hurts me. But somehow, this morning, it was my mind that felt heavy, and it was so heavy that I forgot my tired old limbs altogether. I was thinking of Miss Lina, and had been thinking of her all night. I was beginning to fear something I had not thought of before; and the thought of it chilled me to the heart.

When first it struck me, I turned to the sea with a quick, cold pulse-beat, and my eyes fell on the Moaning Bar in shrinking terror. The slow, creeping waves, tossing over it now, had such a cruel, hungry look in the gray light. The tide always crept round the low barren stretch of sand just in a stealthy sort of way, and no human being who chanced to linger there a moment too late need turn his face to the higher shore again, for he had met his doom. It was a cruel place, and I had always felt a dread of it, even when the tide was down. The coast people feared it with something like superstitious horror, and told fearful stories of the maddened wails they had heard, and the stony, rigid forms that had been swept back to the shore, once or twice, at ebb of tide.

I could not bear to look at it this morning; but somehow it had a strange fascination for me, and I sat watching it until the tops of the rocks were bare. The sea was not long in creeping backward then, and before many minutes the water was falling rapidly, and the rocks stood out, bold and black, in a little cluster, that made a sheltered nook, where the seaweed always lay in heaps, tangled with white sea-shells.

There was a heap of such seaweed, lying half out of the low water now. I could see it quite plainly as it lay caught among the rocks. After my first glance I found myself staring at it, fascinated — I could not say why — curiously. The little running waves were playing with it, and lifting it lightly as they retreated.

A sound in the hall and a summons from outside roused

me. I got up from my seat, restlessly, opened the door, and confronted the Major's man, who stood upon the threshold, making his stiff, military salute.

"It 's Miss Lina I was ordhered to ax about, Misthress Mallon," he said, a trifle uneasily. "The misthress sent me to saa if she was here. Sir Denis is waitin' for her, and the misthress thought, mebbe, she had stepped into your room whin she kem in."

I stared at him blankly for a moment. Then my startled mind began to take in vaguely the strange expression on the poor fellow's face. There was actually a shade of pallor on his sunburnt skin, and his eye met mine restlessly. Something was the matter, I knew, and he was afraid to speak of it.

"Barregan," I broke out, all in a tremble, "what is the matter? You are trying to hide something from me. What is it you are trying to hide?"

I saw him turn pale then in actual earnest, and when he answered me his voice shook.

"Might I step insoide, Misthress Mallon?" he said. "I 'd like to have a wurred wid yez."

I motioned him in and shut the door.

"What is it?" I cried out sharply. "You are not afraid that" — and then I stopped short, in spite of the terrible fear that rushed upon me.

"She — she went out early," he said hoarsely, "an' she 's not come in yet, though she promised to try Sir Denis's sorrel. There 's a nasty bit of sand down on the Bar, ye know, and she always wint there. She was goin' there whin I met her, and someways she looked white and poorly, but she turned her purty, pale face to me, and says, 'Good mornin' to ye, Barregan. I 'm goin' for a little walk on the sands,' and then she looks over her shoulder at me, two or three times, before she was out of sight. I darn't say a wurred to the misthress. I darn't; I thought I 'd come here first."

The sun had struggled through the clouds at last, and as I turned to the window, shaken and strengthless, it burst forth in such sudden brightness that I could see nothing plainly. But little as I could distinguish, my blinded eyes caught a glimpse of something that made me drop into my chair, with hardly voice to speak.

"Look out there," I said to the poor stricken fellow. "There is a heap of — of seaweed, I think, caught on the rocks, on the Moaning Bar. There is not a bit of color caught among it, is

there? The sun blinds me so that I cannot see. There is n't a bit of scarlet there, is there? Look well before you speak, for God's sake!"

He did not need to look a second time. Just one glance, and he broke away, with a cry of horror, that roused the whole household, and brought servants, and master, and mistress, hurrying out of the rooms, with white, scared faces.

Just that one cry, and a few wild terror-stricken words, and the cry was echoed again, until the roof rang with its shrill horror, as Mrs. Clangarthe fell prostrate upon the staircase landing, with a face like the dead.

We raised her and carried her to her room, scarcely any one of us knew how; for the whole house was full of the cries of wailing, hurrying servants, and wailing, terrified children. There was not one of them but had loved her; there was not one of them, from the best to the worst, who was not stricken as with the hand of death.

They were all crowded about the windows, weeping aloud, as they watched the hurrying figures across the sands, toward the bit of scarlet color caught in the nook of rocks. Dozens of the coast people, men, women, and children, catching a hint of the truth, left their work in boats and huts and ran, as it were, for dear life, through the shallow water the tide had left on the low beach, joining one another by twos and threes, until a great crowd of strange figures stood about the rocks, around Sir Denis, and around the man who had first bent over the something which was not seaweed, but a dead girl's body.

Perhaps among all the crowd of rough watchers there was not one who had not a kindly remembrance of the bright, girlish face and light-hearted ways · perhaps there was scarcely one of them to whom she had not, at some time, spoken a careless, sweet-tempered word of greeting. She had been used to speak to the roughest of them when she met them, and in the most unresponsive of their half-savage moods they had felt an odd sort of liking for her and her bright beauty.

It seemed almost like Fate that they should bring her into my room, and lay her upon the sofa where she had lain through the long, silent, wretched hours only so few days before. But her face was not hidden now upon the cushion: it lay still and white, upturned to every eye; and the long hair that had veiled it was wet and dank with the salt sea, and tangled with sea-weed, and sand, and shells.

If she had died to keep a secret, she had not died in vain, for no one but myself guessed that any secret existed. She must have forgotten the tide until it had crept around the Bar, and it was too late to turn back, they said among themselves; and, as they spoke, I bent over her, and smoothed her pretty, tangled hair, so that they could not see my face, and guess that I had anything to hide from them. But as I listened I understood, quite plainly, what the poor, desperate child had meant when she cried out to me, "Oh, if you only knew what is in my heart to-night!" I knew then, for her own dead lips told me, and I knew, too, what a terrible strength of resolution had kept the fire in her eye and the color in her cheeks as she jested and laughed with the rest, within the very sound of the waves which she knew would sweep over her dead body on the morrow.

"It would not take much courage, when the tide came up," she had said, and I remembered the words, shuddering at the thought of how the waves must have looked, as she watched them running up nearer and nearer, until the gray, white line was all around her, and it was too late to look back or repent.

But it was over now, and it could not have taken long to hush her cries, if she had uttered any; it could not have been many minutes, at the most, after the first gasp, in the rush of surf, before she was as quiet as she looked now, lying on my sofa, with the strange rest on her pretty face.

"She looks so calm, someway," poor Mrs. Clangarthe wailed. "And she was so pretty, too, and I was so proud of her. Oh, my poor, poor Lina! I don't think Sir Denis will ever get over it, Mrs. Mallon. He was going to propose to her this morning, and Lina had promised me she would accept him, if he did."

When the dreadful day was over, and the house was dark and quiet, I sat in my little room again, thinking sadly of the still chamber upstairs, where the slender, quiet figure lay on the bed. As I sat brooding over the fire, I heard the door open, and Mr. Jack came in, and stood on the hearth, with the stealthy, evil look in his handsome, bold, black eyes.

Whether he suspected me or not, he did not care to meet my glance; and, as he spoke, he carelessly struck a match on the mantel to light a cigar he held.

"I am going to London to-morrow," he said, "and shall not need you any longer. You can go back to Marshlands as soon as you wish. I shall not return here again."

I looked at his wicked, handsome face steadily, and for the moment hated it as I had never hated anything human before.

"Sir," I said, "have you been upstairs?"

He nodded carelessly, but changed color a little, nevertheless.

"Yes," he answered.

"And you have seen — her?"

He nodded again, flinching, I could see.

I do not know what held me up, but I felt that I must speak now, or die.

"Do you remember what we said about that dead girl, once before, in this very room?" I asked. "About her face? Do you remember what I said about its being a tender, innocent face, which knew no wrong, and held none? Do you remember?"

He started slightly, and turned, staring wildly at me.

"What the deuce" — he began.

But I stopped him. I rose from my chair and faced him, trembling in every limb, and sobbing in a grief that was too much for me. I remembered the pretty young face, as I saw it first, with the innocent light in its eye, and then I thought of how the tide had gone down on the Moaning Bar, leaving the bit of bright color lying in the nook of rocks.

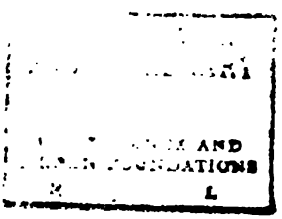
"Man!" I said, "you are a villain, and God will never forgive you. The curse of a lost life will be upon you forever."

He did not say a word, fierce as was the anger that flashed into his cruel face. He had not a word to say. He knew that his sin had found him out, and that there was no defence for him, if he cared to make one. For one moment he stood and tried to brave me with a sneer, the blood flushing his dark skin, and the flare of passion in his eyes. The next, he faltered, and turned upon his heel, and so left me forever.

I did not see him again, and was thankful that I did not. I knew that, if my lady had been living, she would have absolved me from my promise, and knowing this, I was not ashamed to break it myself. I had been his faithful servant, and he had used me for an innocent creature's wrong, and so I could be faithful no longer. He went away, as he said he would, and I, returning to my home, carried, in my own heart, the secret which had been swept away and lost in the waves that went down with the tide on the Moaning Bar.

FRANCES BURNEY
(MADAME D'ARBLAY)

From a Painting by F. Burney



Then as to the *way* we should go; some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking: but the boat, at length, was decided upon. Indeed, this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleasant.

The Garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra make a most brilliant and gay appearance; and, had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it was a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavored to attach himself to me, with such officious assiduity, and impertinent freedom, that he quite sickened me. Indeed, M. Du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addressed myself. He is civil and respectful, and I have found nobody else so since I left Howard Grove. His English is very bad, but I prefer it to speaking French myself, which I dare not venture to do. I converse with him frequently, both to disengage myself from others, and to oblige Madame Duval, who is always pleased when he is attended to.

As we were walking about the orchestra, I heard a bell ring, and, in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping: "Stopping, Ma'am!" cried he, "why, we must run on, or we shall lose the cascade!"

And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. Young Branghton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly stand.

The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively.

But this was not the only surprise which was to divert them at my expense; for they led me about the garden, purposely to enjoy my first sight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having chosen a *box* in a very conspicuous place, we all went to supper. Much fault was found with everything that was ordered, though not a morsel of anything was left; and the dearness of the provisions, with conjectures upon what profit was made by them, supplied discourse during the whole meal.

When wine and cider were brought, Mr. Smith said, "Now let's enjoy ourselves; now is the time, or never. Well, Ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?"

"Like it!" cried young Branghton, "why, how can she help liking it? She has never seen such a place before, that I'll answer for."

"For my part," said Miss Branghton, "I like it because it is not vulgar."

"This must have been a fine treat for you, Miss," said Mr. Branghton; "why, I suppose you was never so happy in all your life before?"

I endeavored to express my satisfaction with some pleasure, yet I believe they were much amazed at my coldness.

"Miss ought to stay in town till the last night," said young Branghton; "and then, it's my belief, she'd say something to it! Why, Lord, it's the best night of any; there's always a riot, — and there the folks run about, — and then there's such squealing and squalling! — and there all the lamps are broke, — and the women run skimper, scamper — I declare I would not take five guineas to miss the last night!"

I was very glad when they all grew tired of sitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The Miss Branghtons said they would walk on, while the gentlemen settled the account, and asked me to accompany them; which, however, I declined.

"You girls may do as you please," said Madame Duval; "but as to me, I promise you, I sha'n't go nowhere without the gentlemen."

"No more, I suppose, will my *Cousin*," said Miss Branghton, looking reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made

me, most unfortunately, request Madame Duval's permission to attend them. She granted it, and away we went, having promised to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone: but the sisters agreed that they would first have a *little pleasure*, and they tittered, and talked so loud, that they attracted universal notice.

"Lord, Polly," said the eldest, "suppose we were to take a turn in the dark walks!"

"Ay, do," answered she, "and then we'll hide ourselves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are lost."

I remonstrated very warmly against this plan, telling them it would endanger our missing the rest of the party all the evening.

"O dear," cried Miss Branghton, "I thought how uneasy Miss would be, without a beau!"

This impertinence I did not think worth answering; and, quite by compulsion, I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were hallooing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, seemed to rush suddenly from behind some trees, and, meeting us face to face, put their arms at their sides, and formed a kind of circle, which first stopped our proceeding, and then our retreating, for we were presently entirely inclosed. The Miss Branghtons screamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly: our screams were answered with bursts of laughter, and, for some minutes, we were kept prisoners, till at last, one of them, rudely seizing hold of me, said I was a pretty little creature.

Terrified to death, I struggled with such vehemence to disengage myself from him, that I succeeded, in spite of his efforts to detain me; and immediately, and with a swiftness which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to secure my safety by returning to the lights and company we had so foolishly left: but before I could possibly accomplish my purpose, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himself so directly in my way, calling out, "Whither so fast, my love?" that I could only have proceeded by running into his arms.

In a moment, both my hands, by different persons, were caught hold of; and one of them, in a most familiar manner,

desired, when I ran next, to accompany me in a race; while the rest of the party stood still and laughed.

I was almost distracted with terror, and so breathless with running that I could not speak, till another, advancing, said I was as handsome as an angel, and desired to be of the party. I then just articulated, "For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, let me pass."

Another then rushing suddenly forward exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! what voice is that?"

"The voice of the prettiest little actress I have seen this age," answered one of my persecutors.

"No, — no, — no, —" I *panted* out, "I am no actress, — pray let me go, — pray let me pass."

"By all that's sacred," cried the same voice, which I then knew for Sir Clement Willoughby's, "'tis herself!"

"Sir Clement Willoughby," cried I. "O sir, assist — assist me — or I shall die with terror!"

"Gentlemen," cried he, disengaging them all from me in an instant, "pray leave this lady to me."

Loud laughs proceeded from every mouth, and two or three said, "*Willoughby has all the luck!*" But one of them, in a passionate manner, vowed he would not give me up, for that he had the first right to me, and would support it.

"You are mistaken," said Sir Clement; "this lady is — I will explain myself to you another time; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken."

And then, taking my willing hand, he led me off, amidst the loud acclamations, laughter, and gross merriment of his impertinent companions.

As soon as we had escaped from them, Sir Clement, with a voice of surprise, exclaimed, "My dearest creature, what wonder, what strange revolution, has brought you to such a spot as this?"

Ashamed of my situation, and extremely mortified to be thus recognized by him, I was for some time silent, and when he repeated his question, only stammered out, "I have, — I hardly know how, — lost myself from my party."

He caught my hand, and eagerly pressing it, in a passionate voice said, "O that I had sooner met with thee!"

Surprised at a freedom so unexpected, I angrily broke from him, saying, "Is this the protection you give me, Sir Clement?"

And then I saw, what the perturbation of my mind had prevented my sooner noticing, that he had led me, though I know not how, into another of the dark alleys, instead of the place whither I meant to go.

"Good God!" I cried, "where am I? — What way are you going?"

"Where," answered he, "we shall be least observed!"

Astonished at this speech, I stopped short, and declared I would go no further.

"And why not, my angel?" again endeavoring to take my hand.

My heart beat with resentment; I pushed him away from me with all my strength, and demanded how he dared treat me with such insolence.

"Insolence!" repeated he.

"Yes, Sir Clement, *insolence;* from you, who know me, I had a claim for protection, — not to such treatment as this."

"By Heaven," cried he with warmth, "you distract me, — why, tell me, — why do I see you here? — Is this a place for Miss Anville? — these dark walks! — no party! — no companion! — by all that's good, I can scarce believe my senses!"

Extremely offended at this speech, I turned angrily from him, and, not deigning to make any answer, walked on towards that part of the garden whence I perceived the lights and company.

He followed me; but we were both some time silent.

"So you will not explain to me your situation?" said he, at length.

"No, Sir," answered I, disdainfully.

"Nor yet — suffer me to make my own interpretation?"

I could not bear this strange manner of speaking; it made my very soul shudder, — and I burst into tears.

He flew to me, and actually flung himself at my feet, as if regardless who might see him, saying, "Oh, Miss Anville — loveliest of women — forgive my — my — I beseech you forgive me; — if I have offended, — if I have hurt you — I could kill myself at the thought!"

"No matter, Sir, no matter," cried I, "if I can but find my friends, — I will never speak to — never see you again!"

"Good God! — good Heaven! — my dearest life, what is it I have done? — what is it I have said?"

"You best know, Sir, *what* and *why;* — but don't hold me here, — let *me* be gone; and do *you!*"

"Not till you forgive me!—I cannot part with you in anger."

"For shame, for shame, Sir!" cried I, indignantly; "do you suppose I am to be thus compelled?—do you take advantage of the absence of my friends, to affront me?"

"No, Madam," cried he, rising, "I would sooner forfeit my life than act so mean a part. But you have flung me into amazement unspeakable, and you will not condescend to listen to my request of giving me some explanation."

"The manner, Sir," said I, "in which you spoke that request made and will make me scorn to answer it."

"Scorn!—I will own to you, I expected not such displeasure from Miss Anville."

"Perhaps, Sir, if you had, you would less voluntarily have merited it."

"My dearest life, surely it must be known to you that the man does not breathe who adores you so passionately, so fervently, so tenderly, as I do!—why then will you delight in perplexing me?—in keeping me in suspense—in torturing me with doubt?"

"I, Sir, delight in perplexing you!—You are much mistaken. Your suspense, your doubts, your perplexities,—are of your own creating; and believe me, Sir, they may *offend*, but they can never *delight* me:—but, as you have yourself raised, you must yourself satisfy them."

"Good God!—that such haughtiness and such sweetness can inhabit the same mansion!"

I made no answer, but quickening my pace, I walked on silently and sullenly; till this most impetuous of men, snatching my hand, which he grasped with violence, besought me to forgive him with such earnestness of supplication, that, merely to escape his importunities, I was forced to speak, and, in some measure to grant the pardon he requested: though it was accorded with a very ill grace; but, indeed, I knew not how to resist the humility of his entreaties: yet never shall I recollect the occasion he gave me of displeasure, without feeling it renewed.

We now soon arrived in the midst of the general crowd, and my own safety being then insured, I grew extremely uneasy for the Miss Braughtons, whose danger, however imprudently incurred by their own folly, I too well knew how to tremble for. To this consideration all my pride of heart yielded, and I determined to seek my party with the utmost speed; though not with-

out a sigh did I recollect the fruitless attempt I had made, after the opera, of concealing from this man my unfortunate connections, which I was now obliged to make known.

I hastened, therefore, to the room, with a view of sending young Branghton to the aid of his sisters. In a very short time, I perceived Madame Duval, and the rest, looking at one of the paintings.

I must own to you, honestly, my dear Sir, that an involuntary repugnance seized me, at presenting such a set to Sir Clement, — he who had been used to see me in parties so different! — My pace slackened as I approached them, — but they presently perceived me.

"*Ah, Mademoiselle!*" cried M. Du Bois, "*Que je suis charmé de vous voir!*"

"Pray, Miss," cried Mr. Brown, "where's Miss Polly?"

"Why, Miss, you've been a long while gone," said Mr. Branghton; "we thought you'd been lost. But what have you done with your cousins?"

I hesitated, — for Sir Clement regarded me with a look of wonder.

"*Pardi*," cried Madame Duval, "I sha'n't let you leave me again in a hurry. Why, here we've been in such a fright! — and all the while, I suppose, you've been thinking nothing about the matter."

"Well," said young Branghton, "as long as Miss is come back, I don't mind, for as to Bid and Poll, they can take care of themselves. But the best joke is, Mr. Smith is gone all about a looking for you."

These speeches were made almost in a breath: but when, at last, they waited for an answer, I told them that, in walking up one of the long alleys, we had been frightened and separated.

"The long alleys!" repeated Mr. Branghton, "and, pray, what had you to do in the long alleys? why, to be sure, you must all of you have had a mind to be affronted!"

This speech was not more impertinent to me, than surprising to Sir Clement, who regarded all the party with evident astonishment. However, I told young Branghton no time ought to be lost, for that his sisters might require his immediate protection.

"But how will they get it?" cried this brutal brother; "if they've a mind to behave in such a manner as that, they ought to protect themselves; and so they may for me."

"Well," said the simple Mr. Brown, "whether you go or no, I think I may as well see after Miss Polly."

The father then interfering, insisted that his son should accompany him; and away they went.

It was now that Madame Duval first perceived Sir Clement; to whom, turning with a look of great displeasure, she angrily said, "*Ma foi*, so you are comed here, of all the people in the world! — I wonder, child, you would let such a — such a *person* as that keep company with you."

"I am very sorry, madam," said Sir Clement, in a tone of surprise, "if I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; but I believe you will not regret the honor I now have of attending Miss Anville, when you hear that I have been so happy as to do her some service."

Just as Madame Duval, with her usual *Ma foi*, was beginning to reply, the attention of Sir Clement was wholly drawn from her, by the appearance of Mr. Smith, who, coming suddenly behind me, and freely putting his hands on my shoulders, cried, "Oho, my little runaway, have I found you at last? I have been scampering all over the gardens for you, for I was determined to find you if you were above ground. — But how could you be so cruel as to leave us?"

I turned round to him, and looked with a degree of contempt that I hoped would have quieted him: but he had not the sense to understand me; and, attempting to take my hand, he added, "Such a demure-looking lady as you are, who'd have thought of your leading one such a dance? — Come, now, don't be so coy, — only think what a trouble I have had in running after you!"

"The trouble, Sir," said I, "was of your own choice, — not mine." And I walked round to the other side of Madame Duval.

Perhaps I was too proud, — but I could not endure that Sir Clement, whose eyes followed him with looks of the most surprised curiosity, should witness his unwelcome familiarity.

Upon my removal, he came up to me and, in a low voice, said, "You are not, then, with the Mirvans?"

"No, Sir."

"And pray, may I ask, — have you left them long?"

"No Sir."

"How unfortunate I am! — but yesterday I sent to acquaint the Captain I should reach the Grove by to-morrow noon! How-

ever I shall get away as fast as possible. Shall you be long in town?"

"I believe not, Sir."

"And then, when you leave it, — which way — will you allow me to ask, which way you shall travel?"

"Indeed, — I don't know."

"Not know! — But do you return to the Mirvans any more?"

"I — I can't tell, Sir."

And then I addressed myself to Madame Duval, with such a pretended earnestness that he was obliged to be silent.

As he cannot but observe the great change in my situation, which he knows not how to account for, there is something in all these questions, and this unrestrained curiosity, that I did not expect from a man who, when he pleases, can be so well-bred as Sir Clement Willoughby. He seems disposed to think that the alteration in my companions authorizes an alteration in his manners. It is true, he has always treated me with uncommon freedom, but never before with so disrespectful an abruptness. This observation, which he has given me cause to make, of his *changing with the tide*, has sunk him more in my opinion than any other part of his conduct.

Yet I could almost have laughed when I looked at Mr. Smith, who no sooner saw me addressed by Sir Clement, than, retreating aloof from the company, he seemed to lose at once all his happy self-sufficiency and conceit: looking now at the baronet, now at himself; surveying, with sorrowful eyes, his dress, struck with his air, his gestures, his easy gayety, he gazed at him with envious admiration, and seemed himself, with conscious inferiority, to shrink into nothing.

Soon after, Mr. Brown, running up to us, called out, "La, what, i'n't Miss Polly come yet?"

"Come!" said Mr. Branghton; "why, I thought you went to fetch her yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, but couldn't find her; — yet I dare say I've been over half the garden."

"Half! but why did you not go over it all?"

"Why, so I will: but only I thought I'd just come and see if she was here first."

"But where's Tom?"

"Why, I don't know; for he would not stay with me, all as ever I could say: for we met some young gentlemen of his

acquaintance, and so he bid me go and look by myself; for he said, says he, 'I can divert myself better another way,' says he."

This account being given, away again went this silly young man; and Mr. Branghton, extremely incensed, said he would go and see after them himself.

"So now," cried Madame Duval, "he's gone too! Why, at this rate, we shall have to wait for one or other of them all night!"

Observing that Sir Clement seemed disposed to renew his inquiries, I turned towards one of the paintings, and, pretending to be very much occupied in looking at it, asked M. Du Bois some questions concerning the figures.

"O, *mon Dieu!*" cried Madame Duval, "don't ask him; your best way is to ask Mr. Smith, for he's been here the oftenest. Come, Mr. Smith, I dare say you can tell us all about them."

"Why, yes, Ma'am, yes," said Mr. Smith, who, brightening up at this application, advanced towards us with an air of assumed importance, which, however, sat very uneasily upon him, and begged to know what he should explain first; "For I have attended," said he, "to all these paintings, and know everything in them perfectly well; for I am rather fond of pictures, Ma'am; and, really, I must say, I think a pretty picture is a — a very — is really a very — is something very pretty."

"So do I too," said Madame Duval, "but pray now, Sir, tell us who that is meant for," pointing to a figure of Neptune.

"That! — why that, Ma'am, is, — Lord bless me, I can't think how I come to be so stupid, but really I have forgot his name, — and yet, I know it as well as my own, too, — however, he's a *General*, Ma'am, they are all Generals."

I saw Sir Clement bite his lips; and, indeed, so did I mine.

"Well," said Madame Duval, "it's the oddest dress for a General ever I see!"

"He seems so capital a figure," said Sir Clement to Mr. Smith, "that I imagine he must be *Generalissimo* of the whole army."

"Yes, Sir, yes," answered Mr. Smith, respectfully bowing, and highly delighted at being thus referred to, "you are perfectly right, — but I cannot for my life think of his name; — perhaps, Sir, you may remember it?"

"No, really," replied Sir Clement, "my acquaintance among the Generals is not so extensive."

The ironical tone of voice in which Sir Clement spoke entirely disconcerted Mr. Smith; who again retiring to an humble distance, seemed sensibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to recover his consequence.

Diary of Madame D'Arblay.

About a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the royal family had set out for Windsor; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, loaded him with *bonbons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet: —

March 8, 1798.

My dear Friend, — The queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come up stairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu! Yours most affectionately, M. Planta.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables for her royal highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, etc., did not look much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most gracious humored pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensi to her royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped a through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without ing him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that ma

almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, in which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady W——, who, more hard-hearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D—— had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D—— during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house in the neighborhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her daughter, I fancy the princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta. She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friseur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Lockes, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me all about her, — is she very good to you? — do you like her very much?"

He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologized, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colors than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and, earnestly looking at him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful! — what eyes! — do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither"; and, catching him to her for a moment and holding up his hair, to lift up his face and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "O! horrid eyes! — shocking eyes! — take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them.

I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life, and apprehension of new faces, — to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's right, my dear!" cried Princess Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment, she gave me her sweet, beautiful face to kiss! — an honor I had thought now forever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no, — you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta.

She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta, "a little rogue! see how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?"

The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe, yet I would have given the world could I have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta.

This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture — I fancy to send to the Duchess of Würtemberg. She gave me leave to attend her with my bantling. The other princesses retired to dress for Court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting room, and wanted now to pull them downstairs to the queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them.

A Man of the Town.

(From "Cecilia.")

At the door of the Pantheon they were joined by Mr. Arnott and Sir Robert Floyer, whom Cecilia now saw with added aversion; they entered the great room during the second act of the concert, to which, as no one of the party but herself had any desire to listen, no sort of attention was paid; the ladies entertaining themselves as if no orchestra was in the room, and the gentlemen, with an equal disregard to it, struggling for a place by the fire, about which they continued hovering till the music was over.

Soon after they were seated, Mr. Meadows, sauntering towards them, whispered something to Mrs. Mears, who, immediately rising, introduced him to Cecilia; after which, the place next to her being vacant, he cast himself upon it, and lolling as much at his ease as his situation would permit, began something like a conversation with her.

"Have you been long in town, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"This is not your first winter?"

"Of being in town, it is."

"Then you have something new to see; oh charming! how I envy you! — Are you pleased with the Pantheon?"

"Very much; I have seen no building at all equal to it."

"You have not been abroad. Traveling is the ruin of all happiness! There's no looking at a building here after seeing Italy."

"Does all happiness, then, depend upon sight of buildings?" said Cecilia, when, turning towards her companion, she perceived him yawning, with such evident inattention to her answer that, not choosing to interrupt his reverie, she turned her head another way.

For some minutes he took no notice of this; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he called out hastily, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, you were saying something?"

"No, sir; nothing worth repeating."

"Oh, pray don't punish me so severely as not to let me hear it!"

Cecilia, though merely not to seem offended at his negligence, was then beginning an answer, when looking at him as she spoke, she perceived that he was biting his nails with so absent an air that he appeared not to know he had asked any question. She therefore broke off, and left him to his cogitation.

Some time after, he addressed her again, saying, "Don't you find this place extremely tiresome, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir," said she half laughing, "it is indeed not very entertaining!"

"Nothing is entertaining," answered he, "for two minutes together. Things are so little different one from another, that there is no making pleasure out of anything. We go the same dull round forever; nothing new, no variety! all the same thing over again! Are you fond of public places, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, *soberly*, as Lady Grace says."

"Then I envy you extremely, for you have some amusement always in your own power. How desirable that is!"

"And have you not the same resources?"

"Oh no! I am tired to death! tired of everything! I would give the universe for a disposition less difficult to please. Yet, after all, what is there to give pleasure? When one has seen one thing, one has seen everything. Oh, 'tis heavy work! Don't you find it so, ma'am?"

This speech was ended with so violent a fit of yawning that Cecilia would not trouble herself to answer it: but her silence as before passed unnoticed, exciting neither question nor comment.

A long pause now succeeded, which he broke at last by saying, as he writhed himself about upon his seat, "These forms would be much more agreeable if there were backs to them. 'Tis intolerable to be forced to sit like a schoolboy. The first study of life is ease. There is indeed no other study that pays the trouble of attainment. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

"But may not even that," said Cecilia, "by so much study become labor?"

"I am vastly happy you think so."

"Sir?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I thought you said — I really beg your pardon, but I was thinking of something else."

"You did very right, sir," said Cecilia, laughing, "for what I said by no means merited any attention."

"Will you do me the favor to repeat it?" cried he, taking out his glass to examine some lady at a distance.

"Oh no," said Cecilia, "that would be trying your patience too severely."

"These glasses show one nothing but defects," said he; "I am sorry they were ever invented. They are the ruin of all beauty; no complexion can stand them. I believe that solo will never be over! I hate a solo; it sinks, it depresses me intolerably."

"You will presently, sir," said Cecilia, looking at the bill of the concert, "have a full piece; and that I hope will revive you."

"A full piece! oh, insupportable! it stuns, it fatigues, it overpowers me beyond endurance! no taste in it, no delicacy, no room for the smallest feeling."

"Perhaps, then, you are only fond of singing?"

"I should be if I could hear it; but we are now so miserably off in voices, that I hardly ever attempt to listen to a song, without fancying myself deaf from the feebleness of the performers. I hate everything that requires attention. Nothing gives pleasure that does not force its own way."

"You only, then, like loud voices, and great powers?"

"Oh, worse and worse! — no, nothing is so disgusting to me. All my amazement is that these people think it worth while to give concerts at all — one is sick to death of music."

"Nay," cried Cecilia, "if it gives no pleasure, at least it takes none away; for, far from being any impediment to conversation, I think everybody talks more during the perform-

ance than between the acts. And what is there better you could substitute in its place?"

Cecilia, receiving no answer to this question, again looked round to see if she had been heard; when she observed her new acquaintance, with a very thoughtful air, had turned from her to fix his eyes upon the statue of Britannia.

Very soon after, he hastily arose, and seeming entirely to forget that he had spoken to her, very abruptly walked away.

Mr. Gosport, who was advancing to Cecilia and had watched part of this scene, stopped him as he was retreating, and said, "Why, Meadows, how's this? are you caught at last?"

"Oh, worn to death! worn to a thread!" cried he, stretching himself and yawning; "I have been talking with a young lady to entertain her! oh, such heavy work! I would not go through it again for millions!"

"What, have you talked yourself out of breath?"

"No; but the effort! the effort! — Oh, it has unhinged me for a fortnight! — Entertaining a young lady! — one had better be a galley-slave at once!"

"Well, but did she not pay your toils? She is surely a sweet creature."

"Nothing can pay one for such insufferable exertion! though she's well enough, too — better than the common run — but shy, quite too shy; no drawing her out."

"I thought that was to your taste. You commonly hate much volubility. How have I heard you bemoan yourself when attacked by Miss Larolles!"

"Larolles! Oh, distraction! she talks me into a fever in two minutes. But so it is forever! nothing but extremes to be met with! common girls are too forward, this lady is too reserved — always some fault! always some drawback! nothing ever perfect!"

"Nay, nay," cried Mr. Gosport, "you do not know her; she is perfect enough, in all conscience."

"Better not know her then," answered he, again yawning, "for she cannot be pleasing. Nothing perfect is natural, — I hate everything out of nature."

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, a Scottish poet, born near the town of Ayr, Jan. 25, 1759; died, at Dumfries, July 21, 1796. The poet's father was occupied as a gardener upon the estate of a gentleman until 1776, when he leased a farm near Ayr. At an early age Robert and his brother were sent to school at Alloway, about a mile from home. To these means of education were added the few books in the father's possession; among which was: "A Select Collection of English Songs." Of these songs Burns says: "I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced that I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

In 1786 he published a volume of poems to procure money for his passage to Jamaica, but the success of the volume caused him to remain at home, where he at once became famous and was received into the best Edinburgh society. He was made an exciseman in 1786, but his dissipated habits kept him poor and hastened his death which occurred in his thirty-eighth year.

Among the poems to which he owes his fame are: "The Cotter's Saturday Night"; "Hallowe'en"; "Tam o' Shanter" (1790); "To a Mountain Daisy"; "To a Mouse"; "Twa Dogs"; "Highland Mary." His principal collected editions are, in the order of publication: "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (1786); "The Scots' Musical Museum" (6 vols., 1787–1803); "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs . . . with Select and Characteristic Verses," which contains 100 songs by the poet. But such editions have been issued almost annually since 1805.

TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,

An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whaur sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
  This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).
  O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That eviry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
  Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How many lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

  But to our tale: — Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, breezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in:
And sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The De'il had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whaur ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whaur in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whaur drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whaur hunters fand the murdered bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whaur Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na de'ils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished
She ventured forward on the light;
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;—
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;
To gi've them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl!
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ane blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But withered beldams auld and droll,
Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie:
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"
That night inlisted in the core
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),

And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glow'red and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tints his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam, thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,—
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[1]
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes;
This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher[2] through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle,[3] blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve[4] the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[5] rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly speirs[6]:

[1] Sough. [2] Stagger. [3] Fire, or fireplace. [4] By-and-by. [5] Careful. [6] Inquiries.

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos[1] that he sees or hears:
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars[2] auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command,
The yonkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent[3] hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk[4] or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[5] is afraid to speak:
Weel pleased, the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,[6]
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en:
The father cracks[7] of horses, pleughs, and kye:[8]
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[9] and laithfu',[10] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[11]

O happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare: —
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

[1] News. [2] Makes. [3] Diligent. [4] Dally. [5] Half. [6] Into the spence, or parlor. [7] Gossips. [8] Cows. [9] Bashful. [10] Sheepish. [11] Rest.

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart —
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch,[1] chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only Hawkie[2] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan[3] snugly chows her cood:[4]
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained[5] kebbuck,[6] fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond[7] auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.[8]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide:
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[9] wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains, that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[10] a portion wi' judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets[11] the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

[1] Porridge. [2] A white-faced cow. [3] Wall. [4] Chews her cud. [5] Saved. [6] Cheese. [7] Twelvemonth. [8] Flax was in flower. [9] Gray locks. [10] Chooses. [11] Increases.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire:
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who, lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing." [1]
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request

[1] Pope's "Windsor Forest."

That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"[1]
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

John Anderson, My Jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,

[1] Pope's "Essay on Man."

Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Man Was Made to Mourn.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!

Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want — oh ill-matched pair! —
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In Pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor o'er-labored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,

E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the best!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend —
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my agèd limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

Is There for Honest Poverty.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that —
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,[1] ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof[2] for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that —
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might —
  Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
  As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's comin yet, for a' that, —
That man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that!

To a Mouse

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOW.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
  Wi' bick'ring brattle![3]
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
  Wi' murd'ring pattle![4]

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
  Which mak's thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
  And fellow-mortal!

[1] Spirited fellow. [2] Fool. [3] Hurrying run. [4] The

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave[1]
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly[2] wa's the win's are strewin'!
And naething now to big[3] a new ane
O' foggage[4] green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell[5] and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hauld,[6]
To thole[7] the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch[8] cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane[9]
In proving foresight may be vain!
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,
And lea'e us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

[1] An ear of corn in twenty-four sheaves — that is, in a thrave.
[2] Frail. [3] Build. [4] Aftermath. [5] Bitter. [6] Holding. [7] Endure. [8] Crevice. [9] Alone.

To a Mountain Daisy

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure [1]
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted [2] forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield [3]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie [4] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd
Low

[1] Dust. [2] Peeped.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That faith is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

The Banks o' Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return!

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

JOHN BURROUGHS, essayist, was born at Roxbury, N.Y., April 3, 1837. He received an academic education, and after leaving school taught for a number of years. He then became a journalist in New York City. From 1864 to 1873 he was in the Treasury Department at Washington, and was then appointed a national bank examiner. In 1873 he removed to West Park on the Hudson, where he devoted his time to literature, fruit culture, and his duties as bank examiner. His writings are chiefly on rural subjects. He has published "Walt Whitman as Poet and Person" (1867); "Winter Sunshine" (1875); "Birds and Poets" (1877); "Locusts and Wild Honey" (1879); "Pepacton" (1881); "Fresh Fields" (1884); "Wake Robin" (1885); "Signs and Seasons" (1886); "Birds and Bees" (1888); "Sharp Eyes and Other Papers" (1888); "Indoor Studies" (1889); "Riverby" (1894). Mr. Burroughs has also published a number of poems.

AN OLD ORCHARD.

(From "Winter Sunshine."[1])

THE ground, the turf, the atmosphere of an old orchard seem several stages nearer to man than that of the adjoining field, as if the trees had given back to the soil more than they had taken from it; as if they had tempered the elements and attracted all the genial and beneficent influences in the landscape around.

An apple orchard is sure to bear you several crops besides the apple. There is the crop of sweet and tender reminiscences dating from childhood, and spanning the seasons from May to October, and making the orchard a sort of outlying part of the household. You have played there as a child, mused there as a youth or lover, strolled there as a thoughtful sad-eyed man. Your father, perhaps, planted the trees, or reared them from the seed, and you yourself have pruned and grafted them, and worked among them, till every separate tree has a peculiar his-

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tory and meaning in your mind. Then there is the never-failing crop of birds — robins, goldfinches, king-birds, cedar-birds, hair-birds, orioles, starlings — all nesting and breeding in its branches, and fitly described by William Flagg, as "Birds of the Garden and Orchard."

Whether the pippin and sweetbough bear, or not, the "punctual birds" can always be depended on. Indeed, there are few better places to study ornithology than in the orchard. Besides its regular occupants, many of the birds of the deeper forest find occasion to visit it during the season. The cuckoo comes for the tent-caterpillar, the jay for the frozen apples, the ruffled grouse for buds, the crow foraging for birds' eggs, the woodpecker and chickadees for their food, and the high-hole for ants. The red-bird comes too, if only to see what a friendly covert its branches form, and the wood-thrush now and then comes out of the grove near by, and nests alongside of its cousin, the robin. The smaller hawks know that this is a most likely spot for their prey, and in spring the shy northern-warblers may be studied as they pause to feed on the fine insects amid its branches. The mice love to dwell here also, and hither come from the near woods the squirrel and the rabbit. The latter will put his head through the boy's slipper noose any time for a taste of the sweet apple, and the red squirrel and chipmunk esteem its seeds a great rarity.

(From "Locusts and Wild Honey."[1])

ONE day in May, walking in the woods, I came upon a nest of whippoorwill, or rather its eggs, — for it builds no nest, — two elliptical whitish spotted eggs lying upon the dry leaves. My foot was within a yard of the mother-bird before she flew. I wondered what a sharp eye would detect curious or characteristic in the ways of the bird, so I came to the place many times and had a look. It was always a task to separate the bird from her surroundings, though I stood within a few feet of her, and knew exactly where to look. One had to bear on with his eye, as it were, and refuse to be baffled. The sticks and leaves, and bits of black or dark-brown bark, were all exactly copied in the bird's plumage. And then she did sit so close and simulate so well a shapeless decaying piece of wood or bark! Twice I brought a companion, and guiding his eye to the spot, noted

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

how difficult it was for him to make out there, in full view upon the dry leaves, any semblance to a bird. When the bird returned after being disturbed, she would alight within a few inches of her eggs and then, after a moment's pause, hobble awkwardly upon them.

After the young had appeared, all the wit of the bird came into play. I was on hand the next day, I think. The mother-bird sprang up when I was within a pace of her, and in doing so fanned the leaves with her wings till they sprang up too; as the leaves started the young started, and, being of the same color, to tell which was the leaf and which the bird was a trying task to any eye. I came the next day, when the same tactics were repeated. Once a leaf fell upon one of the young birds and nearly hid it. The young are covered with a reddish down like a young partridge, and soon follow their mother about. When disturbed they gave but one leap, then settled down, perfectly motionless and stupid, with eyes closed. The parent bird, on these occasions, made frantic efforts to decoy me away from her young. She would fly a few paces and fall upon her breast, and a spasm like that of death would run through her tremulous outstretched wings and prostrate body. She kept a sharp eye out the meanwhile to see if the ruse took, and if it did not she was quickly cured, and moving about to some other point tried to draw my attention as before. When followed she always alighted upon the ground, dropping down in a sudden peculiar way. The second or third day both old and young had disappeared.

The whippoorwill walks as awkwardly as a swallow, which is as awkward as a man in a bag, and yet she manages to lead her young about the woods. The latter, I think, move by leaps and sudden spurts, their protective coloring shielding them most effectively. Wilson once came upon the mother-bird and her brood in the woods, and though they were at his very feet, was so baffled by the concealment of the young that he was about to give up the search, much disappointed, when he perceived something "like a slight moldiness among the withered leaves, and, on stooping down, discovered it to be a young whippoorwill, seemingly asleep." Wilson's description of the young is very accurate, as its downy covering does look precisely like a "slight moldiness." Returning a few moments afterward to the spot to get a pencil he had forgotten, he could find neither old nor young.

It takes an eye to see a partridge in the woods, motionless upon the leaves; this sense needs to be as sharp as that of smell in hounds and pointers, and yet I know an unkempt youth that seldom fails to see the bird and shoot it before it takes wing. I think he sees it as soon as it sees him, and before it suspects itself seen. What a training to the eye is hunting! To pick out the game from its surroundings, the grouse from the leaves, the gray squirrel from the mossy oak limb it hugs so closely, the red fox from the ruddy or brown or gray field, the rabbit from the stubble, or the white hare from the snow, requires the best powers of this sense. A woodchuck motionless in the fields or upon a rock looks very much like a large stone or bowlder, yet a keen eye knows the difference at a glance, a quarter of a mile away.

A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures; but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights! One advantage the bird surely has; and that is, owing to the form, structure, and position of the eye, it has a much larger field of vision, — indeed, can probably see in nearly every direction at the same instant, behind as well as before. Man's field of vision embraces less than half a circle horizontally, and still less vertically; his brow and brain prevent him from seeing within many degrees of the zenith without a movement of the head; the bird, on the other hand, takes in nearly the whole sphere at a glance.

I find I see, almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a flirt of the tail, are enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though unquestionably the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking-fern who did not have the walking-fern in his mind. A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up in every field he walks through.

One season I was interested in the tree-frogs, especially the tiny pipers that one hears about the woods and brushy fields — the hylas of the swamps become a denizen of trees; I had never

seen him in this new rôle. But this season having them in mind, or rather being ripe for them, I several times came across them. One Sunday, walking amid some bushes, I captured two. They leaped before me as doubtless they had done many times before, but though not looking for or thinking of them, yet they were quickly recognized, because the eye had been commissioned to find them. On another occasion, not long afterward, I was hurriedly loading my gun in the October woods in hopes of overtaking a gray squirrel that was fast escaping through the treetops, when one of these Lilliput frogs, the color of the fast-yellowing leaves, leaped near me. I saw him only out of the corner of my eye, and yet bagged him, because I had already made him my own.

Nevertheless, the habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady, deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharpshooter picks out his man and knows him with fatal certainty from a stump, or a rock, or a cap on a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate not only form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individuality — that which separates, discriminates, and sees in every object its essential character. This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye notes specific points and differences, — it seizes upon and preserves the individuality of the thing.

We think we have looked at a thing sharply until we are asked for its specific features. I thought I knew exactly the form of the leaf of the tulip-tree, until one day a lady asked me to draw the outlines of one. A good observer is quick to take a hint and to follow it up. Most of the facts of nature, especially in the life of the birds and animals, are well screened. We do not see the play, because we do not look intently enough.

Birds, I say, have wonderfully keen eyes. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat upon the snow in winter, and see h soon the crows will discover it and be on hand. If it b the house or barn, the crow that first discovers it near it, to make sure that he is not deceived; t away and soon return with a companion. The t yards from the bone, and after some delay, d

vicinity is sharply scrutinized, one of the crows advances boldly to within a few feet of the coveted prize. Here he pauses, and if no trick is discovered, and the meat be indeed meat, he seizes it and makes off.

One midwinter I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house, and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a bluejay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that they came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of the trees and pecking them vigorously.

Of course the woodpecker and his kind have sharp eyes. Still I was surprised to see how quickly Downy found out some bones that were placed in a convenient place under the shed to be pounded up for the hens. In going out to the barn I often disturbed him making a meal off the bits of meat that still adhered to them.

"Look intently enough at anything," said a poet to me one day, "and you will see something that would otherwise escape you." I thought of the remark as I sat on a stump in the opening of the woods one spring day. I saw a small hawk approaching; he flew to a tall tulip-tree and alighted on a large limb near the top. He eyed me and I eyed him. Then the bird disclosed a trait that was new to me; he hopped along the limb to a small cavity near the trunk, when he thrust in his head and pulled out some small object and fell to eating it. After he had partaken of it some minutes he put the remainder back in his larder and flew away. I had seen something like feathers eddying slowly down as the hawk ate, and on approaching the spot found the feathers of a sparrow here and there clinging to the bushes beneath the tree. The hawk then — commonly called the chicken hawk — is as provident as a mouse or squirrel, and lays by a store against a time of need; but I should not have discovered the fact had I not held my eye to him.

An observer of the birds is attracted by any unusual sound or commotion among them. In May and June, when other birds are most vocal, the jay is a silent bird; he goes sneaking about the orchards and the groves as silent as a pickpocket; he is robbing birds'-nests and he is very anxious that nothing should be said about it, but in the fall none so quick and loud to cry "Thief, thief," as he. One December morning a troop of them discovered a little screech-owl secreted in the hollow trunk of an old apple-tree near my house. How they found the owl out

is a mystery, since it never ventures forth in the light of day; but they did, and proclaimed the fact with great emphasis. I suspect the bluebirds first told them, for these birds are constantly peeping into holes and crannies, both spring and fall. Some unsuspecting bird probably entered the cavity, prospecting for a place for next year's nest, or else looking out a likely place to pass a cold night, when it has rushed with very important news. A boy who should unwittingly venture into a bear's den when Bruin was at home could not be more astonished and alarmed than a bluebird would be on finding itself in the cavity of a decayed tree with an owl. At any rate, the bluebirds joined the jays, in calling the attention of all whom it might concern to the fact that a culprit of some sort was hiding from the light of day in the old apple-tree. I heard the notes of warning and alarm and approached to within eyeshot. The bluebirds were cautious, and hovered about uttering their peculiar twittering calls; but the jays were bolder, and took turns looking in at the cavity and deriding the poor shrinking owl. A jay would alight in the entrance of the hole, and flirt and peer and attitudinize, and then fly away crying "Thief, thief, thief," at the top of his voice.

I climbed up and peered into the opening, and could just descry the owl clinging to the inside of the tree. I reached in and took him out, giving little heed to the threatening snapping of his beak. He was as red as a fox and as yellow-eyed as a cat. He made no effort to escape, but planted his claws in my forefinger and clung there with a grip that soon grew uncomfortable. I placed him in the loft of an out-house in hopes of getting better acquainted with him. By day he was a very willing prisoner, scarcely moving at all even when approached and touched with the hand, but looking out upon the world with half-closed sleepy eyes. But at night what a change; how alert, how wild, how active! He was like another bird; he darted about with wild, fearful eyes, and regarded me like a cornered cat. I opened the window, and swiftly, but as silently as a shadow, he glided out into the congenial darkness, and perhaps ere this has revenged himself upon the sleeping jay or bluebird that first betrayed his hiding-place.

SIR RICHARD BURTON.

SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, a British traveler and soldier, born at Borham House, Hertfordshire, England, March 19, 1821; died at Trieste, Austria, Oct. 20, 1890. He was educated in England and France. In 1842 he obtained a commission in the Indian army. He excelled as a horseman, swordsman, and shot. Disguised as an Afghan pilgrim, he visited Mecca and Medina. He afterward commanded an expedition to Somaliland, and succeeded in reaching Harar, a city previously unvisited by any European. In 1856, Burton, accompanied by Lieutenant Speke, in an expedition through Africa, discovered Lake Tanganyika.

On his return from America, he was sent as consul to the west coast of Africa. After going on a mission to the King of Dahomey, Burton was sent to South America. Here he explored the gold mines of Brazil, descended the Saô Francisco River in a canoe, and crossed the Andes to Chili and Peru.

Burton's principal works are: "Sindh, and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus" (1851); "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah" (1855); "The Lake Regions of Central Africa" (1860); "The City of the Saints" (1861); "Abeokuta, or Exploration of the Cameroon Mountains" (1863); "Narrative of a Mission to the King of Dahomey" (1864); "Exploration of the Highlands of Brazil" (1868); "Vikram and the Vampire" (1869); "Zanzibar" (1872); "Two Trips to Gorilla Land"; "Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland"; "Etruscan Bologna" (1876); "The Ruined Midianite Cities" (1878); "Camoens his Life and Lusiads" (1881); "To the Gold Coast for Gold" (1882); and a new translation of the "Arabian Nights" (1885).

THE AFRICAN RAIN-MAKER.

(From "Lake Regions of Central Africa.")

IN East Africa, from Somaliland to the Cape, and throughout the interior amongst the negroids and negroes north as well as south of the equator, the *Mganga* — rain-maker or rain-doctor — is a personage of consequence; and he does not fail to turn

the hopes and fears of the people to his own advantage. A season of drought causes dearth, disease, and desolation amongst these improvident races, who therefore connect every strange phenomenon with the object of their desires — a copious wet monsoon. The enemy has medicines which disperse the clouds. The stranger who brings with him heavy showers is regarded as a being of good omen; usually, however, the worst is expected from the novel portent: he will, for instance, be accompanied and preceded by fertilizing rains, but the wells and springs will dry up after his departure, and the result will be drought or smallpox. These rumors, which may account for the Libyan stranger-sacrifices in the olden time, are still dangerous to travelers. The Mganga must remedy the evil. His spells are those of fetissists in general, the mystic use of something foul, poisonous, or difficult to procure, such as the *album græcum* of hyenas, snakes' fangs, or lions' hair; these and similar articles are collected with considerable trouble by the young men of the tribe for the use of the rain-maker. But he is a weather-wise man, and rains in tropical lands are easily foreseen. Not infrequently, however, he proves himself a false prophet; and when all the resources of cunning fail, he must fly for dear life from the victims of his delusion.

The Mganga is also a predicter and a soothsayer. He foretells the success or failure of commercial undertakings, of wars, and of kidnapping commandos; he foresees famine and pestilence, and he suggests the means of averting calamities. He fixes also, before the commencement of any serious affair, fortunate conjunctions, without which a good issue cannot be expected. He directs expiatory offerings. His word is even powerful to expedite or to delay the march of a caravan; and in his quality of augur he considers the flight of birds and the cries of beasts, like his prototype of the same class in ancient Europe and in modern Asia.

The principal instrument of the Mganga's craft is one of the dirty little *buyu* or gourds which he wears in a bunch round his waist: and the following is the usual programme when the oracle is to be consulted: The magician brings his implements in a bag of matting; his demeanor is serious as the occasion; he is carefully greased, and his head is adorned with the diminutive antelope horns, fastened by a thong of leat[illegible] forehead. He sits like a sultan upon a dwarf [illegible] querist, and begins by exhorting the h[illegible]

No pay, no predict. The Mganga has many other implements of his craft. Some prophesy by the motion of berries swimming in a cupful of water, which is placed upon a low stool surrounded by four tails of the zebra or the buffalo lashed to sticks planted upright in the ground. The *kasanda* is a system of folding triangles not unlike those upon which toy soldiers are mounted. Held in the right hand, it is thrown out, and the direction of the end points to the safe and auspicious route; this is probably the rudest application of prestidigitation. The *shero* is a bit of wood about the size of a man's hand, and not unlike a pair of bellows, with a dwarf handle, a projection like a nozzle, and in the circular center a little hollow. This is filled with water, and a grain or fragment of wood placed to float gives an evil omen if it tends toward the sides, and favorable if it veers toward the handle or the nozzle. The Mganga generally carries about with him, to announce his approach, a kind of rattle called *Sánje*. This is a hollow gourd of pine-apple shape, pierced with various holes, prettily carved and half filled with maize, grains, and pebbles; the handle is a stick passed through its length, and secured by cross-pins.

The Mganga has many minor duties. In elephant hunts he must throw the first spear, and endure the blame if the beast escapes. He marks ivory with spots disposed in lines and other figures, and thus enables it to reach the coast without let or hindrance. He loads the *kirangozi* or guide with charms and periapts, to defend him from the malice which is ever directed at the leading man, and sedulously forbids him to allow precedence even to the Mtongi, the commander and proprietor of the caravan. He aids his tribe by magical arts in wars, by catching a bee, reciting over it certain incantations, and loosing it in the direction of the foe, when the insect will immediately summon an army of its fellows, and disperse a host, however numerous. This belief well illustrates the easy passage of the natural into the supernatural. The land being full of swarms, and a man's body being wholly exposed, many a caravan has been dispersed like chaff before the wind by a bevy of swarming bees.

A Journey in Disguise.

(From "The Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.

The thoroughbred wanderer's idiosyncrasy I presume to a composition of what phrenologists call "inhabitiveness";

locality," equally and largely developed. After a long and toilsome march, weary of the way, he drops into the nearest place of rest to become the most domestic of men. For a while he smokes the "pipe of permanence" with an infinite zest; he delights in various siestas during the day, relishing withal a long sleep at night; he enjoys dining at a fixed dinner hour, and wonders at the demoralization of the mind which cannot find means of excitement in chit-chat or small talk, in a novel or a newspaper. But soon the passive fit has passed away; again a paroxysm of *ennui* coming on by slow degrees, Viator loses appetite, he walks about his room all night, he yawns at conversations, and a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so or he shall die.

After about a month most pleasantly spent at Alexandria, I perceived the approach of the enemy, and as nothing hampered my incomings and outgoings, I surrendered. The world was "all before me," and there was pleasant excitement in plunging single-handed into its chilling depths. My Alexandrian Shaykh, whose heart fell victim to a new "jubbeh" which I had given in exchange for his tattered zaabut, offered me in consideration of a certain monthly stipend the affections of a brother and religious refreshment, proposing to send his wife back to her papa, and to accompany me in the capacity of private chaplain to the other side of Kaf. I politely accepted the "brüderschaft," but many reasons induced me to decline his society and services. In the first place, he spoke the detestable Egyptian jargon. Secondly, it was but prudent to lose the "spoor" between Alexandria and Suez. And thirdly, my "brother" had shifting eyes (symptoms of fickleness), close together (indices of cunning); a flat-crowned head and large ill-fitting lips, signs which led me to think lightly of his honesty, firmness, and courage. Phrenology and physiognomy, be it observed, disappoint you often among civilized people, the proper action of whose brains and features is impeded by the external pressure of education, accident, example, habit, necessity, and what not. But they are tolerably safe guides when groping your way through the mind of man in his natural state, a being of impulse in that chrysalis stage of mental development which is rather instinct than reason. But before my departure there was much to be done.

The land of the Pharaohs is becoming civilized, and unpleasantly so: nothing can be more uncomfortable than its present middle state between barbarism and the reverse. The prohibi-

tion against carrying arms is rigid as in Italy; all "violence" is violently denounced; and beheading being deemed cruel, the most atrocious crimes, as well as those small political offenses which in the days of the Mamelukes would have led to a beyship or a bowstring, receive fourfold punishment by deportation to Faizoghli, the local Cayenne. If you order your peasant to be flogged, his friends gather in threatening hundreds at your gates; when you curse your boatman, he complains to your consul; the dragomans afflict you with strange wild notions about honesty; a government order prevents you from using vituperative language to the "natives" in general; and the very donkey-boys are becoming cognizant of the right of man to remain unbastinadoed. Still the old leaven remains behind; here, as elsewhere in "morning-land," you cannot hold your own without employing your fists. The passport system, now dying out of Europe, has sprung up, or rather revived, in Egypt with peculiar vigor. Its good effects claim for it our respect; still we cannot but lament its inconvenience. *We*, I mean real Easterns. As strangers — even those whose beards have whitened in the land — know absolutely nothing of what unfortunate natives must endure, I am tempted to subjoin a short sketch of my adventures in search of a Tezkireh at Alexandria.

Through ignorance which might have cost me dear but for my friend Larking's weight with the local authorities, I had neglected to provide myself with a passport in England; and it was not without difficulty, involving much unclean dressing and an unlimited expenditure of broken English, that I obtained from the consul at Alexandria a certificate declaring me to be an Indo-British subject named Abdullah, by profession a doctor, aged thirty, and not distinguished — at least so the frequent blanks seemed to denote — by any remarkable conformation of eyes, nose, or cheek. For this I disbursed a dollar. And here let me record the indignation with which I did it. That mighty Britain — the mistress of the seas — ruler of one-sixth of mankind — should charge five shillings to pay for the shadow of her protecting wing! That I cannot speak my modernized "civis sum Romanus" without putting my hand into my pocket, in order that these officers of the Great Queen may not take too ruinously from a revenue of fifty-six millions! Oh the meanness of our magnificence! the littleness of our greatness!

My new passport would not carry me without the Zabit or Police Magistrate's counter-signature, said the consul. Next

day I went to the Zabit, who referred me to the Muhafiz (Governor) of Alexandria, at whose gate I had the honor of squatting at least three hours, till a more compassionate clerk vouchsafed the information that the proper place to apply to was the Diwan Kharijiyeh (the Foreign Office). Thus a second day was utterly lost. On the morning of the third I started as directed for the place, which crowns the Headland of Figs. It is a huge and couthless shell of building in parallelogrammic form, containing all kinds of public offices in glorious confusion, looking with their glaring whitewashed faces upon a central court, where a few leafless wind-wrung trees seem struggling for the breath of life in an eternal atmosphere of clay, dust, and sun-blaze.

The first person I addressed was a Kawwas or police officer, who, coiled comfortably up in a bit of shade fitting his person like a robe, was in full enjoyment of the Asiatic "Kaif." Having presented the consular certificate and briefly stated the nature of my business, I ventured to inquire what was the right course to pursue for a visá.

They have little respect for Dervishes, it appears, at Alexandria! "M'adri" (Don't know), growled the man of authority, without moving anything but the quantity of tongue necessary for articulation.

Now there are three ways of treating Asiatic officials, — by bribe, by bullying, or by bothering them with a dogged perseverance into attending to you and your concerns. The latter is the peculiar province of the poor; moreover, this time I resolved for other reasons to be patient. I repeated my question in almost the same words. "Ruh!" (Be off) was what I obtained for all reply. By this time the questioned went so far as to open his eyes. Still I stood twirling the paper in my hands, and looking very humble and very persevering, till a loud "Ruh ya Kalb!" (Go, O dog!) converted into a responsive curse the little speech I was preparing about the brotherhood of El-Islam and the mutual duties obligatory on true believers. I then turned away slowly and fiercely, for the next thing might have been a cut with the Kurbaj [bastinado], and by the hammer of Thor! British flesh and blood could never have stood that.

After which satisfactory scene, — for satisfactory it was in one sense, proving the complete fitness of the Dervish's dress, — I tried a dozen other promiscuous sources of information, — policemen, grooms, scribes, donkey-boys, and idlers in general. At

length, wearied of patience, I offered a soldier some pinches of tobacco and promised him an Oriental sixpence if he would manage the business for me. The man was interested by the tobacco and the pence; he took my hand, and inquiring the while he went along, led me from place to place till, mounting a grand staircase, I stood in the presence of Abbas Effendi, the governor's Naib or deputy.

It was a little whey-faced black-bearded Turk, coiled up in the usual conglomerate posture upon a calico-covered divan, at the end of a long, bare large-windowed room. Without deigning even to nod the head which hung over his shoulder with transcendent listlessness and affectation of pride, in answer to my salams and benedictions, he eyed me with wicked eyes and faintly ejaculated "Minent?" Then hearing that I was a Dervish and doctor, — he must be an Osmanli Voltairian, that little Turk, — the official snorted a contemptuous snort. He condescendingly added, however, that the proper source to seek was "Taht," which, meaning simply "below," conveyed rather imperfect information in a topographical point of view to a stranger. At length however my soldier guide found out that a room in the custom-house bore the honorable appellation of "Foreign Office." Accordingly I went there, and after sitting at least a couple of hours at the bolted door in the noonday sun, was told, with a fury which made me think I had sinned, that the officer in whose charge the department was had been presented with an olive-branch in the morning, and consequently that business was not to be done that day. The angry-faced official communicated the intelligence to a large group of Anadolian, Caramanian, Bosniac, and Roumelian Turks, — sturdy, undersized, broad-shouldered, bare-legged, splay-footed, horny-fisted, dark-browed, honest-looking mountaineers, who were lounging about with long pistols and yataghans stuck in their broad sashes, head-gear composed of immense tarbooshes with proportionate turbans coiled round them, and two or three suits of substantial clothes — even at this season of the year — upon their shoulders.

Like myself they had waited some hours, but they were not patient under disappointment: they bluntly told the angry official that he and his master were a pair of idlers, and the curses that rumbled and gurgled in their hairy throats as they strode towards the door sounded like the growling of wild beasts.

Thus was another day truly Orientally lost. On the morrow however I obtained permission, in the character of Dr. Abdullah,

to visit any part of Egypt I pleased, and to retain possession of my dagger and pistols.

And now I must explain what induced me to take so much trouble about a passport. The home reader naturally inquires, Why not travel under your English name?

For this reason. In the generality of barbarous countries you must either proceed, like Bruce, preserving the "dignity of manhood" and carrying matters with a high hand, or you must worm your way by timidity and subservience; in fact, by becoming an animal too contemptible for man to let or injure. But to pass through the Holy Land you must either be a born believer, or have become one; in the former case you may demean yourself as you please, in the latter a path is ready prepared for you. My spirit could not bend to own myself a Burma, a renegade — to be pointed at and shunned and catechized, an object of suspicion to the many and of contempt to all. Moreover, it would have obstructed the aim of my wanderings. The convert is always watched with Argus eyes, and men do not willingly give information to a "new Moslem," especially a Frank: they suspect his conversion to be a feigned or a forced one, look upon him as a spy, and let him see as little of life as possible. Firmly as was my heart set upon traveling in Arabia, by Heaven! I would have given up the dear project rather than purchase a doubtful and partial success at such a price. Consequently I had no choice but to appear as a born believer, and part of my birthright in that respectable character was toil and trouble in obtaining a tezkirah.

Then I had to provide myself with certain necessaries for the way. These were not numerous. The silver-mounted dressing-case is here supplied by a rag containing a miswak, a bit of soap, and a comb — wooden, for bone and tortoise-shell are not, religiously speaking, correct. Equally simple was my wardrobe: a change or two of clothing. The only article of canteen description was a zemzemiyah, a goat-skin water-bag, which communicates to its contents, especially when new, a ferruginous aspect and a wholesome though hardly an attractive flavor of tannogelatine. This was a necessary; to drink out of a tumbler, possibly fresh from pig-eating lips, would have entailed a certain loss of reputation. For bedding and furniture I had a coarse Persian rug — which, besides being couch, acts as
and oratory, — a cotton-stuffed chintz-covered
in case of cold, and a sheet, which does duty

quito curtains in nights of heat. As shade is a convenience not always procurable, another necessary was a huge cotton umbrella of Eastern make, brightly yellow, suggesting the idea of an overgrown marigold. I had also a substantial housewife, the gift of a kind friend: it was a roll of canvas, carefully soiled, and garnished with needles and thread, cobblers' wax, buttons, and other such articles. These things were most useful in lands where tailors abound not; besides which, the sight of a man darning his coat or patching his slippers teems with pleasing ideas of humility. A dagger, a brass inkstand and penholder stuck in the belt, and a mighty rosary, which on occasion might have been converted into a weapon of offense, completed my equipment. I must not omit to mention the proper method of carrying money, which in these lands should never be intrusted to box or bag. A common cotton purse secured in a breast pocket (for Egypt now abounds in that civilized animal the pickpocket) contained silver pieces and small change. My gold, of which I carried twenty-five sovereigns, and papers, were committed to a substantial leathern belt of Maghrabi manufacture, made to be strapped round the waist under the dress. This is the Asiatic method of concealing valuables, and a more civilized one than ours in the last century, when Roderick Random and his companion "sewed their money between the lining and the waistband of their breeches, except some loose silver for immediate expense on the road." The great inconvenience of the belt is its weight, especially where dollars must be carried, as in Arabia, causing chafes and inconvenience at night. Moreover it can scarcely be called safe. In dangerous countries wary travelers will adopt surer precautions.

A pair of common native khurjin or saddle-bags contained my wardrobe, the "bed," readily rolled up into a bundle; and for a medicine chest I bought a pea-green box with red and yellow flowers, capable of standing falls from a camel twice a day.

The next step was to find out when the local steamer would start for Cairo, and accordingly I betook myself to the Transit Office. No vessel was advertised; I was directed to call every evening till satisfied. At last the fortunate event took place a "weekly departure," which by-the-by had occurred once every fortnight or so, was in order for the next day. I hurried to the office, but did not reach it till past noon — the hour of idleness. A little dark gentleman, so formed and dressed as exactly to resemble a liver-and-tan bull-terrier, who with his heels on

table was dozing, cigar in mouth, over the last Galignani, positively refused after a time, — for at first he would not speak at all, — to let me take my passage till three in the afternoon. I inquired when the boat started, upon which he referred me, as I had spoken bad Italian, to the advertisement. I pleaded inability to read or write, whereupon he testily cried "*Alle nove! alle nove!*" (At nine! at nine!) Still appearing uncertain, I drove him out of his chair, when he rose with a curse and read "8 A. M." An unhappy Eastern, depending upon what he said, would have been precisely one hour too late.

Thus were we lapsing into the real good old Indian style of doing business. Thus Indicus orders his first clerk to execute some commission; the senior, having "work" upon his hands, sends a junior; the junior finds the sun hot, and passes on the word to a "peon"; the peon charges a porter with the errand; and the porter quietly sits or dozes in his place, trusting that fate will bring him out of the scrape, but firmly resolved, though the shattered globe fall, not to stir an inch.

The reader, I must again express a hope, will pardon the egotism of these descriptions: my object is to show him how business is carried on in these hot countries — business generally. For had I, instead of being Abdullah the Dervish, been a rich native merchant, it would have been the same. How many complaints of similar treatment have I heard in different parts of the Eastern world! and how little can one realize them without having actually experienced the evil! For the future I shall never see a "nigger" squatting away half a dozen mortal hours in a broiling sun, patiently waiting for something or for some one, without a lively remembrance of my own cooling of the *calces* at the custom-house of Alexandria.

At length, about the end of May, all was ready. Not without a feeling of regret I left my little room among the white myrtle blossoms and the oleander flowers. I kissed with humble ostentation my kind host's hand in presence of his servants, bade adieu to my patients, who now amounted to about fifty, shaking hands with all meekly and with religious equality of attention, and, mounted in a "trap" which looked like a cross between a wheel-barrow and dog-cart, drawn by a kicking, jibbing, and biting mule, I set out for the steamer.

ROBERT BURTON.

ROBERT BURTON, an English humorist, born in Leicestershire in 1577, died at Oxford in 1640. He was educated at Oxford, entered the Church, and was appointed Rector of Seagrave, in his native county. He seems, however, to have resided at Oxford. He is said to have been benevolent and upright, though whimsical and a prey to melancholy. "The Anatomy of Melancholy," which mirrors the author's own mind and temperament, appeared in 1621, and is a storehouse of quotations from Greek and Latin authors. The book went through five editions during the author's lifetime.

ALL MEN SUBJECT TO MELANCHOLY.

(From the "Anatomy of Melancholy.")

MELANCHOLY, the subject of our present discourse, is either in disposition or habit. In disposition is that transitory melancholy which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, trouble, fear, grief, passion, or perturbation of the mind; any manner of care, discontent, or thought which causeth anguish, dullness, heaviness and vexation of spirit, any ways opposite to pleasure, mirth, joy, delight, causing frowardness in us, or a dislike. In which equivocal and improper sense, we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill-disposed, solitary, any way moved or displeased. And from these melancholy dispositions, no man living is free, no stoic, none so wise, none so happy, none so patient, so generous, so godly, so divine, that can vindicate himself; so well composed, but more or less, some time or other, he feels the smart of it. Melancholy in this sense is the character of mortality. "Man that is born of a woman is of short continuance, and full of trouble." Zeno, Cato, Socrates himself, whom Ælian so highly commends for a moderate temper, that "nothing could disturb him but going out and coming in, still Socrates kept the same serenity of countenance, what misery soever befell him" (if we may believe Plato, his disciple), was much

tormented with it. Q. Metellus, in whom Valerius gives instance of all happiness, *Natus in florentissima totius orbis civitate, nobilissimis parentibus, corporis vivus habuit et rarissimas animi dotes, uxorem conspicuam, pudicam, fœlices liberos, consulare decus, sequentes triumphos, etc.*, "the most fortunate man then living, born in that most flourishing city of Rome, of noble parentage, a proper man of person, well qualified, healthful, rich, honorable, a senator, a consul, happy in his wife, happy in his children, etc.," yet this man was not void of melancholy; he had his share of sorrow. Polycrates Samius, that flung his ring into the sea because he would participate of discontent with others, and had it miraculously restored to him again shortly after, by a fish taken as he angled, was not free from melancholy dispositions. No man can cure himself; the very gods had bitter pangs and frequent passions, as their own poets put upon them. In general, *ut cœlum, sic nos homines sumus: illud ex intervallo nubibus obducitur et obscuratur. In rosario flores spinis intermixti. Vita similis æri, udum modo, sudum, tempestas, serenitas; ita vices rerum sunt, præmia gaudiis, et sequaces curæ*, "as the heaven, so is our life, sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and serene; as in a rose, flowers and prickles; in the year itself, a temperate summer sometimes, a hard winter, a drought, and then again pleasant showers; so is our life intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, sorrows, calumnies"; *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas*, there is a succession of pleasure and pain.

"Medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid in ipsis floribus augat."

"Even in the midst of laughing there is sorrow" (as Solomon holds); even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, as Austin infers in his Commentary on the 41st Psalm, there is grief and discontent. *Inter delicias semper aliquid sacri nos strangulat*, for a pint of honey thou shalt here likely find a gallon of gall, for a dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for an inch of mirth an ell of moan; as ivy doth an oak, these miseries encompass our life. And it is most absurd and ridiculous for any mortal man to look for a perpetual tenure of happiness in this life. . . . We are not here as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our course without all offense, with such constancy, to continue for so many ages; but subject to infirmities, miseries, interrupted, tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and

disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain, brittle, and so is all that we trust unto. "And he that knows not this is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world (as one condoles our time), he knows not the condition of it, where, with a reciprocality, pleasure and pain are still united, and succeed one another in a ring." *Exi è mundo*, get thee gone hence if thou canst not brook it; there is no way to avoid it but to arm thy self with patience, with magnanimity, to oppose thyself unto it, to suffer affliction as a good soldier of Christ; as Paul adviseth, constantly to bear it.

. . . . . .

This progress of melancholy you shall easily observe in them that have been so affected, they go smiling to themselves at first, at length they laugh out; at first solitary, at last they can endure no company, or if they do, they are now dizzards, past sense and shame, quite moped, they care not what they say or do; all their actions, words, gestures, are furious or ridiculous. At first his mind is troubled, he doth not attend what is said, if you tell him a tale, he cries at last, What said you? but in the end he mutters to himself, as old women do many times, or old men when they sit alone; upon a sudden they laugh, whoop, halloo, or run away, and swear they see or hear Players, Devils, Hobgoblins, Ghosts, strike, or strut, etc., grow humorous in the end: like him in the Poet, *sæpe ducentos sæpe decem servos* [he often keeps two hundred slaves, often only ten], he will dress himself, and undress, careless at last, grows insensible, stupid or mad. He howls like a wolf, barks like a dog, and raves like *Ajax* and *Orestes*, hears Music and outcries which no man else hears. . . .

An Abstract of Melancholy.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly:
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time runs very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly:
Nought so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brookside or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly:
None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove or unknown den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly:
None so sour as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine.
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine;
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joys to this are folly:
None so sweet as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes—
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as Melancholy.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

HORACE BUSHNELL, an eminent Congregational minister and religious writer, was born near Litchfield, Conn., April 14, 1802; died at Hartford, Feb. 17, 1876. He was graduated at Yale in 1827, and then became literary editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*. From 1829 to 1831 he was a tutor at Yale, studying theology during this time, he having previously studied law. In 1833 he became pastor of a Congregational church in Hartford, where he remained until 1859, when failing health compelled him to resign his pastorate, though he continued his literary labors. Among his published works are: "The Principles of National Greatness," a Phi Beta Kappa oration (1837); "Christian Nurture" (1847); "God in Christ" (1849); "Christ in Theology" (1851); "Sermons for the New Life" (1858); "Work and Play" (1864); "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (1868); "Woman Suffrage" (1869); "Sermons on Living Subjects" (1872); "Forgiveness and Law" (1874).

"CHARACTERISTICS OF CHRIST."

(From "The Character of Jesus.")

I RECOLLECT no really great character in history, excepting such as may have been formed under Christianity, that can properly be said to have united the passive virtues, or to have considered them any essential part of a finished character. Socrates comes the nearest to such an impression, and therefore most resembles Christ in the submissiveness of his death. It does not appear, however, that his mind had taken this turn previously to his trial, and the submission he makes to the public sentence is, in fact, a refusal only to escape from the prison surreptitiously; which he does, partly because he thinks it the duty of every good citizen not to break the laws, and partly, if we judge from his manner, because he is detained by a subtle pride; as if it were something unworthy of a grave philosopher, to be stealing away, as a fugitive, from the laws and tribunals of his country. The Stoics, indeed, have it for one of their

great principles, that the true wisdom of life consists in a passive power, viz., in being able to bear suffering rightly. But they mean by this, the bearing of suffering so as not to feel it; a steeling of the mind against sensibility, and a raising of the will into such power as to drive back the pangs of life, or shake them off. But this, in fact, contains no allowance of passive virtue at all; on the contrary, it is an attempt so to exalt the active powers, as even to exclude every sort of passion, or passivity. And Stoicism corresponds, in this respect, with the general sentiment of the world's great characters. They are such as like to see things in the heroic vein, to see spirit and courage breasting themselves against wrong, and where the evil cannot be escaped by resistance, dying in a manner of defiance. Indeed it has been the impression of the world generally, that patience, gentleness, readiness to suffer wrong without resistance, is but another name for weakness.

But Christ, in opposition to all such impressions, manages to connect these nonresisting and gentle passivities with a character of the severest grandeur and majesty; and, what is more, convinces us that no truly great character can exist without them.

Observe him, first, in what may be called the common trials of existence. For if you will put a character to the severest of all tests, see whether it can bear without faltering the little common ills and hindrances of life. Many a man will go to his martyrdom, with a spirit of firmness and heroic composure, whom a little weariness or nervous exhaustion, some silly prejudice or capricious opposition, would, for the moment, throw into a fit of vexation or ill nature. Great occasions rally great principles, and brace the mind to a lofty bearing, a bearing that is even above itself. But trials that make no occasion at all, leave it to show the goodness and beauty it has in its own disposition. And here precisely is the superhuman glory of Christ as a character, that he is just as perfect, exhibits just as great a spirit, in little trials as in great ones. In all the history of his life, we are not able to detect the faintest indication that he slips or falters. And this is the more remarkable, that he is prosecuting so great a work with so great enthusiasm — counting it his meat and drink, and pouring into it all the energies of his life. For when men have great works on hand, their very enthusiasm runs to impatience. When thwarted or unreasonably hindered, their soul strikes fire against the obstacles they meet, they worry

themselves at every hindrance, every disappointment, and break out in stormy and fanatical violence. But Jesus, for some reason, is just as even, just as serene, in all his petty vexations and hindrances, as if he had nothing on hand to do. A kind of sacred patience invests him everywhere. Having no element of crude will mixed with his work, he is able, in all trial and opposition, to hold a condition of serenity above the clouds, and let them sail under him, without ever obscuring the sun. He is poor, and hungry, and weary, and despised, insulted by his enemies, deserted by his friends, but never disheartened, never fretted or ruffled.

You see, meantime, that he is no Stoic; he visibly feels every such ill as his delicate and sensitive nature must, but he has some sacred and sovereign good present, to mingle with his pains, which, as it were, naturally and without any self-watching, allays them. He does not seem to rule his temper, but rather to have none; for temper, in the sense of passion, is a fury that follows the will, as the lightnings follow the disturbing forces of the winds among the clouds; and accordingly, where there is no self-will to roll up the clouds and hurl them through the sky, the lightnings hold their equilibrium, and are as though they were not.

As regards what is called preëminently his passion, the scene of martyrdom that closes his life, it is easy to distinguish a character in it which separates it from all mere human martyrdoms. Thus, it will be observed that his agony, the scene in which his suffering is bitterest and most evident, is, on human principles, wholly misplaced. It comes before the time, when as yet there is no arrest and no human prospect that there will be any. He is at large, to go where he pleases, and in perfect outward safety. His disciples have just been gathered round him in a scene of more than family tenderness and affection. Indeed it is but a very few hours since that he was coming into the city, at the head of a vast procession, followed by loud acclamations, and attended by such honors as may fitly celebrate the inaugural of a king. Yet here, with no bad sign apparent, we see him plunged into a scene of deepest distress, and racked, in his feeling, with a more than mortal agony. Coming out of this, assured and comforted, he is shortly arrested, brought to trial, and crucified, where, if there be anything questionable in his manner, it is in the fact that he is even more composed than some would have him to be, not even stooping to defend himself or vindicate his

innocence. And when he dies, it is not as when the martyrs die. They die for what they have said, and remaining silent will not recant. He dies for what he has not said, and still is silent.

By the misplacing of his agony thus, and the strange silence he observes when the real hour of agony is come, we are put entirely at fault on natural principles. But it was not for him to wait, as being only a man, till he is arrested, and the hand of death is upon him, then to be nerved by the occasion to a show of victory. He that was before Abraham must also be before his occasions. In a time of safety, in a cool hour of retirement, unaccountably to his friends, he falls into a dreadful contest and struggle of mind, coming out of it finally to go through his most horrible tragedy of crucifixion, with the serenity of a spectator!

Why now this so great intensity of sorrow? Why this agony? Was there not something unmanly in it, something unworthy of a really great soul? Take him to be only a man, and there probably was; nay, if he were a woman, the same might be said. But this one thing is clear, that no one of mankind, whether man or woman, ever had the sensibility to suffer so intensely, even showing the body, for the mere struggle and pain of the mind, exuding and dripping with blood. Evidently there is something mysterious here; which mystery is vehicle to our feeling, and rightfully may be, of something divine. What, we begin to ask, should be the power of a superhuman sensibility? and how far should the human vehicle shake under such a power? How, too, should an innocent and pure spirit be exercised, when about to suffer, in his own person, the greatest wrong ever committed?

Besides, there is a vicarious spirit in love; all love inserts itself vicariously into the sufferings and woes, and, in a certain sense, the sins of others, taking them on itself as a burden. How then, if perchance Jesus should be divine, an embodiment of God's love in the world — how should he feel, and by what signs of feeling manifest his sensibility, when a fallen race are just about to do the damning sin that crowns their guilty history; to crucify the only perfect being that ever came into the world; to crucify even him, the messenger and representative to them of the love of God, the deliverer who has taken their case and cause upon him! Whosoever duly ponders these questions will find that he is led away, more and more, from any supposition of the mere mortality of Jesus. What he looks

upon he will more and more distinctly see to be the pathology of a superhuman anguish. It stands, he will perceive, in no mortal key. It will be to him the anguish, visibly, not of any pusillanimous feeling, but of holy character itself; nay, of a mysteriously transcendent, or somehow divine character.

But why did he not defend his cause and justify his innocence in the trial? Partly because he had the wisdom to see that there really was and could be no trial, and that one who undertakes to plead with a mob only mocks his own virtue, throwing words into the air that is already filled with the clamors of prejudice. To plead innocence in such a case is only to make a protestation such as indicates fear, and is really unworthy of a great and composed spirit. A man would have done it, but Jesus did not. Besides, there was a plea of innocence in the manner of Jesus, and the few very significant words that he dropped, that had an effect on the mind of Pilate, more searching and powerful than any formal protestations. And the more we study the conduct of Jesus during the whole scene, the more we shall be satisfied that he said enough; the more admire the mysterious composure, the wisdom, the self-possession, and the superhuman patience of the sufferer. It was visibly the death scene of a transcendent love. He dies not as a man, but rather as some one might who is mysteriously more and higher. So thought aloud the hard-faced soldier, "Truly this was the Son of God." As if he had said, "I have seen men die; this is not a man. They call him Son of God; he cannot be less." Can he be less to us?

The Founders.

(From "Work and Play.")

There is a class of writers and critics in our country, who imagine it is quite clear that our fathers cannot have been the proper founders of our American liberties, because it is in proof that they were so intolerant and so clearly unrepublican often in their avowed sentiments. They suppose the world to be a kind of professor's chair, and expect events to transpire logically in it. They see not that casual opinions, or conventional and traditional prejudices, are one thing, and that principles and morally dynamic forces are often quite another; that the former are the connectives only of history, the latter its springs of life; and that if the former serve well enough as

providential guards and moderating weights overlying the deep geologic fires and subterranean heavings of the new moral instincts below, these latter will assuredly burst up at last in strong mountains of rock to crest the world. Unable to conceive such a truth, they cast about them accordingly to find the paternity of our American institutions in purely accidental causes. We are clear of aristocratic orders, they say, because there was no blood of which to make an aristocracy; independent of king and parliament, because we grew into independence under the natural effects of distance and the exercise of a legislative power; republican, because our constitutions were cast in the molds of British law; a wonder of growth in riches, enterprise, and population, because of the hard necessities laid upon us, and our simple modes of life.

There is yet another view of this question, that has a far higher significance. We do not understand, as it seems to me, the real greatness of our institutions when we look simply at the forms under which we hold our liberties. It consists not in these, but in the magnificent possibilities that underlie these forms as their fundamental supports and conditions. In these we have the true paternity and spring of our institutions; and these, beyond a question, are the gift of our founders.

We see this, first of all, in the fixed relation between freedom and intelligence, and the remarkable care they had of popular education. It was not their plan to raise up a body of republicans. But they believed in mind as in God. Their religion was the choice of mind. The gospel they preached must have minds to hear it; and hence the solemn care they had, even from the first day of their settlement, of the education of every child. And, as God would have it, the children whom they trained up for pillars in the church turned out also to be more than tools of power. They grew up into magistrates, leaders of the people, debaters of right and of law, statesmen, generals, and signers of declarations for liberty. Such a mass of capacity had never been seen before in so small a body of men. And this is the first condition of liberty — the Condensation of Power. For liberty is not the license of an hour; it is not the butchery of a royal house, or the passion that rages behind a barricade, or the caps that are swung, or the *vivas* shouted at the installing of a liberator. But it is the compact, impenetrable matter of much manhood, the compressed energy of good sense and public reason, having power to see before and after and

measure action by counsel — this it is that walls about the strength and liberty of a people. To be free is not to fly abroad as the owls of the night when they take the freedom of the air, but it is to settle and build and be strong — a commonwealth as much better compacted in the terms of reason, as it casts off more of the restraints of force.

Their word was "Reformation" — "the completion of the Reformation"; not Luther's nor Calvin's, they expressly say; they cannot themselves imagine it. Hitherto it is unconceived by men. God must reveal it in the light that breaks forth from him. And this he will do in his own good time. It is already clear to us that, in order to any further progress in this direction, it was necessary for a new movement to begin that should loosen the joints of despotism and emancipate the mind of the world. And in order to this a new republic must be planted and have time to grow. It must be rising up in the strong majesty of freedom and youth, outstripping the old prescriptive world in enterprise and the race of power, covering the ocean with its commerce, spreading out in populous swarms of industry, — planting, building, educating, framing constitutions, rushing to and fro in the smoke and thunder of travel along its mighty rivers, across its inland seas, over its mountain-tops from one shore to the other, strong in order as in liberty, — a savage continent become the field of a colossal republican empire, whose name is a name of respect and a mark of desire to the longing eyes of mankind. And then, as the fire of new ideas and hopes darts electrically along the nerves of feeling in the millions of the race, it will be seen that a new Christian movement also begins with it. Call it reformation, or formation, or by whatever name, it is irresistible because it is intangible. In one view it is only destruction. The State is loosened from the Church. The Church crumbles down into fragments. Superstition is eaten away by the strong acid of liberty, and spiritual despotism flies affrighted from the broken loyalty of its metropolis. Protestantism also, divided and subdivided by its dialectic quarrels, falls into the finest, driest powder of disintegration. Be not afraid. The new order crystallizes only as the old is dissolved; and no sooner is the old unity of orders and authorities effectually dissolved than the reconstructive affinities of a new and better unity begin to appear in the solution. Repugnances melt away. Thought grows catholic. Men look for good in each other as well as evil. The crossings of opinion by travel and

books, and the intermixture of races and religions, issue in freer, broader views of the Christian truth; and so the "Church of the Future," as it has been called, gravitates inwardly towards those terms of brotherhood in which it may coalesce and rest. I say not or believe that Christendom will be Puritanized or Protestantized; but what is better than either, it will be Christianized. It will settle thus into a unity, probably not of form, but of practical assent and love — a Commonwealth of the Spirit, as much stronger in its unity than the old satrapy of priestly despotism, as our republic is stronger than any other government of the world.

Religious Music.

As we are wont to argue the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and Godhead, from the things that are seen, finding them all images of thought and vehicles of intelligence, so we have an argument for God more impressive, in one view, because the matter of it is so deep and mysterious, from the fact that a grand, harmonic, soul-interpreting law of music pervades all the objects of the material creation, and that things without life, all metals and woods and valleys and mountains and waters, are tempered with distinctions of sound, and toned to be a language to the feeling of the heart. It is as if God had made the world about us to be a grand organ of music, so that our feelings might have play in it, as our understanding has in the light of the sun and the outward colors and forms of things. What is called the musical scale, or octave, is fixed in the original appointments of sound just as absolutely and definitely as the colors of the rainbow or prism in the optical properties and laws of light. And the visible objects of the world are not more certainly shaped and colored to us under the exact laws of light and the prism, than they are tempered and toned, as objects audible, to give distinctions of sound by their vibrations in the terms of the musical octave. It is not simply that we hear the sea roar and the floods clap their hands in anthems of joy; it is not that we hear the low winds sigh, or the storms howl dolefully, or the ripples break peacefully on the shore, or the waters dripping sadly from the rock, or the thunders crashing in horrible majesty through the pavements of heaven; not only do all the natural sounds we hear come to us in tones of music as in-

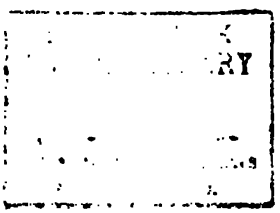
terpreters of feeling, but there is hid in the secret temper and substance of all matter a silent music, that only waits to sound and become a voice of utterance to the otherwise unutterable feeling of our heart — a voice, if we will have it, of love and worship to the God of all.

First, there is a musical scale in the laws of the air itself, exactly answering to the musical sense or law of the soul. Next, there is in all substances a temperament of quality related to both; so that whatever kind of feeling there may be in a soul — war and defiance, festivity and joy, sad remembrance, remorse, pity, penitence, self-denial, love, adoration — may find some fit medium of sound in which to express itself. And, what is not less remarkable, connected with all these forms of substances there are mathematical laws of length and breadth, or definite proportions of each, and reflective angles, that are every way as exact as those which regulate the colors of the prism, the images of the mirror, or the telescopic light of astronomic worlds — mathematics for the heart as truly as for the head.

It cannot be said that music is a human creation, and as far as the substances of the world are concerned, a mere accident. As well can it be said that man creates the colors of the prism, and that they are not in the properties of the light, because he shapes the prism by his own mechanical art. Or if still we doubt; if it seems incredible that the soul of music is in the heart of all created being; then the laws of harmony themselves shall answer, one string vibrating to another, when it is not struck itself, and uttering its voice of concord simply because the concord is in it and it feels the pulses on the air to which it cannot be silent. Nay, the solid mountains and their giant masses of rock shall answer; catching, as they will, the bray of horns or the stunning blast of cannon, rolling it across from one top to another in reverberating pulses, till it falls into bars of musical rhythm and chimes and cadences of silver melody. I have heard some fine music, as men are wont to speak — the play of orchestras, the anthems of choirs, the voices of song that moved admiring nations. But in the lofty passes of the Alps I heard a music overhead from God's cloudy orchestra, the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its fold, such as mocks all sounds our lower worlds of art can ever hope to raise. I stood (excuse the simplicity) calling to them, in the loudest shouts I could raise, even till my power was spent; and listening

RELIGIOUS MUSIC

From a Painting by G. Dubois, Fils



a compulsory trance to their reply, I heard them roll it up rough their cloudy worlds of snow, sifting out the harsh qualies that were tearing in it as demon screams of sin, holding on pon it as if it were a hymn they were fining to the ear of the reat Creator, and sending it round and round in long redupliations of sweetness, minute after minute; till finally receding nd rising, it trembled, as it were, among the quick gratulations angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean. I had ver any conception before of what is meant by *quality* in und. There was more power upon the soul in one of those mple notes than I ever expect to feel from anything called usic below, or ever can feel till I hear them again in the choirs the angelic world. I had never such a sense of purity, or of hat a simple sound may tell of purity by its own pure quality; nd I could not but say, O my God, teach me this! Be this in e forever! And I can truly affirm that the experience of that our has consciously made me better able to think of God ever nce — better able to worship. All other sounds are gone; the unds of yesterday, heard in the silence of enchanted multiides, are gone; but that is with me still, and I hope will never ase to ring in my spirit till I go down to the slumber of lence itself.

JOSEPH BUTLER.

JOSEPH BUTLER, an English prelate and theologian, born at Wantage, Berkshire, May 18, 1692; died at Bath, June 16, 1752. His father, wishing him to enter the Presbyterian ministry, placed him in a Dissenting academy; but in 1714, having resolved to join the Church of England, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, and soon afterward took holy orders. In 1718 Butler was appointed preacher at the Chapel of the Rolls, where he delivered his remarkable sermon "On Human Nature," published with others in 1726. After eight years of retirement at the rectory of Stanhope, he became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot. In 1736 he published his great work, "The Analogy of Religion Natural and Revealed to the Course and Constitution of Nature." On the appearance of the "Analogy," Butler was appointed chaplain to Queen Caroline, wife of George II., and after her death became successively bishop of Bristol, Dean of St. Paul's, Clerk of the Closet to the King, and in 1750, Bishop of Durham. He did not long survive his last promotion. He was buried in the cathedral of Bristol. In obedience to his orders all of his manuscripts were destroyed.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD A SCHEME INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

(From "The Analogy of Religion.")

UPON a supposition that God exercises a moral government over the world, the analogy of his natural government suggests and makes it credible that his moral government must be a scheme quite beyond our comprehension; and this affords a general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it. It is most obvious, analogy renders it highly credible, that, upon supposition of a moral government, it must be a scheme: for the world, and the whole natural government of it, appears to be so: to be a scheme, system, or constitution whose parts correspond to each other, and to a whole, as really as any work of art, or as any particular model of a civil constitution and government. In this great scheme of the natural world, individuals have various peculiar relations to other individuals

of their own species. And whole species are, we find, variously related to other species upon this earth. Nor do we know how much further these kinds of relations may extend. And, as there is not any action or natural event, which we are acquainted with, so single and unconnected as not to have a respect to some other actions and events, so, possibly, each of them, when it has not an immediate, may yet have a remote, natural relation to other actions and events, much beyond the compass of this present world. There seems, indeed, nothing from whence we can so much as make a conjecture, whether all creatures, actions, and events, throughout the whole of nature, have relations to each other. But, as it is obvious that all events have future unknown consequences, so if we trace any, as far as we can go, into what is connected with it, we shall find that if such event were not connected with somewhat further in nature unknown to us, somewhat both past and present, such event could not possibly have been at all. Nor can we give the whole account of any one thing whatever; of all its causes, ends, and necessary adjuncts; those adjuncts, I mean, without which it could not have been. By this most astonishing connection, these reciprocal correspondences and mutual relations, everything which we see in the course of nature is actually brought about. And things seemingly the most insignificant imaginable are perpetually observed to be necessary conditions to other things of the greatest importance; so that any one thing whatever may, for aught we know to the contrary, be a necessary condition to any other.

The natural world, then, and the natural government of it, being such an incomprehensible scheme, so incomprehensible that a man must, really, in the literal sense, know nothing at all who is not sensible of his ignorance in it; this immediately suggests and strongly shows the credibility, that the moral world and government of it may be so, too. Indeed, the natural and moral constitution and government of the world are so connected as to make up together but one scheme; and it is highly probable that the first is formed and carried on merely in subserviency to the latter; as the vegetable world is for the animal, and organized bodies for minds. But the thing intended here is, without inquiring how far the administration of the natural world is subordinate to that of the moral, only to observe the credibility, that that one should be analogous or similar to the other: that therefore every act of divine justice and goodness

may be supposed to look much beyond itself and its immediate object; may have some reference to other parts of God's moral administration and to a general moral plan; and that every circumstance of this his moral government may be adjusted beforehand with a view to the whole of it. . . . And supposing this to be the case, it is most evident that we are not competent judges of this scheme, from the small parts of it which come within our view in the present life: and therefore no objections against any of these parts can be insisted upon by reasonable men.

. . . . . .

Now, from this general observation, obvious to every one, that God has given us to understand he has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and of our not acting at all; and that we find the consequences, which we were beforehand informed of, uniformly to follow; we may learn, that we are at present actually under his government, in the strictest and most proper sense; in such a sense, as that he rewards and punishes us for our actions. An Author of Nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience, that we are thus under his government: under his government, in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behavior, be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to his having at once contrived and executed his own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanction of their laws take place, without interposing at all, after they had passed them; without a trial, and the formalities of an execution: if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then, as we are now; but in a much higher degree, and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves, upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading

the general thing here intended, without denying all final causes. For, final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too, as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions; and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then he not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies, suppose upon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves, be appointed by the Author of Nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction; this is altogether as much an instance of his punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under his government, as declaring, by a voice from heaven, that if we acted, so he would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it whether it be greater or less.

Thus we find, that the true motion or conception of the Author of Nature, is that of a master or governor, prior to the consideration of his moral attributes. The fact of our case, which we find by experience, is, that he actually exercises dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding and punishing us for our actions, in as strict and proper a sense of these words, and even in the same sense as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them.

And thus the whole analogy of Nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows, that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion, that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter; nothing incredible, I mean, arising out of the notion of rewarding and punishing, for the whole course of nature is a present instance of his exercising that government over us, which implies in it rewarding and punishing.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, an English satirical poet, born at Strensham, Worcestershire, in February, 1612; died Sept. 25, 1680. He was educated at the college school of Worcester, and is said to have studied in one of the Universities. After leaving school, he served for some time as justice's clerk, acquiring familiarity with legal terms and processes, and giving his leisure hours to the study of music and poetry. He then entered the service of the Countess of Kent, where he had access to a good library. We next find him employed, perhaps as tutor, by Sir Samuel Luke, a zealous Puritan and colonel in the Parliamentary army, who is supposed to have been the original of Hudibras, and whose family and associates probably supplied Butler with material for his satire. Immediately after the Restoration he was appointed secretary to Lord Carberry, the steward of Ludlow Castle. In 1663 he published the first part of "Hudibras," the object of which was to ridicule the Puritans. The second part appeared in 1664, and the third in 1678. It attained immediate and wide popularity, but it brought its author little money. He died in poverty, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. After his death, his miscellaneous writings were collected and published under the title, "The Genuine Remains of Mr. Samuel Butler." Among them is a collection of "Characters" in prose.

The general design of "Hudibras" was derived from "Don Quixote." The situations of the mock epic are few but ludicrous, and the whole canvas is embellished with imagination, raillery, subtle casuistry, brilliant epigrams, and sparkling wit. "Hudibras" consists of 10,000 verses, and is one of the most frequently quoted books in the language. The standard edition by Dr. Z. Grey (1744) has frequently been reprinted. Butler's next important works are: "The Elephant in the Moon," a satire on the Royal Society; a series of prose "Characters"; and an "Ode to Duval," the famous highwayman.

HUDIBRAS DESCRIBED.

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears

Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but Chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise, or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howso'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool:
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such;
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;

As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.
  He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and southwest side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
And this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
  For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnèd pedants much affect.
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone
As if h' had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebblestones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.

All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Duns;
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways, beyond them all:
And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishèd.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catched
The itch, on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Although by woeful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was disposed, could pro
Below the moon, or else above it.
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.

All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks:
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite.
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free will they one way disavow
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend — plum porridge;

Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.
  Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward;
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus;
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face.
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey;
The nether orange mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of scepters and of crowns:
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall.
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Mauger all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last,
But, when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. . . .
His back, or rather burden, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire,
Upon his shoulders, thro' the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back:
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cram'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cup-board, where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well-known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise.
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,

They stoutly in defense on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And tho' knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink
Because when thorough deserts vast
And regions desolate they pass'd . . .
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record:
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight;
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
Round table, like a farthingal,
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all his knights could eat,
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,

It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder;
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddlebow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged and from four legged foes.
Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,

That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behoove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For what was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had plowed;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not stay his course.
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.

Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with meter safe
We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valor
He had laid in; by birth a tailor;
The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroyed both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light;
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken;
Like commendation ninepence crooked
With — To and from my love — it looked.
He ne'er considered it, as loath
To look a gift horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth:
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way:

Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none can see but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eavesdropper can hear.
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse;
Which they at second hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four legged oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences,
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:

He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, "Rope," and "Walk, knave, walk."
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise;
For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he professed,
He had First Matter seen undressed:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied;
Not that of pasteboard, which men show
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet play.
He could foretell whats'ever was,
By consequence, to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That used to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robbed a house below;

Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole and who received the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' th' pill,
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
What gains, or losses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
  Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valors, too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.

An Antiquary.

(From "Characters.")

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their ability but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old that he may truly say to dust and worms, "You are my father," and to rottenness, "Thou art my mother." He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backward. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, an American writer, born at Albany, N.Y., in 1825. He was graduated at the University of New York, and entered upon the practice of law. Before beginning the practice of his profession, he traveled extensively, and contributed to the "Art-Union Bulletin" a series of papers on "Cities of Art and Early Artists," and to the "Literary World" another series entitled "Out of the Way Places in Europe." In 1857 he put forth anonymously "Nothing to Wear," a satire on fashionable women, which attracted much attention, and the authorship of which was absurdly claimed by another person. He subsequently published several other satires, and a "Sketch of Martin Van Buren." In 1871 he published "Lawyer and Client, Their Relation, Rights and Duties," and in 1886 a prose satire, "Domesticus"; "Oberammergau," a poem (1890); and "Mrs. Limber's Raffle" (1894).

NOTHING TO WEAR.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind — above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;

Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern —
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin;
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal:
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of.
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam, nor starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes;
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions;
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, *if* any,
And a very large diamond, imported by Tiffany.

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball —
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe —
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her — as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual — I found (I won't say, I caught) her
Intent on the pier glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if, perhaps, it didn't need cleaning.
She turned, as I entered — "Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"

"So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now, will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly — I've nothing to wear!"
"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are:
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon." She turned up her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
So I ventured again — "Wear your crimson brocade."
(Second turn up of nose) — "That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk" — "That's too heavy;" "Your pink" —
"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin" — "I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch," —
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown moire-antique" — "Yes, and look like a
Quaker:"
"The pearl-colored," — "I would, but that plaguy dress-
maker
Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"
(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut* ——" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen;"
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;
That superb point d'aguille, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine" —
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilet which you sported
In Paris last Spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously turned up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that, and the most of my dresses, are ripped up!"
Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh! you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretense — why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I have nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),
"I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir — yes, on the spot;
You're a brute and a monster, and — I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words — Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed,
To express the abusive; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too.
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry — I hardly knew how —
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?
Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next time you meet,
Please trundle your hoops just outside Regent Street,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door!
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare —
Spoiled children of Fashion — you've nothing to wear!

And, oh! if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,

Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh! daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

The Forms of Domesticus.

(From "Domesticus.")

The Little Lady kept up courageously ringing her bell, and Domesticus kept making his appearance, in all the wonderful, inexhaustible variety of his forms. Sometimes he would come in what seemed to be personified slowness, and then everything was irretrievably behind time, whereat the Prince was greatly exercised, because Punctuality was a prime virtue of Dry Goods, and Domesticus, with his ally Procrastination, the thief of Time, made a pair better fitted for a Penitentiary than a Palace. Then he would appear in a tearing, slashing shape, so that the Prince and Princess were whirled along the courses of a meal as though they were eating for a wager depending on the speed of the performance. The next incumbent would be of a pattern so small that the evening lamps could not be lighted without the aid of chairs, or the tall windows locked without step-ladders; to be replaced, anon, by some stalwart figure, marching and countermarching as if trained in the ranks of Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons. One day, it would be stupidity, in densest form, under whose confusing misdirection Princes, and Princesses, and other notables, would be left standing in the vestibule, while vagrants, in disguise, were ceremoniously ushered into the inner precincts, whence they could slyly retire with any chance souvenir available to their thievish touch. The next incumbent would possess a rarely endowed intelligence, coupled, perhaps, with an undiscovered and undiscoverable mystery, given to the rehearsing of dramatic and lyric fragments in the stilly night, in close proximity to speaking tubes or furnace flues, quite too high strung and high toned for daily service. But how often did Domesticus delight in tormenting and tantalizing the Little Lady with some well-seeming maiden form,

fair to see, full of sweetest promise and shortest-lived performance, making the household work, for the time, a delightsome thing and forecast of permanent peace, but presently loving the youthful green-grocer or the stalwart butcher, not wisely but too well, and thereupon becoming as limp as one of her own dishcloths, and losing all working or waking sense in Love's young dream. . . .

Domesticus could assume any nationality at pleasure, and change, as he saw fit, his name, his country, or his skin, as well as his spots, which he was always changing, for he no sooner got comfortably into one than he was uncomfortably on the outlook for another. He was an arch cosmopolitan. His dragnet was thrown over every nook and corner of the globe; it seemed to the Princess as if her premises were a sort of rendezvous for all its races. Now it was *Domesticus Anglicanus*, who had stood in state behind Dukes and Earls, and had come, at last, to assert his supremacy as a sovereign among his fellow-citizens of Magna Patria. Now it was *Domesticus Gallicus*, whose *cordon bleu* was the unfailing symbol of revolution and anarchy below stairs. Then it was *Domesticus Scotus*, as obstinately resolute to upset all preëxisting order at a single blow as was Jenny Geddes to topple over the Papacy with a toss of her wooden stool. Again, it was *Domesticus Germanicus*, whose coming and going were like blasts from the forests of Norseland, and the hidden things of whose culinary compounds no one could discover or digest. But chiefly, and at all times, it was *Domesticus Hibernicus*, the most constant and the most centrifugal of all the forces that Labor ever contrived for the service and discipline of mankind, and let loose upon unsuspecting householders, with its conversation of destructive energy; its readiness to make or mar; its possibilities of chance success and its illimitable incapacity, alike unendurable and indispensable; the two-edged, unsheathed sword of the adversary, always sharpened with ready wit and pointed for instant action, and poised for cut or thrust — at once a social defense and a social terror.

The Prince Tells The Princess of His Ruin.

He crossed the threshold of his palace — his no longer — and went straight, as his custom was, to the apartment of the Princess, where he had always been sure of a smile and a wel-

come, whatever storms might be raging without. He had prepared no phrases in which to set before her the calamity that had befallen him. He could hardly, in his own thoughts, grasp its fearful meaning, much less clothe it with words. What filled him with alarm and terror was the apprehension of the effect the evil tidings might have on her. He thought she would be crushed to the earth; she might be struck senseless and speechless; she might die, and then what should he do? But he could not keep away from her, and when he came into her sight with a tottering step — for he was almost prostrated by the strain to which he had been subjected during those long morning hours — and with a haggard face, which told the whole sad story before he had uttered the broken words of which — "ruined" — was all she caught, he was in her embrace, and she was ready with all the aid and comfort a loving heart could give.

"I feared it would come to this," she said, softly, as she made him sit beside her, with his hand in hers, "and now, dearest, I hope it may not be as bad as you have dreaded." The Princess had not been crushed to the earth, nor struck speechless, nor was she going to die. The Prince's fears, for her relieved, turned upon himself again.

"It is as bad as can be; I have lost everything."

"Not your good name, I am sure; not your wife, for she is beside you; not your children, for they are all safe at home."

"They will be beggars," said the Prince.

"Not while we have strength to do a day's work for them, or they for us."

"You must give up your chariots and horses," said the Prince.

"It will do us all good to walk."

"We must quit the palace."

"We can be just as happy in a smaller house, and with far less care."

"You will have to do your own housework."

"It will be a real pleasure. We shall have a final riddance of Domesticus."

"You will have a broken-down husband on your hands."

"It will be the sweetest duty of my life to care for him."

"You will be expelled from the circle of Societas."

"We shall have the inner and more sacred circle of home."

"I shall no longer be a Prince."

"Then you will be an ex-Prince."

And the Little Lady burst into laughter, for it had always seemed to her, when the Prince introduced ex-Consuls, ex-Prætors and ex-Ediles, a most ridiculous thing that the more a man was out of office the more he held on to any title that had ever belonged to it, as to a kind of perpetual perquisite. Her laughter was always contagious, and the Prince could hardly help responding with a smile, but he clung to the dismal shadow which he brought with him into the palace, and he was beginning to feel a little disappointed that the Princess was not enveloped in its black folds as completely as he was himself.

"You really do not seem to care very much for my misfortunes," said he.

"It is because I care for you so very much more than for all else — good fortune, bad fortune, or anything in the whole world," she said, drawing him still nearer to her, "that I will not be made sad while you and the children are left to me. Wherever we are all together, there will be home and happiness, whether we have much or little." . . .

"You are sure you are not putting all this on, just to keep me up," said the poor Prince, still clinging to the shadow.

"Perfectly sure," said the Princess, rising and standing before him, her whole presence taking on an air of dignity he had never seen so marked before. "I am as honest in this as I have always been in everything. Did I not take you for richer or poorer, and of what use am I if, when poverty comes, I cannot help you to bear it? I do not care how bad things may be. Your home shall always be happy, if my heart and hands can make it so. All I ask is your love to make my labor light."

"That shall never fail you," said the Prince, rising, in his turn, and clasping her in his arms.

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, an American novelist, born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1842; died in 1893, in Boston, Mass., where he was librarian of the Boston Law Library. He was the author of short stories, and of several novels, including, "Tritons" (Boston, 1878); "Agnes Surriage" (1886); "Penelope's Suitors" (London, 1887); "The Begum's Daughter" (1890); and "Zachary Phips" (1892). Mr. Bynner was endowed with a rare conversational faculty, abounding in witticisms, and clever repartee. He was a conscientious student of the historic subjects, vividly and truthfully pictured in his historic novels.

FIGHT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIÈRE.[1]

(From "Zachary Phips.")

ALTHOUGH when the Constitution sailed out of Annapolis the whole country was buzzing with rumors of British cruisers hovering along the coast, a week passed without their meeting a sail, — a week in which a mob of recruits was quickly changed into a disciplined crew, in which the ignorance and trepidation of the novice gave place to something akin to the self-reliance and precision of the veteran.

The interval was all too short. Every precious moment of that preparatory time was needed and improved, for the ordeal was close at hand.

Sailing northward, one afternoon, along the coast, the look-out suddenly announced "four sail on the northern board, heading to westward." The sensation caused by this report had hardly abated when a fifth sail hove in sight in the northeast. In the blinding light of the setting sun shining on a dead level with their eyes, the character of the strangers could not be made out. Neither was Zach at all clear whether it was due to design or a shifting of the wind that the Constitution, with stay-sails and studding-sails set, wore slowly around to the eastward, so as to approach the last comer.

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The situation was in the highest degree dramatic, while, as if to complete and prolong the suspense, night fell like a curtain upon the scene. Presently through the gathering darkness there resounded the fierce roll of the drum calling the men to quarters for action. Heard for the first time, it had a blood-curdling sound, and Zach felt his pulses beat and his muscles grow limp. It proved, however, only a precautionary measure. Nothing definite was yet known of the stranger. She might prove a friend. To clear up the uncertainty, signals were repeatedly shown by the Constitution, but without result.

The night was long-drawn and anxious. Sleep was unthought of. At daylight the solitary vessel was only half a mile distant on the port tack, the others had disappeared.

So said the lookout, but the report proved illusory. Hardly had the anxious watchers drawn a breath of relief, when there came the startling announcement that the squadron had reappeared in the offing, and were exchanging signals with the solitary stranger!

All doubt was now at an end; their character was revealed: they were all members of the same fleet. Clear, too, was the situation. Like a pack of hounds hot upon the scent, five of the best cruisers of the British navy were trimming sail to run down and destroy one poor Yankee frigate. It was to be a race for life.

For life! Let history tell, and tell again to each succeeding age, how vastly greater was the issue; how it was a race for a nation's honor, a people's welfare, a race run over a boundless course, with no chance of refuge nor hope of succor from heaven or earth, save in the resources of one stout-hearted man!

With bated breath Zach looked at that man. Absorbed, he stood apart upon the quarter-deck, noting every detail of the situation, and silently measuring himself against its uttermost perils, yet with no telltale mark of its strain upon him save the feverish brightness of his eye and the grim resolution of his mouth.

His plan laid, the orders came quick and sharp: a twenty-four pounder was brought up from the main deck and run out aft, reënforced by two long guns thrust through the cabin windows; the whole forming a bristling row of teeth against the bold enemy who should press too near.

Then there fell a calm. All life and motion died out of sea and sky. Pursuers and pursued alike stood paralyzed and

impotent, stock-still upon the glassy sea, though frantic with eagerness to go on. It was not for long; the watchful Hull, with a sweeping glance at the sky, ordered out the boats to go ahead and tow. Zach had command of one of these boats, and in his excitement swore like a veteran at his struggling crew, as they strove to drag their noble vessel from yonder sea-hound's pursuing grip. Hour after weary hour they tugged like galley-slaves at their task, spurred on from time to time by the boom of cannon from behind, which showed that the enemy was on their track. For all their toil, the heavy frigate moved but at a snail's pace.

At last there is an order from the vessel; the boats are called alongside; a breeze is coming. Gladly the weary sailors obey the signal. The alert captain has the studding-sails already spread when they come up the side.

Alack, it proves a false alarm. The promised breeze is but a puff, an infant's breath. Instantly the order comes, the sails are furled; the whole maneuver has been executed like the opening and shutting of an umbrella.

Again — there is no help for it — the exhausted men are ordered into the boats. It is a struggle against great odds, and notwithstanding every nerve is strained, the enemy begins to gain. Zach looks on with anguish of heart. He glances in despair at the captain. That steadfast official is not yet at the end of his resources.

"Run out a kedge, — quick!" is his order to the sailing-master.

"Forecastlemen, get up a kedge!" bawls the sailing-master, jumping down on the deck. "Pass it on to the first launch! Run up hawser from below and bend it on. Run out ahead! Bear a hand, you lubbers! Jump for your lives!"

The thing is done as if it had been rehearsed. In a trice an anchor is run out far ahead, and the vessel dragged by stalwart hands silently and swiftly over the waveless sea. Again and again the movement is repeated. The expedient avails. Perceptibly they regain lost ground, and the exultant Hull, as he glides away, resists not firing a derisive salute at his pursuers.

His exultation is premature. The watchful enemy quickly catch the trick, and fail not to follow suit. They, too, row, and tow, and kedge, putting, withal, the force of the whole squadron to the task of thrusting forward one ship to grapple with the Yankee.

In the face of a force so overwhelming, the issue could not long be in doubt. It seemed in truth already a foregone conclusion. Again Hull, with unruffled composure, made ready for action. His intent was clear: that of turning upon his nearest pursuer before the others could come to her aid.

Contrary to all hope and expectation, a little wind sprang up. The American drew away. Again, as through the livelong day, a lurking demon in the clouds above mocked them with vain hopes. The wind was but his cheating breath, and lasted only long enough to raise their hearts.

At last, in the midst of all this doubt and suspense, the interminable day wore to an end. Night came, but brought no rest. The fugitives felt that their enemy, like a tiger in the jungle, was ever crouching and creeping in their rear. They dared not rest a moment on their oars. All through the windless summer night they rowed and kedged, while on the deck the captain kept sleepless watch.

As the third day dawned, the wind freshened; it was like breath in the nostrils of a fainting creature. As if refreshed and strengthened, the frigate pulled ahead, the persistent enemy following hard upon her trail. For the first time the wind fulfilled its promise, for the first time the vessel had a chance to show her mettle. Faithfully she did her part. Steadily she kept her lead. Longer and longer grew the stretch of ruffled water between her and the pursuing fleet. Hope rose high on board the frigate.

Still the unflagging enemy followed on, ready to take instant advantage of any blunder or mishap. They were wise. A crucial moment was at hand. Far to the west a black spot appeared in the sky. The jaded, haggard captain of the Constitution did not fail to note it. The ship was made ready, the officers warned, every man stationed at his post, and not a sail was furled until the squall was fairly upon them. It came and went like a flash, and as it whistled away over the blackened water, out flew the fore and main topgallant sails, and away sped the frigate beyond all possibility of capture.

As the day wore on, one by one the baffled pursuers, outsailed, out-footed, out-maneuvered, faded away like ghosts upon the vapory line of the horizon.

After her hairbreadth escape, the Constitution, still keeping a northward course, made for the nearest port. Upon hearing that Boston was their purposed destination, Zach had an odd

sensation of shrinking, caused, doubtless, by the ghost of the old culprit feeling still haunting his memory. Whatever its source, it grew upon him more and more, as, winding up among the shoals and islands of the harbor, they drew near to the town. Unconsciously he fixed an anxious look upon the various harbor-craft they met, as though upon each advancing deck he expected to see the avenging forms of Master Tileston and Marm Dinely.

His suspense, however, was short, for directly after coming to anchor, it was announced by the first lieutenant that their stay in port was to be brief, and that none of the crew were to be allowed to go ashore.

As they lay at a safe distance from land, Zach borrowed a glass and tried to make out his old home. Despite certain obtruding new buildings, he flattered himself that he could distinguish a bit of the southern gable of the house in Salutation Alley and the green swaying tops of the apple-trees in the garden behind. For the rest, the town was at once changed and familiar, what with the disappearance of Beacon Hill Monument, of divers old landmarks in the shape of windmills, and the erection of several churches and many large buildings towards the South End.

Protected by the stars and stripes waving above him, and by bristling rows of guns beneath, Zach apparently recovered his equanimity, but it was noted that he heaved a deep sigh of relief when, their visit over, they at last weighed anchor and stood down the bay.

Turning northward, they ran along the coast of Maine and skirted the Bay of Fundy, whence, standing out to sea, they presently fell in with a British packet bound for Halifax. Having quickly overhauled and captured her, a prize crew was put on board, and her papers, valuables, and three cabin passengers were transferred to the frigate.

Zach was standing listlessly near the gangway, leaning on the bulwarks, when the prisoners came on board. He barely suppressed an outcry. Nobody, however, heeded his agitation, for his shipmates were too much taken up with the examination of their new prize, the first they had captured. Besides, nothing especially noteworthy had happened: a half-grown girl had quietly walked up the gang-way led by a stalwart sailor and followed by a maid and a tall, middle-aged man, in whom Zach had recognized old acquaintances.

With an assurance partly national and partly individual, Falconer, having comforted his daughter, addressed himself at once to Captain Hull, claiming that he was a private citizen engaged in his own business, protesting that this detention would work him great damage, and demanding that he be allowed to proceed on his way.

Captain Hull might have been excused for smiling at this request, but save for a sly twinkle in his eye, he showed no sense of any humor in the situation as he bluntly expressed his regret, pleaded the exigencies of war, and tendered the hospitality of his cabin to his enforced guests. Falconer showed himself a man of the world by recognizing the situation, accepting the proffered hospitality, and making the best of a bad bargain. Sylvia, the while, stood by, regarding the captain with an expression of unfeigned horror.

After the interview, the trio were shown below. They passed close to Zach. At their approach a deep flush overspread his face, and a wistful, expectant look shone in his eyes. Preoccupied with their own position, the prisoners included him only in the sweeping general glance they cast about the vessel, and passed on without recognition. Zach gazed after them with a dazed look.

It was late in the afternoon, and Sylvia did not appear again that day. To his surprise, and much to the bewilderment of his notions on the relations of captor and captive, however, Zach saw Falconer in the evening pacing the quarter-deck, and engaged in amicable conversation with Captain Hull.

Next morning, Zach was on duty directing the cleaning of the guns in the after-division, when Sylvia appeared on the main deck. Evidently she had already lost her fear of the captain, and was deep in his good graces, for she held him by the hand, and was chattering away with the utmost freedom, to the manifest delight of the bluff seaman. The pair seemed to be making a survey of the vessel, and the indulgent officer was patiently answering the flood of questions prompted by the girl's eager curiosity.

As they approached the spot where Zach stood, he was seized with an impulse to fly. The unconscious stress of discipline prevailed; he stood by his post and went on with his work.

The two came nearer. Now Zach could hear their voices, now distinguish their very words. It was Sylvia who was talking.

"Truly, are you a Yankee?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be a bad man."

"Why so?"

"All the Yankees are bad."

"What do they do that is so bad?"

"They cheat, and steal, and never tell the truth."

"Humph!"

"Yes, and now they are fighting the king's army and navy; but they will get beaten."

"The poor Yankees! so they are going to be beaten?"

"Yes, because they are such cowards · they always run away."

"It serves them right to be beaten, then

"Oh, yes, and the king is going to send out some big, strong ships, and catch all the Yankee ships and burn them."

"Whew! and where did you hear all this?"

"In London; everybody there knows it, and papa says so too; so you had better look out. But I hope they won't catch you!"

"Why not?"

"Because you are not like a Yankee. You are like an Englishman!"

"God forbid!"

"Besides, I don't want them to catch you,—I like you!" pursued the confiding little maiden.

"Good, good, my dear! Let us strike hands on that! You and I will be friends, and leave the king and the Yankees to fight it out between themselves. Give way there, Phips, and let us pass!"

This command was given to Zach, who stood bending over his task with his back to the approaching pair. Instantly he drew aside, stood erect, and saluted. With a casual glance at him, Sylvia passed along. Presently she turned back for a second look, then stopped and studied him with a scowl of perplexity. Zach colored to the roots of his hair. A flash of intelligence lighted up the girl's face; she flew towards him, crying,—

"Zach! Zach! Papa! Come quick and see. Here is our Zach!"

Overjoyed at the greeting, but abashed by the presence of the captain, Zach stood, receiving the caresses of his old play-

mate, unable to answer a word to the incoherent questions she poured forth.

"Why, Zach! Oh, Zach, how came you here? Oh, you are grown up so — *so* big, I didn't know you; and — your hair is cut off so short, — and you have that funny cap on; and did you bring Sandy, too? When did you come away? And where is Elaine? Oh, I am so glad! But" — she suddenly checked her enthusiasm, as a thought struck her, — "what are you doing on this ship? Are *you* a prisoner, too? Oh, Zach, have *you* gone and turned a Yankee?"

This appalling suspicion so affected her that she paused, and fixed upon her old friend a withering glance of accusation.

The charge of being a turncoat so touched Zach's pride that he found his tongue speedily enough and answered bluntly, —

"No, I ain't turned anything. I am a Yankee, I always was a Yankee, and I always shall be a Yankee."

Shocked to her heart's core by this avowal, Sylvia stood unable to say a word. The captain, meanwhile, who had looked on with quiet amusement, now interposed.

"So you know Phips, then, my dear?"

"He isn't Phips, he is Zach. He used to live with us at Basswood, and sail the yacht, he and Sandy; but he was a little boy then, and had long hair, but" — she paused and her lip trembled — "I — I didn't know he was a Yankee!"

Overcome by the shock of this discovery, Sylvia burst into tears, gazing with reproachful eyes upon Zack, as though he had willfully transformed himself into a monster.

Taken quite aback by this outburst, Zach stood, at a loss what to do or say. His perplexity was increased by the unexpected behavior of Hull.

"What do you mean?" he cried, turning upon Zach, "by being a Yankee? Shame upon you! — explain yourself, sir!"

Deceived by the mock severity of the captain's tone, — he had not heeded his words, — Zach began to stammer.

"Tut! tut! don't try to excuse yourself! You ought to be ashamed, I say, of such behavior. Take yourself off, sir, and don't let it happen again!"

Awaking tardily to the humor of the situation, Zach was, yet, a little in doubt how to treat his superior's grotesque command. Evidently he thought it better to err on the safe side, for, saluting awkwardly, he turned to move away. Directly, Sylvia interposed.

"Don't send him away; don't let him go, Captain Hull. I didn't mean to say it. I'm sorry, Zach! Perhaps you can't help it. I hope Elaine hasn't turned a Yankee, too."

At this moment Falconer appeared upon deck, and Sylvia ran to drag him to the spot, crying eagerly, —

"Come here, come here quick, papa. What do you think? Here is Zach!"

Showing neither surprise nor pleasure at the announcement, the planter surveyed the well-grown boy in his neat sailor rig deliberately, making the identification complete before speaking.

"So! I'm sorry to see him in this business," with a glance at Captain Hull.

Zach compressed his lips, and strove to dissemble his mortification.

Thereupon, assuming a tone of kindly interest, Falconer asked some general questions about his life and movements since leaving Basswood, and sauntered away, leaving the young midshipman with an indescribable feeling of having been thrust down unnumbered degrees in the social scale by his passing interview with the planter. Unable clearly to analyze this feeling or detect the true causes of it, he yet looked after his old employer with feelings oddly compounded of respect, humiliation, and resentment.

Luckily, Sylvia gave him no opportunity to brood upon this. As of old she demanded his whole attention. If possible, she had grown more despotic than ever, while on his side Zach fell straightway into his former attitude of subjection. Indeed, he evidently welcomed and found comfort in the yoke, and cast wistful glances about when his exacting little friend was long absent from the deck.

Thus for a few days life blossomed again into beauty and sweetness on board this vessel of war. His intercourse with his old playmate was marked by a new element of satisfaction to Zach. He felt and valued the dignity belonging to his new station. The old sense of dependence upon her father had gone, and thus his habitual gravity was mingled with a becoming touch of pride. This little episode was too sweet to last, and accordingly one day it all came to an end, like the shutting of a door.

Having explored the northern waters to no purpose, Captain Hull by and by turned southward. The day after altering his course, the lookout announced a sail in the offing. Whoever

she might be, the stranger seemed bent on coming to closer acquaintance. Her identity was soon revealed: to Hull's unfeigned delight, she proved to be the Guerrière, one of the most formidable of the fleet which had so recently given him chase.

Directly, the man was transfigured,— his eyes glowed with exultation, his muscles grew tense against the coming strain. It was at once one of the effects of his temperament and the secrets of his power that his officers and crew in critical moments seemed fired with his spirit.

The drum beat to quarters. Every man hurried to his station. Meantime the two vessels, like athletes in the arena, stripped as it were for action. The Guerrière backed her main topsail; the Constitution took in her topgallant sails, staysails, and flying jib, took a second reef in her topsails, hauled the courses up, and sent down the royal yards.

With one last glance at the enemy, who, bristling with menace, was awaiting their approach, Zach hurried below to the main deck, where he had charge of one of the guns. In the portentous pause before the conflict began, he bethought him of the prisoners, and remembered with a sigh of relief that an hour before, greatly to the indignation of the planter, they had been ordered to the hold.

Meantime a dull boom announced that the action had begun. Shut in between the decks, with no point of observation but his port-hole, Zach stood rigid with expectation. The suspense was intolerable. Luckily it was short-lived. Presently there came a terrific roar; the vessel shook from stem to stern. For a moment the earth seemed to have stopped in space and the frigate to be sinking. The enemy, at short range, had simply poured in a broadside.

Zach was appalled. His ears were deafened, his brain ceased to act, a sickening nausea paralyzed heart and hand. In the midst of it all a hoarse cry resounded. Zach's stunned ears could not make out the words. He stared wildly about. Luckily his men heard and obeyed the order. An answering roar was heard: the Constitution trembled from stem to stern as she returned, with deadly effect, the enemy's fire. The sound, the action, brought the young officer to his senses, and from that moment he served his gun like a veteran.

Shut in between decks, he could see nothing of what was taking place. He had but to stand and wait. Meantime the frigate, wearing to gain advantage, or yawing to avoid a broad-

side, seemed like a vast whirling teetotum. By turns, through the port-holes, he caught a glimpse of the enemy's bow or stern, now near at hand, now vanishing from sight.

As the fight went on, every element of doubt and terror combined to dismay the young midshipman: the confused cries and orders and rushing of feet from the upper deck, the crash of spars, timber, and rigging, the shrieks of the wounded, the dread booming of the cannon, the continuous roar of the sea, which, as if eager to join the carnival of violence, boiled up from the depths, filled the port-holes with blinding spray, and fell with a sizzling sound upon the heated guns.

In the culminating awfulness of the moment Zach lost all sense of fear. One instinct alone possessed him: the old brutish instinct to fight. Directly it acquired sway, he became insensible to every other consideration.

The scene yet lacked a climax. Through the pandemonium, rising above the deafening tumult, eclipsing every other terror, came the cry,—

"Fire! Fire!"

Directly a cloud of smoke from the direction of the cabin confirmed the report. In the tumult, the first lieutenant near the companion-way vainly shouted orders which could not be heard. Forgetful of special duties in that dire emergency, Zach ran to help. He arrived, so it seemed, none too soon. In the dim light a row of black figures could be seen handing buckets from pumps on the main deck. Fighting his way upwards through the blinding smoke and drenching floods which deluged the companion-way was a tall figure with a burden in his arms. Half-way up, he stumbled on the slippery ladder and fell. Zach sprang down and took the burden from his arms. He looked hopelessly about for a place of refuge in which to deposit it. There was no spot of safety or quiet in all that hell of conflict. A man passing with a bucket of water, at Zach's request, flung a handful in Sylvia's face. She revived and opened her eyes, but at the sight of Zach bending over her, his face streaming with sweat, blackened with gunpowder, and smeared with blood, she straightway swooned again.

At this moment Falconer appeared. Without a word, Zach thrust the unconscious girl into his arms and darted away.

Even in the few minutes he had been gone, the situation had changed. Close up against his port-hole lay the Guerrière,

her ponderous guns at pistol-range. Before he had time to reach his place, fire belched from all these iron throats, the air was filled with cries and groans, the deck was strewn with dying men, flying splinters, disjointed gun-carriages, and an obscene and ghastly litter, while the smoke, heat, and stench in the confined space were well-nigh intolerable.

It was a soul-trying moment. There and then Zach received his baptism of fire, and it is much to say that he came forth from the ordeal alive and sane.

Brushing the obstacles from his path, he flew to his deserted post. Half his own men had been swept away. The gun next him was silenced. The lieutenant in command had fallen. It was no time to hesitate, or wait for orders. There was but one thing to do: to return the blow of the enemy before she could wear out of range.

With the aid of his half-disabled men, he loaded and pointed the two guns. The British frigate, fearing the coming retribution, was struggling with might and main to escape, but as if for the moment animated by a malign intelligence, the Constitution held her fast in a death-grapple.

Opportunely, a new officer arrived. The word was given, the match applied, a sheet of flame for a moment lit up the doomed vessel. Then came a crash. A cheer resounded from the upper deck. The cry was echoed through the vessel, —

"Down goes her mizzen-mast!"

Another trampling was heard above. A chorus of oaths and shouts and orders from the sailing-master and the first lieutenant filled the interval.

"Fire! Fire!"

"Give her hell!"

"Helm aport!"

"Down goes her main yard!"

"Hurrah!"

"Man the starboard guns!"

"Fire! Fire! Look out for her bowsprit! Foul again! Stand by to board!"

"Marines repel boarders!"

"Fire!"

"Boarders away!"

A sharp rattle of musketry, a rush of feet, and then came louder cheers. The triumphant cry reached the anxious gunners below.

"He's down!"
"Who?"
"The British cap'n!"
"Dacres?"
"Ay! ay!"
"The day is ours!"
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The two ships, working around, fell apart. Directly, the Guerrière's foremast and mainmast tumbled overboard on the starboard side, leaving her a helpless wreck.

The fight was over. The Constitution ran off to the eastward and lay to. With nimble hands the tired but victorious crew fell to work repairing the havoc done to their stanch frigate.

On the quarter-deck, the panting hero who commanded her stood mopping his forehead and casting back a significant look upon his victim. Secure now of possession, he took his time, and not until order was in some sort restored, stood under her lee to receive the formal surrender.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, an English poet, born in London, Jan. 22, 1788; died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824. The future poet was born with a malconformation of one foot and ankle — some say of both. Notwithstanding this physical defect, he grew up to be a respectable athlete: a fair cricketer, a clever boxer, and a capital swimmer. After attending a private school for some time, Byron was sent, in 1801, to the great public school at Harrow, where he remained until 1805, when he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he kept up an irregular attendance for three years. However — being a peer of the realm — he was enabled to take his degree in 1808. On coming of age he formally took possession of his seat in the House of Peers.

Byron had before this time begun his career of authorship. As early as 1806 he printed a few copies of a little volume of poems for private circulation. These copies were canceled, and he replaced them by a larger collection, which he entitled "Hours of Idleness."

Byron had already planned an extensive tour abroad. This tour occupied about two years. He returned to London in 1811 and soon after published "Childe Harold." Early in January, 1815, he was married to Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke.

The marriage was an unhappy one from the first. Byron was overwhelmed in debt, and he showed a notable faculty for getting deeper in. More serious trouble followed later, and he was formally repudiated by his wife. A storm of indignation arose, and Byron left England never to return. He went to Brussels, thence to Switzerland, and finally to Venice, where he remained for eight years. The uprising of the Greeks against the Turkish sway began early in 1821. In 1823 Byron agreed to embark in the enterprise, [illegible]ching Missolonghi in February, 1824. His constitution [illegible]een seriously impaired, and his health suffered among [illegible] at Missolonghi. On the 9th of April he took a long [illegible] was drenched in a heavy shower. He was seized by [illegible] and violent pain; rheumatic fever set in. He grew [illegible], and became delirious. He died on the morning of [illegible], at the age of thirty-six years and three months. The

dates of issue of a few of the most celebrated single works are as follows: "Hours of Idleness" (1807); "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (1809); "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (1812–1818); "The Giaour" (1813); "The Bride of Abydos" (1813); "The Corsair" (1814); "Lara" (1814); "Hebrew Melodies" (1815); "The Prisoner of Chillon" (1816); "Manfred" (1817); "The Lament of Tasso" (1817); "Don Juan" (1819–1824); "Marino Faliero" (1820); "The Two Foscari" (1821); and "Cain" (1821).

The Isles of Greece.

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,—
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
  And men in nations — all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
  Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
  Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet —
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
  He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
  Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
  Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!
Such claims as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samian's marbled steep —
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

The Dying Gladiator.

The seal is set. — Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
To the spot, all seeing but unseen.

A buzz of eager nations ran
In pity, or loud roared applause,

As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?
What matter where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thundershower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay —
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday:
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

To Rome.

O Rome, my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and empires, ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,

Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap:
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka! it is clear —"
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
Her resurrection: all beside, decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

VENICE.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here,
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The Battle of Waterloo.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts; and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes!
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

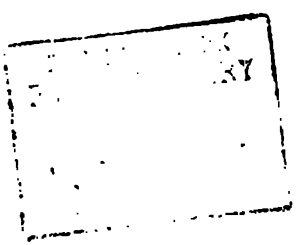
MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

(From "Mazeppa.")

THE last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapped the cord which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed;

MAZEPPA'S RIDE

From a Painting by Alexander Wagner



It vexes me — for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
  Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
  Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
  And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorched and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
  They little thought, that day of pain
When, launched as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
  That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
  The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They played me then a bitter prank,
  When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I played them one as frank —
For time at last sets all things even —
  And if we do but watch the hour,
  There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

. . . . . .

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind.
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,

And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish — if it must be so —
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Not faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewildered with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he passed —
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favored child
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still —
A woman piqued — who has her will.

. . . . . .

Onward we went — but slack and slow:
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went. . . .
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse — and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet;
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable —
His first and last career is done!

The Irish Avatar.

Ere the Daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherished Isle which he loved like his — bride.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
For the few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betrayed not, or crushed not, or wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags;
The castle still stands, and the senate's no more;
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

To her desolate shore — where the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
Like a goodly leviathan rolled from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part —
But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er!
Could the green in his *hat* be transferred to his *heart!*

Could that long-withered spot but be verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise —
Then might Freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
Were he God — as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow —
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride;
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
With all which Demosthenes wanted, endued,
And his rival of victor in all he possessed.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequaled, preceded, the task was begun;
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
Of ages, the first, last, the savior, the *one!*

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny, listening, sate melted or mute,
And corruption shrunk scorched from the glance of his mi[illegible]d.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!
Feasts furnished by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,
When a week's Saturnalia hath loosened her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendor thy wreck can afford
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
Gild over the palace. Lo! Erin, thy Lord!
Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied!

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,
If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
Must what terror or policy wring forth be classed
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

Each brute hath its nature; a king's is to *reign*, —
To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised
The cause of the curses all annals contain,
From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince
Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
And that "Hal is the rascalliest, sweetest *young* prince!"

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
Till like Babel the new royal dome hath arisen!
Let thy beggars and Helots their pittance unite —
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

Spread — spread for Vitellius the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuffed to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors called "George"!

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flowed, and which yet has to flow.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone —
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!
A wretch never named but with curses and jeers!

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawled from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race —
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did — let her long-boasted proverb be hushed,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring:
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flushed,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a King!

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! O Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right:
My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free;
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for *thee!*

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land;
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,
And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

For happy are they now reposing afar, —
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who for years were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeemed, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day, —
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
Be stamped in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;
There was something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy — thy *dead*.

Or if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

The Dream.

I.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power —
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not — what they will,
And make us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows.— Are they so?

Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? — The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep — for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; — the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects; — he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,

And his cheek change tempestuously — his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother — but no more: 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race. — It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not — and why?
Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake; — he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of: then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion — then rose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded as it came;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed

From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way,
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer.
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty, — but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? — she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? — she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,

Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind — a specter of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was returned. — I saw him stand
Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The star-light of his boyhood; — as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced — and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reeled around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been —
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love — oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own luster, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy: but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,

And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compassed round
With hatred and contention; pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality — the one
To end in madness — both in misery.

She Walks in Beauty.

(From "Hebrew Melodies.")

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Prometheus.

I.

Titan! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise:

What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
  Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
  Until its voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
  Between the suffering and the will,
  Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die;
The wretched gift eternity
  Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
  But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
  To render with thy precepts less
  The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance and repulse
  Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
  A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign

To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentered recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

A Summing-Up.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee, —
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, — nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo: in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me, —
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things; — hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

On This Day I Complete my Thirty-Sixth Year.

Missolonghi, *January 22, 1824.*

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*, and 'tis not *here*,
Such thoughts should shake my soul — nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte.

I.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshiped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of saber sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quelled! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how looked he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld, abandoned power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —

Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?

Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
  And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
  It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
  That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his byword to thy brow.

XV.

That Timour! in his captive's cage
  What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
  But one — "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
  Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth —
So long obeyed — so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
  Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
  The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

From "The Devil's Drive."

The Devil returned to hell by two,
  And he stayed at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,
  And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew —

And bethought himself what next to do,
"And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
I walked in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favorites thrive.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer then—
"If I followed my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a wagon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnished again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poached away.

"I have a state coach at Carlton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
By driving my favorite pace:
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of the race.

"So now for the earth to take my chance."
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepped across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hovered a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perched on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blushed like the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laughed he:
"Methinks they have here little need of *me!*"

. . . . . .

But the softest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing;
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,

Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
  Of a maid by her lover lying —
As round her fell her long fair hair;
And she looked to heaven with that frenzied air,
Which seemed to ask if a God were there!
And, stretched by the wall of a ruined hut,
With its hollow cheeks, and eyes half shut,
  A child of famine dying:
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done,
  And the fall of the vainly flying!

The Prisoner of Chillon.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
  Nor grew it white
  In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
  But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
  And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place;
We were seven — who now are one,
  Six in youth and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
  Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied; —
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns massy and gray,

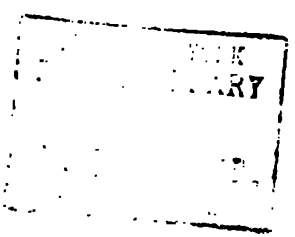
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left:
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest



I ought to do — and did my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls.
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave inthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked,
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laughed — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such — but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,

And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear —
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too;
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,

As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
It was not night — it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place;
There were no stars — no earth — no time —
No check — no change — no good — no crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was: — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,

For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;

It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE, an American novelist, was born in New Orleans, Oct. 12, 1844. When about fifteen years of age, he left school and became a clerk in a store; and in 1863 he enlisted as a Confederate volunteer in the Fourth Mississippi cavalry. He was wounded, and, returning to New Orleans, became an errand-boy in a store. He studied continually, and having acquired a knowledge of civil engineering, he went from place to place with a surveying party. Then he began to send criticisms and humorous papers and poems to the "Picayune," signing himself "Drop Shot;" and soon he was engaged as an editor. He had maintained his religious integrity, and had scrupulously followed the dictates of conscience; and when he was asked to furnish theatrical reports for the paper, he resigned and went to keeping books for a cotton dealer. In 1879, being left by his employer's death without employment, and having already met with success in the publication of sketches of Creole life in *The Century*, he determined to depend upon his pen for support. He also lectured successfully, reading extracts from his own writings, and singing to the people of the North the plantation songs of the far South. In 1879 he took up his residence in the North, living in Connecticut and in Northampton, Mass. In 1897 he assumed the editorial supervision of *Current Literature*. In 1898 he made a visit to England, where his fame had preceded him, and was warmly welcomed. Mr. Cable's published books include "Old Creole Days" (1879); "The Grandissimes" (1880); "Madame Delphine" (1881); "Dr. Sevier" (1884); "The Creoles of Louisiana" (1884); "The Silent South" (1885); "Bonaventure" (1888); "The Negro Question" (1888); "Stories of Louisiana" (1889); "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" (1889); "Busy Man's Bible" (1891); "John March, Southerner" (1894).

"POSSON JONE'."

(From "Old Creole Days," by George Washington Cable, Copyrighted, 1896, by D. Appleton & Co., and quoted by special permission of the publishers.)

To Jules St.-Ange — elegant little heathen — there yet remained at manhood a remembrance of having been to school.

and of having been taught by a stony-headed Capuchin that the world is round — for example, like a cheese. This round world is a cheese to be eaten through, and Jules had nibbled quite into his cheese-world already at twenty-two.

He realized this as he idled about one Sunday morning where the intersection of Royal and Conti Streets some seventy years ago formed a central corner of New Orleans. Yes, yes, the trouble was he had been wasteful and honest. He discussed the matter with that faithful friend and confidant, Baptiste, his yellow body-servant. They concluded that, papa's patience and *tante's* pin-money having been gnawed away quite to the rind, there were left open only these few easily-enumerated resorts: to go to work — they shuddered; to join Major Innerarity's filibustering expedition; or else — why not? — to try some games of confidence. At twenty-two one must begin to be something. Nothing else tempted; could that avail? One could but try. It is noble to try; and, besides, they were hungry. If one could "make the friendship" of some person from the country, for instance, with money, not expert at cards or dice, but, as one would say, willing to learn, one might find cause to say some "Hail Marys."

The sun broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck. There had been a hurricane in the night. The weed-grown tile-roofs were still dripping, and from lofty brick and low adobe walls a rising steam responded to the summer sunlight. Up-street, and across the Rue du Canal, one could get glimpses of the gardens in Faubourg Ste.-Marie standing in silent wretchedness, so many tearful Lucretias, tattered victims of the storm. Short remnants of the wind now and then came down the narrow street in erratic puffs heavily laden with odors of broken boughs and torn flowers, skimmed the little pools of rain-water in the deep ruts of the unpaved street, and suddenly went away to nothing, like a juggler's butterflies or a young man's money.

It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key cracked next door to the bank; across the way, crouching, mendicant-like, in the shadow of a great importing-house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely pronged railings upon the passers

below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master.

M. St.-Ange stood looking up and down the street for nearly an hour. But few ladies, only the inveterate mass-goers, were out. About the entrance of the frequent *cafés* the masculine gentility stood leaning on canes, with which now one and now another beckoned to Jules, some even adding pantomimic hints of the social cup.

M. St.-Ange remarked to his servant, without turning his head, that somehow he felt sure he should soon return those *bons* that the mulatto had lent him.

"What will you do with them?"

"Me!" said Baptiste, quickly; "I will go and see the bull-fight in the Place Congo."

"There is to be a bull-fight? But where is M. Cayetano?"

"Ah, got all his affairs wet in the tornado. Instead of his circus, they are to have a bull-fight — not an ordinary bull-fight with sick horses, but a buffalo-and-tiger fight. I would not miss it —"

Two or three persons ran to the opposite corner, and commenced striking at something with their canes. Others followed. Can M. St.-Ange and servant, who hasten forward — can the Creoles, Cubans, Spaniards, San Domingo refugees, and other loungers — can they hope it is a fight? They hurry forward. Is a man in a fit? The crowd pours in from the side-streets. Have they killed a so-long snake? Bareheaded shopmen leave their wives, who stand upon chairs. The crowd huddles and packs. Those on the outside make little leaps into the air, trying to be tall.

"What is the matter?"

"Have they caught a real live rat?"

"Who is hurt?" asks some one in English.

"*Personne*," replies a shopkeeper; "a man's hat blow' in the gutter; but he has it now. Jules pick' it. See, that is the man, head and shoulders on top the res'."

"He in the homespun?" asks a second shopkeeper. "Humph! an *Américain* — a West-Floridian; bah!"

"But wait; 'st! he is speaking; listen!"

"To who is he speak —?"

"Sh-sh-sh! to Jules."

"Jules who?"

"Silence, you! To Jules St.-Ange, what howe me a bill since long time. Sh-sh-sh!"

Then the voice was heard.

Its owner was a man of giant stature, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, as if he was making a constant, good-natured attempt to accommodate himself to ordinary doors and ceilings. His bones were those of an ox. His face was marked more by weather than age, and his narrow brow was bald and smooth. He had instantaneously formed an opinion of Jules St.-Ange, and the multitude of words, most of them lingual curiosities, with which he was rasping the wide-open ears of his listeners, signified, in short, that, as sure as his name was Parson Jones, the little Creole was a "plum gentleman."

M. St.-Ange bowed and smiled, and was about to call attention, by both gesture and speech, to a singular object on top of the still uncovered head, when the nervous motion of the *Américain* anticipated him, as, throwing up an immense hand, he drew down a large roll of bank-notes. The crowd laughed, the West-Floridian joining, and began to disperse.

"Why, that money belongs to Smyrny Church," said the giant.

"You are very dengerous to make your money expose like that, Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, counting it with his eyes.

The countryman gave a start and smile of surprise.

"How d'dyou know my name was Jones?" he asked; but, without pausing for the Creole's answer, furnished in his reckless way some further specimens of West-Floridian English; and the conciseness with which he presented full intelligence of his home, family, calling, lodging-house, and present and future plans, might have passed for consummate art, had it not been the most run-wild nature. "And I've done been to Mobile, you know, on busi*ness* for Bethesdy Church. It's the on'yest time I ever been from home; now you wouldn't of believed that, would you? But I admire to have saw you, that's so. You've got to come and eat with me. Me and my boy ain't been fed yit. What might one call yo' name? Jools? Come on, Jools. Come on, Colossus. That's my niggah — his name's Colossus of Rhodes. Is that yo' yallah boy, Jools? Fetch him along, Colossus. It seems like a special provi*dence*. — Jools, do you believe in a special provi*dence?*"

Jules said he did.

The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short, square, old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto, with many glittering and cavernous smiles, as "d'body-sarvant of d'Rev'n' Mr. Jones."

Both pairs enlivened their walk with conversation. Parson Jones descanted upon the doctrine he had mentioned, as illustrated in the perplexities of cotton-growing, and concluded that there would always be "a special *providence* again' cotton untell folks quits a pressin' of it and haulin' of it on Sundays!"

"*Je dis*," said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah-plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleans.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah — I nevah see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah *et sirop*. 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' ged this lill pitcher fill with holy-water, an' tell him sen' his tin bucket, and I will make it fill with *quitte*.' I ged the holy-water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, an' make one cross on the 'ead of the baril."

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id broughd the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge the more high cost than any other in the city. *Parce que*, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound"— falling back —"*Mais* certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy-water?" asked the parson.

"*Mais*, what could make it else? Id could not be the *quitte*, because my papa keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the *quitte* to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a *Catholique*, *mais*" — brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew — "not a good one."

"Well, you know," said Jones — "where's Colossus? Oh! all right. Colossus strayed off a minute in Mobile, and I plum lost him for two days. Here's the place; come in. Colossus

and this boy can go to the kitchen. — Now, Colossus, what *air* you a-beckonin' at me faw?"

He let his servant draw him aside and address him in a whisper.

"Oh, go 'way!" said the parson with a jerk. "Who's goin' to throw me? What? Speak louder. Why, Colossus, you shayn't talk so, saw. 'Pon my soul, you're the mightiest fool I ever taken up with. Jest you go down that alley-way with this yalla boy, and don't show yo' face untell yo' called!"

The negro begged; the master wrathily insisted.

"Colossus, will you do ez I tell you, or shell I hev' to strike you, saw?"

"O Mahs Jimmy, I — I's gwine; but" — he ventured nearer — "don't on no account drink nothin', Mahs Jimmy."

Such was the negro's earnestness that he put one foot in the gutter, and fell heavily against his master. The parson threw him off angrily.

"Thar, now! Why, Colossus, you most of been dosted with sumthin'; yo' plum crazy. — Humph, come on, Jools, let's eat! Humph! to tell me that when I never taken a drop, exceptin' for chills, in my life — which he knows so as well as me!"

The two masters began to ascend a stair.

"*Mais*, he is a sassy; I would sell him, me," said the young Creole.

"No, I wouldn't do that," replied the parson; "though there is people in Bethesdy who says he is a rascal. He's a powerful smart fool. Why, that boy's got money, Jools; more money than religion, I reckon. I'm shore he fallen into mighty bad company" — they passed beyond earshot.

Baptiste and Colossus, instead of going to the tavern kitchen, passed to the next door and entered the dark rear corner of a low grocery, where, the law notwithstanding, liquor was covertly sold to slaves. There, in the quiet company of Baptiste and the grocer, the colloquial powers of Colossus, which were simply prodigious, began very soon to show themselves.

"For whilst," said he, "Mahs Jimmy has eddication, you know — whilst he has eddication, I has 'scretion. He has eddication and I has 'scretion, an' so we gits along."

He drew a black bottle down the counter, and, laying half his length upon the damp board, continued:

"As a p'inciple I discredits de imbimin' of awjus liquors.

De imbimin' of awjus liquors, de wiolut'on of de Sabbath, de playin' of de fiddle, and de usin' of by-words, dey is de fo' sins of de conscience; an' if any man sin de fo' sins of de conscience, de debble done sharp his fork fo' dat man.—Ain't that so, boss?"

The grocer was sure it was so.

"Neberdeless, mind you"—here the orator brimmed his glass from the bottle and swallowed the contents with a dry eye—"mind you, a roytious man, sech as ministers of de gospel and dere body-sarvants, can take a *leetle* for de weak stomach."

But the fascinations of Colossus's eloquence must not mislead us; this is the story of a true Christian; to wit, Parson Jones.

The parson and his new friend ate. But the coffee M. St.-Ange declared he could not touch; it was too wretchedly bad. At the French Market, near by, there was some noble coffee. This, however, would have to be bought, and Parson Jones had scruples.

"You see, Jools, every man has his conscience to guide him, which it does so in—"

"Oh, yes!" cried St.-Ange, "conscien'; thad is the bez, Posson Jone'. Certainlee! I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismatique;* you thing it is wrong to dring some coffee—well,' then, it *is* wrong; you thing it is wrong to make the sugah to ged the so large price—well, then, it *is* wrong; I thing it is right—well, then, it *is* right; it is all 'abit; *c'est tout.* What a man thing is right, *is right;* 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith! do you thing I would go again my conscien'? *Mais allons*, led us go and ged some coffee."

"Jools."

"W'at?"

"Jools, it ain't the drinkin' of coffee, but the buyin' of it on a Sabbath. You must really excuse me, Jools, it's again' conscience, you know."

"Ah!" said St.-Ange, "*c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cockfight Sunday evening. I think it is all 'abit. *Mais*, come, Posson Jone'; I have got one friend, Miguel; led us go at his house and ged some coffee. Come; Miguel have no familie; only him and Joe—always like to see friend; *allons*, led us come yonder."

"Why, Jools, my dear friend, you know," said the shame-faced parson, "I never visit on Sundays."

"Never w'at?" asked the astounded Creole.

"No," said Jones, smiling awkwardly.

"Never visite?"

"Exceptin' sometimes amongst church-members," said Parson Jones.

"*Mais*," said the seductive St.-Ange, "Miguel and Joe is church-member'— certainlee! They love to talk about rilligion. Come at Miguel and talk about some rilligion. I am nearly expired for me coffee."

Parson Jones took his hat from beneath his chair and rose up.

"Jools," said the weak giant, "I ought to be in church right now."

"*Mais*, the church is right yonder at Miguel', yes. Ah!" continued St.-Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like' the bez — me, I like the *Catholique* rilligion the bez — for me it *is* the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West-Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, as they stepped out upon the *banquette*, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St.-Ange; "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe — everybody, I thing — *mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

"Jools," said the parson, stopping in his walk — "Jools, I *don't* want to lose my niggah."

"You will not lose him. With Baptiste he *cannot* ged loose."

But Colossus's master was not re-assured.

"Now," said he, still tarrying, "this is jest the way; had I of gone to church — "

"Posson Jone'," said Jules.

"What?"

"I tell you. We goin' to church!"

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyously.

"*Allons*, come along," said Jules, taking his elbow.

They walked down the Rue Chartres, passed several corners, and by and by turned into a cross street. The parson

stopped an instant as they were turning, and looked back up the street.

"W'at you lookin'?" asked his companion.

"I thought I saw Colossus," answered the parson, with an anxious face; "I reckon 'twa'n't him, though." And they went on.

The street they now entered was a very quiet one. The eye of any chance passer would have been at once drawn to a broad, heavy, white brick edifice on the lower side of the way, with a flag-pole standing out like a bowsprit from one of its great windows, and a pair of lamps hanging before a large closed entrance. It was a theater, honey-combed with gambling-dens. At this morning hour all was still, and the only sign of life was a knot of little barefoot girls gathered within its narrow shade, and each carrying an infant relative. Into this place the parson and M. St.-Ange entered, the little nurses jumping up from the sills to let them pass in.

A half-hour may have passed. At the end of that time the whole juvenile company were laying alternate eyes and ears to the chinks, to gather what they could of an interesting quarrel going on within.

"I did not, saw! I given you no cause of offense, saw! It's not so, saw! Mister Jools simply mistaken the house, thinkin' it was a Sabbath-school! No such thing, saw; I *ain't* bound to bet! Yes, I kin git out! Yes, without bettin'! I hev a right to my opinion; I reckon I'm *a white man*, saw! No saw! I on'y said I didn't think you could get the game on them cards. 'Sno such thing, saw! I do *not* know how to play! I wouldn't hev a rascal's money ef I should win it! Shoot, ef you dare! You can kill me, but you cayn't scare me! No, I shayn't bet! I'll die first! Yes, saw; Mr. Jools can bet for me if he admires to; I ain't his mostah."

Here the speaker seemed to direct his words to St.-Ange.

"Saw, I don't understand you, saw. I never said I'd loan you money to bet for me. I didn't suspicion this from you, saw. No, I won't take any more lemonade; it's the most notorious stuff I ever drank, saw!"

M. St.-Ange's replies were in *falsetto* and not without effect; for presently the parson's indignation and anger began to melt. "Don't ask me, Jools, I can't help you. It's no use; it's a matter of conscience with me, Jools."

"*Mais oui!* 'tis a matt' of conscien' wid me, the—"

"But, Jools, the money's none o' mine, nohow; it belongs to Smyrny, you know."

"If I could make jus' *one* bet," said the persuasive St.-Ange, "I would leave this place, fas'-fas', yes. If I had thing — *mais* I did not soupspicion this from you, Posson Jone' — "

"Don't, Jools, don't!"

"No! Posson Jone'."

"You're bound to win?" said the parson, wavering.

"*Mais certainement!* But it is not to win that I want; 'tis me conscien' — me honor!"

"Well, Jools, I hope I'm not a-doin' no wrong. I'll loan you some of this money if you say you'll come right out 'thout takin' your winnin's."

All was still. The peeping children could see the parson as he lifted his hand to his breast-pocket. There it paused a moment in bewilderment, then plunged to the bottom. It came back empty, and fell lifelessly at his side. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes were for a moment closed, his broad palms were lifted and pressed against his forehead. a tremor seized him, and he fell all in a lump to the floor. The children ran off with their infant loads, leaving Jule St.-Ange swearing by all his deceased relatives, first to Miguel and Joe, and then to the lifted parson, that he did not know what had become of the money "except if" the black man had got it.

In the rear of ancient New Orleans, beyond the sites of the old rampart, a trio of Spanish forts, where the town has since sprung up and grown old, green with all the luxuriance of the wild Creole summer, lay the Congo Plains. Here stretched the canvas of the historic Cayetano, who Sunday after Sunday sowed the sawdust for his circus-ring.

But to-day the great showman had fallen short of his printed promise. The hurricane had come by night, and with one fell swash had made an irretrievable sop of everything. The circus trailed away its bedraggled magnificence, and the ring was cleared for the bull.

Then the sun seemed to come out and work for the people. "See," said the Spaniards, looking up at the glorious sky with its great, white fleets drawn off upon the horizon — "see — heaven smiles upon the bull-fight!"

In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheater sat the

gayly-decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *métaries* along the Ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the Market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese sailors, in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany, and Holland. The lowest seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and singing; *Américains*, too — more's the shame — from the upper rivers — who will not keep their seats — who ply the bottle, and who will get home by and by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed, silver-braided Mexicans, too, with their copper cheeks and bat's eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder, in that quieter section, are the quadroon women in their black lace shawls — and there is Baptiste; and below them are the turbaned black women, and there is — but he vanishes — Colossus.

The afternoon is advancing, yet the sport, though loudly demanded, does not begin. The *Américains* grow derisive and find pastime in gibes and raillery. They mock the various Latins with their national inflections, and answer their scowls with laughter. Some of the more aggressive shout pretty French greetings to the women of Gascony, and one bargeman, amid peals of applause, stands on a seat and hurls a kiss to the quadroons. The mariners of England, Germany, and Holland, as spectators, like the fun, while the Spaniards look black and cast defiant imprecations upon their persecutors. Some Gascons, with timely caution, pick their women out and depart, running a terrible fire of gallantries.

In hope of truce, a new call is raised for the bull: "The bull, the bull! — hush!"

In a tier near the ground a man is standing and calling — standing head and shoulders above the rest — calling in the *Américaine* tongue. Another man, big and red, named Joe, and a handsome little Creole in elegant dress and full of laughter, wish to stop him, but the flat-boatmen, ha-ha-ing and cheering, will not suffer it. Ah, through some shameful knavery of the men, into whose hands he has fallen, he is drunk! Even the women can see that; and now he throws his arms wildly and raises his voice until the whole great circle hears it. He is preaching!

Ah! kind Lord, for a special providence now! The men of

his own nation — men from the land of the open English Bible and temperance cup and song are cheering him on to mad disgrace. And now another call for the appointed sport is drowned by the flat-boatmen singing the ancient tune of Mear. You can hear the words —

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul"

— from ribald lips and throats turned brazen with laughter, from singers who toss their hats aloft and roll in their seats; the chorus swells to the accompaniment of a thousand brogans —

"He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before."

A ribboned man in the arena is trying to be heard, and the Latins raise one mighty cry for silence. The big red man gets a hand over the parson's mouth, and the ribboned man seizes his moment.

"They have been endeavoring for hours," he says, "to draw the terrible animals from their dens, but such is their strength and fierceness, that — "

His voice is drowned. Enough has been heard to warrant the inference that the beasts cannot be whipped out of the storm-drenched cages to which menagerie-life and long starvation have attached them, and from the roar of indignation the man of ribbons flies. The noise increases. Men are standing up by hundreds, and women are imploring to be let out of the turmoil. All at once, like the bursting of a dam, the whole mass pours down into the ring. They sweep across the arena and over the showman's barriers. Miguel gets a frightful trampling. Who cares for gates or doors? They tear the beasts' houses bar from bar, and, laying hold of the gaunt buffalo, drag him forth by feet, ears, and tail; and in the midst of the *mêlée*, still head and shoulders above all, wilder, with the cup of the wicked, than any beast, is the man of God from the Florida parishes!

In his arms he bore — and all the people shouted at once when they saw it — the tiger. He had lifted it high up with its back to his breast, his arms clasped under its shoulders; the wretched brute had curled up caterpillar-wise, with its long tail against his belly, and through its filed teeth grinned a fixed and impotent wrath. And Parson Jones was shouting:

"The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together! You dah to say they shayn't and I'll comb you with this varmint

from head to foot! The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together. They *shell!* Now, you, Joe! Behold! I am here to see it done. The lion and the buffler *shell* lay down together!"

Mouthing these words again and again, the parson forced his way through the surge in the wake of the buffalo. This creature the Latins had secured by a lariat over his head, and were dragging across the old rampart and into a street of the city.

The northern races were trying to prevent, and there was pommeling and knocking down, cursing and knife-drawing, until Jules St.-Ange was quite carried away with the fun, laughed, clapped his hands, and swore with delight, and ever kept close to the gallant parson.

Joe, contrariwise, counted all this child's-play an interruption. He had come to find Colossus and the money. In an unlucky moment he made bold to lay hold of the parson, but a piece of the broken barriers in the hands of a flat-boatman felled him to the sod, the terrible crowd swept over him, the lariat was cut and the giant parson hurled the tiger upon the buffalo's back. In another instant both brutes were dead at the hands of the mob; Jones was lifted from his feet, and prating of Scripture and the millennium, of Paul at Ephesus, and Daniel in the "buffler's" den, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of the huzzaing *Américains*. Half an hour later he was sleeping heavily on the floor of a cell in the *calaboza*.

When Parson Jones awoke a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. Somebody was at the door of his cell with a key. The lock grated, the door swung, the turnkey looked in and stepped back, and a ray of moonlight fell upon M. Jules St.-Ange. The prisoner sat upon the empty shackles and ring-bolt in the center of the floor.

"Misty Posson Jone'," said the visitor, softly.

"O Jools!"

"*Mais*, w'at de matter, Posson Jone'?"

"My sins, Jools, my sins!"

"Ah! Posson Jone', is that something to cry, because a man get sometime a litt' bit intoxicate? *Mais*, if a man keep *all the time* intoxicate, I think that is again' the conscien'."

"Jools, Jools, your eyes is darkened — oh! Jools, where's my pore old niggah?"

"Posson Jone', never min'; he is wid Baptiste."

"Where?"

"I don' know w'ere — *mais* he is wid Baptiste. Baptiste is a beautiful to take care of somebody."

"Is he as good as you, Jools?" asked Parson Jones, sincerely.

Jules was slightly staggered.

"You know, Posson Jone', you know, a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man — *mais* Baptiste is a good nigger."

The parson moaned and dropped his chin into his hands.

"I was to of left for home to-morrow, sun-up, on the Isabella schooner. Poor Smyrny!" He deeply sighed.

"Posson Jone'," said Jules, leaning against the wall and smiling, "I swear you is the moz funny man I ever see. If I was you I would say, me, 'Ah! 'ow I am lucky! the money I los', it was not mine, anyhow!' My faith! shall a man make hisse'f to be the more sorry because the money he los' is not his? Me, I would say, 'it is a specious providence.'

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone'," he continued, "you make a so droll sermon ad the bull-ring. Ha! ha! I swear I thing you can make money to preach thad sermon many time ad the theater St. Philippe. Hah! You is the moz brave that I never see, *mais* ad the same time the moz rilligious man. Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make like dat? *Mais*, why you can't cheer up an' be 'appy? Me, if I should be miserabl' like that I would kill meself."

The countryman only shook his head.

"*Bien*, Posson Jone', I have the so good news for you."

The prisoner looked up with eager inquiry.

"Las' evening when they lock' you I come right off at M. De Blanc's house to get you let out of the calaboose; M. De Blanc he is the judge. So soon I was entering — 'Ah! Jules, me boy, juz the man to make complete the game!' Posson Jone', it was a specious providence! I win in t'ree hours more dan six hundred dollah! Look." He produced a mass of bank-notes, *bons*, and due-bills. . . .

"And you got the pass?" asked the parson, regarding the money with a sadness incomprehensible to Jules.

"It is here; it take the effect so soon the daylight."

"Jools, my friend, your kindness is in vain."

The Creole's face became a perfect blank.

"Because," said the parson, "for two reasons: firstly, I have broken the laws, and ought to stand the penalty; and secondly — you must really excuse me, Jools, you know, but

the pass has been got onfairly, I'm afeerd. You told the judge I was innocent; and in neither case it don't become a Christian (which I hope I can still say I am one) to 'do evil that good may come.' I muss stay."

M. St.-Ange stood up aghast, and for a moment speechless, at this exhibition of moral heroism; but an artifice was presently hit upon. "*Mais*, Posson Jone'!" — in his old *falsetto* — "de order — you cannot read it, it is in French — compel you to go hout, sir!"

"Is that so?" cried the parson, bounding up with radiant face — "is that so, Jools?"

The young man nodded, smiling; but, though he smiled, the fountain of his tenderness was opened. He made the sign of the cross as the parson knelt in prayer, and even whispered "Hail Mary," etc., quite through, twice over.

Morning broke in summer glory upon a cluster of villas behind the city, nestled under live-oaks and magnolias on the banks of a deep bayou, and known as Suburb St. Jean.

With the first beam came the West-Floridian and the Creole out upon the bank below the village. Upon the parson's arm hung a pair of antique saddle-bags. Baptiste limped wearily behind; both his eyes were encircled with broad, blue rings, and one cheek-bone bore the official impress of every knuckle of Colossus's left hand. The "beautiful to take care of somebody" had lost his charge. At mention of the negro he became wild, and, half in English, half in the "gumbo" dialect, said murderous things. Intimidated by Jules to calmness, he became able to speak confidently on one point; he could, would, and did swear that Colossus had gone home to the Florida parishes: he was almost certain: in fact, he thought so.

There was a clicking of pulleys as the three appeared upon the bayou's margin, and Baptiste pointed out, in the deep shadow of a great oak, the Isabella, moored among the bulrushes, and just spreading her sails for departure. Moving down to where she lay, the parson and his friend paused on the bank, loath to say farewell.

"O Jools!" said the parson, "supposin' Colossus ain't gone home! O Jools, if you'll look him out for me, I'll never forget you — I'll never forget you, nohow, Jools. No, Jools, I never will believe he taken that money. Yes, I know all niggahs will steal" — he set foot upon the gang-plank — "but Colossus wouldn't steal from me. Good-by."

"Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, putting his hand on the parson's arm with genuine affection, "hol' on. You see dis money — w'at I win las' night? Well, I win' it by a speeious providence, ain't it?"

"There's no tellin'," said the humbled Jones. "Providence

'Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

"Ah!" cried the Creole, "*c'est* very true. I ged dis money in the mysterieuze way. *Mais*, if I keep dis money, you know where it goin' be to-night?"

"I really can't say," replied the parson.

"Goin' to de dev'," said the sweetly-smiling young man.

The schooner-captain, leaning against the shrouds, and even Baptiste, laughed outright.

"O Jools, you mustn't!"

"Well, den, w'at I shall do wid *it?*"

"Any thing!" answered the parson; "better donate it away to some poor man" —

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone', dat is w'at I want. You los' five hondred dollar' — 'twas me fault."

"No, it wa'n't, Jools."

"*Mais*, it was!"

"No!"

"It *was* me fault! I *swear* it was me fault! *Mais*, here is five hondred dollar'; I wish you shall take it. Here! I don't got no use for money. — Oh, my faith! Posson Jone', you must not begin to cry some more."

Parson Jones was choked with tears. When he found voice he said:

"O Jools, Jools, Jools! my pore, noble, dear, misguidened friend! ef you hed of hed a Christian raisin'! May the Lord show you your errors better'n I kin, and bless you for your good intentions — oh, no! I cayn't touch that money with a ten-foot pole; it wa'n't rightly got; you must really excuse me, my dear friend, but I cayn't touch it."

St.-Ange was petrified.

"Good-by, dear Jools," continued the parson. "I'm in the Lord's haynds, and he's very merciful, which I hope and trust you'll find it out. Good-by!" — the schooner swung slowly off before the breeze — "good-by!"

St.-Ange roused himself.

"Posson Jone'! make me hany'ow *dis* promise: you never, never, *never*, will come back to New Orleans."

"Ah, Jools, the Lord willin', I'll never leave home again!"

"All right!" cried the Creole; "I thing he's willin'. Adieu, Posson Jone'. My faith'! you are the so fighting an' moz rilligious man as I never saw! Adieu! Adieu!"

Baptiste uttered a cry and presently ran by his master toward the schooner, his hands full of clods.

St.-Ange looked just in time to see the sable form of Colossus of Rhodes emerge from the vessel's hold, and the pastor of Smyrna and Bethesda seize him in his embrace.

"O Colossus! you outlandish old nigger! Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!"

The little Creole almost wept. He ran down the tow-path, laughing and swearing, and making confused allusion to the entire *personnel* and furniture of the lower regions.

By odd fortune, at the moment that St.-Ange further demonstrated his delight by tripping his mulatto into a bog, the schooner came brushing along the reedy bank with a graceful curve, the sails flapped, and the crew fell to poling her slowly along.

Parson Jones was on the deck, kneeling once more in prayer. His hat had fallen before him; behind him knelt his slave. In thundering tones he was confessing himself "a plum fool," from whom "the conceit had been jolted out," and who had been made to see that even his "nigger had the longest head of the two."

Colossus clasped his hands and groaned.

The parson prayed for a contrite heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Colossus.

The master acknowledged countless mercies.

"Dat's so!" cried the slave.

The master prayed that they might still be "piled on."

"Glory!" cried the black man, clapping his hands; "pile on!"

"An' now," continued the parson, "bring this pore, backslidin' jackace of a parson and this pore ole fool nigger back to thar home in peace!"

"Pray fo' de money!" called Colossus.

But the parson prayed for Jules.

"Pray fo' de *money!*" repeated the negro.

"And oh, give thy servant back that there lost money!"

Colossus rose stealthily, and tiptoed by his still shouting master. St.-Ange, the captain, the crew, gazed in silent wonder at the strategist. Pausing but an instant over the master's hat to grin an acknowledgment of his beholders' speechless interest, he softly placed in it the faithfully-mourned and honestly-prayed-for Smyrna fund; then, saluted by the gesticulative, silent applause of St.-Ange and the schooner-men, he resumed his first attitude behind his roaring master.

"Amen!" cried Colossus, meaning to bring him to a close.

"Onworthy though I be" — cried Jones.

"*Amen!*" reiterated the negro.

"A-a-amen!" said Parson Jones.

He rose to his feet, and, stooping to take up his hat, beheld the well-known roll. As one stunned, he gazed for a momen upon his slave, who still knelt with clasped hands and rollin eyeballs; but when he became aware of the laughter and chee that greeted him from both deck and shore, he lifted eyes an hands to heaven, and cried like the veriest babe. And whe he looked at the roll again, and hugged and kissed it, St.-An e tried to raise a second shout, but choked, and the crew fell o their poles.

. . . . . .

M. Jules St.-Ange stood long, gazing at the receding vess el as it now disappeared, now re-appeared beyond the tops of t e high undergrowth; but when an arm of the forest hid it final y from sight, he turned townward, followed by that fagged-o t spaniel, his servant, saying, as he turned, "Baptiste."

"*Miché?*"

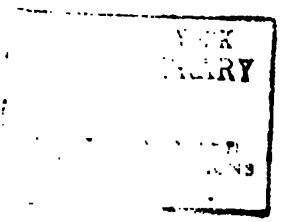
"You know w'at I goin' do wid dis money?"

"*Non, m'sieur.*"

"Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay ha ll my debts! *Allons!*"

He began a merry little song to the effect that his sweet-heart was a wine-bottle, and master and man, leaving care behind, returned to the picturesque Rue Royale. The ways of Providence are indeed strange. In all Parson Jones's after-life, amid the many painful reminiscences of his visit to the City of the Plain, the sweet knowledge was withheld from him that by the light of the Christian virtue that shone from him even i n his great fall, Jules St.-Ange arose, and went to his father a n honest man.

JULIUS CÆSAR



CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Caius Julius Cæsar, a Roman statesman, soldier, and orator, born July 12, 100 B.C.; died March 15, 44 B.C. He sprang from a famous Roman family; distinguished himself as an orator, and was held by his contemporaries as second only to Cicero. The commencement of his political life may be properly dated at 74 B.C., when he was elected Pontifex. In 66 B.C. he was elected to the curule ædileship. In 60 B.C. Cæsar was elected Consul.

Upon the expiration of his consulship, Cæsar received the governorship of the provinces of Gaul. Beginning in 58 B.C. Cæsar conducted for nine years the series of splendid military campaigns, of which he himself is the historian, and which have given him a place as one of the greatest generals of antiquity. At the close of this period Cæsar was by all odds the most powerful man in the Roman State. The Senate ordered Cæsar to disband his army, upon pain of being declared an enemy of the State. Upon his refusing to do so, war was declared against him, and Pompey was placed at the head of the forces. Cæsar thereupon crossed the Rubicon — about the middle of January, 49 B.C. Pompey was worsted at every point, and in six months Cæsar was undisputed master of Rome, and was formally invested with all the highest functions of State, which he exercised for four years. A conspiracy was formed against him, and he was assassinated in the forum.

Cæsar was a voluminous author. The only works of his, however, of which more than fragments remain, are the "Commentaries on the Gallic" and "The Civil Wars."

Cæsar Worsted by the Gauls at Gergovia.

(From "The Gallic Wars.")

The town wall was 1,200 paces distant from the plain and foot of the ascent, in a straight line, if no gap intervened; whatever circuit was added to this ascent, to make the hill easy, increased the length of the route. But almost in the middle of the hill the Gauls had previously built a wall six feet high, made of large stones and extending in length as far as the nature

of the ground permitted, as a barrier to retard the advance of our men; and, leaving all the lower space empty, they had filled the upper part of the hill, as far as the wall of the town. with camps very close to one another. The soldiers, on the signal being given, quickly advance to this fortification, and passing over it make themselves masters of the separate camps. . . .

Cæsar, having accomplished the object which he had in view, ordered the signal to be sounded for a retreat; and the soldiers of the tenth legion, by which he was then accompanied, halted. But the soldiers of the other legions, not hearing the sound of the trumpet, because there was a very large valley between them, were however kept back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants, according to Cæsar's orders; but being animated by the prospect of speedy victory, and the flight of the enemy, and the favorable battles of former periods, they thought nothing so difficult that their bravery could not accomplish it; nor did they put an end to the pursuit until they drew nigh to the wall of the town and the gates. But then, when a shout arose in every quarter of the city, those who were at a distance, being alarmed by the sudden tumult, fled hastily from the town, since they thought that the enemy were within the gates. The matrons began to cast their clothes and silver over the wall, and bending over as far as the lower part of the bosom, with outstretched hands, beseech the Romans to spare them, and not to sacrifice to their resentment even women and children, as they had done at Avaricum. . . .

In the meantime those who had gone to the other part of the town to defend it, aroused by hearing the shouts, and afterward by frequent accounts that the town was in possession of the Romans, sent forward their cavalry, and hastened in larger numbers to that quarter. As each first came he stood beneath the wall, and increased the number of his countrymen in action. When a great multitude of them had assembled, the matrons, who a little before were stretching their hands from the walls to the Romans, began to beseech their countrymen, and, after the Gallic fashion, to show their disheveled hair, and bring their children into the public view. Neither in position nor in numbers was the contest an equal one to the Romans; at the same time, being exhausted by running and the long continuation of the fight, they could not easily withstand fresh and vigorous troops.

Cæsar, when he perceived that his soldiers were fighting on unfavorable ground, and that the enemy's forces were increasing, being alarmed for the safety of his troops, sent orders to Titus Sextius, one of his lieutenants, whom he had left to guard the smaller camp, to lead out his cohorts quickly from the camp, and post them at the foot of the hill, on the right wing of the enemy; that if he should see our men driven from the ground, he should deter the enemy from following too closely. He himself, advancing with the legion a little from that place where he had taken his post, awaited the issue of the battle. . .

Our soldiers, being hard pressed on every side, were dislodged from their position, with the loss of forty-six centurions; but the tenth legion, which had been posted in reserve on ground a little more level, checked the Gauls in their eager pursuit. It was supported by the cohorts of the thirteenth legion, which, being led from the smaller camp, had occupied the higher ground. The legions, as soon as they reached the plain, halted and faced the enemy. Vercingetorix led back his men from the part of the hill within the fortifications. On that day little less than seven hundred of the soldiers were missing.

On the next day, Cæsar, having called a meeting, censured the rashness and avarice of his soldiers, "In that they had judged for themselves how far they ought to proceed, or what they ought to do, and could not keep back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants"; and stated, "what the disadvantages of the ground could effect, what opinion he himself had entertained at Avaricum, when, having surprised the enemy without either general or cavalry, he had given up a certain victory, lest even a trifling loss should occur in the contest, owing to the disadvantage of position. That, as much as he admired the greatness of their courage, since neither the fortifications of the camp, nor the height of the mountain, nor the wall of the town, could retard them: at the same degree he censured their licentiousness and arrogance, because they thought that they knew more than their general concerning victory, and the issue of actions: and that he required in his soldiers forbearance and self-command not less than valor and magnanimity.

Final Defeat of Vercingetorix.

The Gauls having been twice repulsed with great loss [in their assault upon the Roman lines encircling the stronghold of

Alesia], consult what they should do: they avail themselves of the information of those who were well acquainted with the country; from them they ascertain the position and fortification of the upper camp. There was on the north side a hill which our men could not include in their works, on account of the extent of the circuit, and had necessarily made their camp on ground almost disadvantageous, and pretty steep. Caius Antistius Reginus, and Caius Caninius Rebelius, two of the lieutenants, with two legions, were in possession of this camp. The leaders of the enemy, having reconnoitered the country by the scouts, select from the entire army 60,000 men belonging to those states which bear the highest character for courage: they privately arrange among themselves what they wished to be done, and in what manner; they decide that the attack should take place when it should seem to be noon. They appoint over their forces Vergasillaunus, the Avernian, one of the four generals, and a near relative of Vercingetorix. He, having issued from the camp at the first watch, and having almost completed his march a little before the dawn, hid himself behind the mountain, and ordered his soldiers to refresh themselves after their labor during the night. When noon now seemed to draw nigh, he marched hastily against that camp which we have mentioned before; and at the same time the cavalry began to approach the fortifications in the plain, and the rest of the forces to make a demonstration in front of the camp.

Vercingetorix, having beheld his countrymen from the citadel of Alesia, issues forth from the town; he brings forth from the camp long hooks, movable pent-houses, mural hooks, and other things which he had prepared for the purpose of making a sally. They engage on all sides at once, and every expedient is adopted. They flocked to whatever part of the works seemed weakest. The army of the Romans is distributed along their extensive lines, and with difficulty meets the enemy in every quarter. The shouts which were raised by the combatants in their rear had a great tendency to intimidate our men, because they perceived that their danger rested on the valor of others: for generally all evils which are distant most powerfully alarm men's minds.

Cæsar, having selected a commanding situation, sees distinctly what is going on in every quarter, and sends assistance to his troops when hard pressed. The idea uppermost in the minds of both parties is that the present is the time in which

they would have the fairest opportunity of making a struggle: the Gauls despairing of all safety unless they should succeed in forcing the lines; the Romans expecting an end to all their labors if they should gain the day. The principal struggle is at the upper lines, to which, we have said, Vergasillaunus was sent. The least elevation of ground, added to a declivity, exercises a momentous influence. Some are casting missiles; others, forming a testudo, advance to the attack; fresh men by turns relieve the wearied. The earth, heaped up by all against the fortifications, gives the means of ascent to the Gauls, and covers those works which the Romans had concealed in the ground. Our men have no longer arms or strength.

Cæsar, on observing these movements, sends Labienus with six cohorts to relieve his distressed soldiers; he orders him, if he should be unable to withstand them, to draw off his cohorts and make a sally, but not to do this except through necessity. He himself goes to the rest, and exhorts them not to succumb to the toil; he shows them that the fruits of all former engagements depend on that day and hour. The Gauls within, despairing of forcing the fortifications in the plains, on account of the greatness of the works, attempt the places precipitous in ascent; hither they bring the engines which they had prepared; by the immense numbers of their missiles they dislodge the defenders from the turrets: they fill the ditches with clay and hurdles, then clear the way; they tear down the rampart and breastwork with hooks.

Cæsar sends at first young Brutus, with six cohorts, and afterward Caius Fabius, his lieutenant, with seven others; finally, as they fight more obstinately, he leads up fresh men to the assistance of his soldiers. After renewing the action, and repulsing the enemy, he marches in the direction in which he had sent Labienus, drafts four cohorts from the nearest redoubt, and orders part of the cavalry to follow him, and part to make the circuit of the external fortifications, and attack the enemy in the rear. Labienus, when neither the ramparts nor ditches could check the onset of the enemy, informs Cæsar by messengers of what he intended to do. Cæsar hastens to share in the action.

His arrival being known from the color of his robe, and the troops of cavalry and the cohorts which he had ordered to follow him being seen, as those low and sloping grounds were plainly visible from the eminences, the enemy join battle. A

shout being raised by both sides, it was succeeded by a general shout along the ramparts and whole line of fortifications. Our troops, laying aside their javelins, carry on the engagement with their swords. The cavalry is suddenly seen in the rear of the Gauls: the other cohorts advance rapidly; the enemy turn their backs; the cavalry intercept them in their flight, and a great slaughter ensues. Sedulius, the general and chief of the Lemovices, is slain; Vergasillaunus, the Avernian, is taken alive in the flight; seventy-four military standards are brought to Cæsar; and few out of so great a number return safe to their camp. The besieged, beholding from the town the slaughter and flight of their countrymen, despairing of safety, lead back their troops from the fortifications. A flight of the Gauls from the camp immediately ensues on hearing this disaster, and had not the soldiers been wearied by sending frequent reënforcements, and the labor of the entire day, all the enemy's forces might have been destroyed. Immediately after midnight the cavalry are sent out and overtake the rear; a great number are taken or cut to pieces; the rest by flight escape in different directions to their respective states.

Vercingetorix, having convened a council the following day, declares, "That he had undertaken that war, not on account of his own exigencies, but on account of the general freedom; and since he must yield to fortune, he offered himself to them for either purpose, whether they should wish to atone to the Romans by his death, or surrender him alive." Ambassadors are sent to Cæsar on this subject. He orders their chieftains delivered up. He seats himself at the head of the lines in front of the camp. The Gallic chieftains are brought before him. They surrender Vercingetorix, and lay down their arms. Reserving the Ædui and Arverni, to try if he could gain over, through their influence, their respective states, he distributes one of the remaining captives to each soldier throughout the entire army as plunder.

After making these arrangements, he marches into the country of the Ædui and recovers that state. To this place ambassadors are sent by the Arverni, who promise that they will execute his commands. He demands a great number of hostages. He sends the legions to winter quarters; he restores about twenty thousand captives to the Ædui and Arverni. . . . A supplication of twenty days is decreed by the Senate at Rome, on learning these successes from Cæsar's dispatches.

Of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Gauls and Germans.

Since we have come to this place, it does not appear to be foreign to our subject to lay before the reader an account of the manners of Gaul and Germany, and wherein these nations differ from each other. In Gaul there are factions not only in all the States, and in all the cantons and their divisions, but almost in each family; and of these factions those are the leaders who are considered according to their judgment to possess the greatest influence, upon whose will and determination the management of all affairs and measures depends. And that seems to have been instituted in ancient times with this view, that no one of the common people should be in want of support against one more powerful; for none of those leaders suffers his party to be oppressed and defrauded, and if he do otherwise, he has no influence among his party. This same policy exists throughout the whole of Gaul; for all the States are divided into two factions.

When Cæsar arrived in Gaul, the Ædui were the leaders of one faction, the Sequani of the other. Since the latter were less powerful by themselves, inasmuch as the chief influence was from of old among the Ædui, and their dependencies were great, they had united to themselves the Germans and Ariovistus, and brought them over to their party by great sacrifices and promises. And having fought several successful battles and slain all the nobility of the Ædui, they had so far surpassed them in power that they brought over from the Ædui to themselves a large portion of their dependants, and received from them the sons of their leading men as hostages, and compelled them to swear in their public character that they would enter into no design against them; and held a portion of the neighboring land, seized on by force, and possessed the sovereignty of the whole of Gaul. Divitiacus, urged by this necessity, had proceeded to Rome to the Senate for the purpose of entreating assistance, and had returned without accomplishing his object. A change of affairs ensued on the arrival of Cæsar: the hostages were returned to the Ædui, their old dependencies restored, and new ones acquired through Cæsar (because those who had attached themselves to their alliance saw that they enjoyed a better state and a milder government); their

other interests, their influence, their reputation were likewise increased, and in consequence the Sequani lost the sovereignty. The Remi succeeded to their place, and as it was perceived that they equaled the Ædui in favor with Cæsar, those who on account of their old animosities could by no means coalesce with the Ædui, consigned themselves in clientship to the Remi. The latter carefully protected them. Thus they possessed both a new and suddenly acquired influence. Affairs were then in that position, that the Ædui were considered by far the leading people, and the Remi held the second post of honor.

Throughout all Gaul there are two orders of those men who are of any rank and dignity: for the commonalty is held almost in the condition of slaves, and dares to undertake nothing of itself and is admitted to no deliberation. The greater part, when they are pressed either by debt, or the large amount of their tributes, or the oppression of the more powerful, give themselves up in vassalage to the nobles, who possess over them the same rights, without exception, as masters over their slaves. But of these two orders, one is that of the Druids, the other that of the knights. The former are engaged in things sacred, conduct the public and the private sacrifices, and interpret all matters of religion. To these a large number of the young men resort for the purpose of instruction, and they [the Druids] are in great honor among them. For they determine respecting almost all controversies, public and private; and if any crime has been perpetrated, if murder has been committed, if there be any dispute about an inheritance, if any about boundaries, these same persons decide it; they decree rewards and punishments; if any one, either in a private or public capacity, has not submitted to their decision, they interdict him from the sacrifices. This among them is the most heavy punishment. Those who have been thus interdicted are esteemed in the number of the impious and criminal: all shun them, and avoid their society and conversation, lest they receive some evil from their contact; nor is justice administered to them when seeking it, nor is any dignity bestowed on them. Over all these Druids one presides, who possesses supreme authority among them. Upon his death, if any individual among the rest is preëminent in dignity, he succeeds; but if there are many equal, the election is made by the suffrages of the Druids; sometimes they even contend for the presidency with arms. These assemble

at a fixed period of the year in a consecrated place in the territories of the Carnutes, which is reckoned the central region of the whole of Gaul. Hither all who have disputes assemble from every part and submit to their decrees and determinations. This institution is supposed to have been devised in Britain, and to have been brought over from it into Gaul; and now those who desire to gain a more accurate knowledge of that system generally proceed thither for the purpose of studying it.

The Druids do not go to war, nor pay tribute together with the rest; they have an exemption from military service and a dispensation in all matters. Induced by such great advantages, many embrace this profession of their own accord, and many are sent to it by their parents and relations. They are said there to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly some remain in the course of training twenty years. Nor do they regard it lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. That practice they seem to me to have adopted for two reasons: because they neither desire their doctrines to be divulged among the mass of the people, nor those who learn, to devote themselves the less to the efforts of memory, relying on writing; since it generally occurs to most men that in their dependence on writing they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of the memory. They wish to inculcate this as one of their leading tenets: that souls do not become extinct, but pass after death from one body to another; and they think that men by this tenet are in a great degree excited to valor, the fear of death being disregarded. They likewise discuss and impart to the youth many things respecting the stars and their motion; respecting the extent of the world and of our earth; respecting the nature of things; respecting the power and the majesty of the immortal gods.

The other order is that of the knights. These, when there is occasion and any war occurs (which before Cæsar's arrival was for the most part wont to happen every year, as either they on their part were inflicting injuries or repelling those which others inflicted on them), are all engaged in war. And those of them most distinguished by birth and resources have the greatest number of vassals and dependants about them. They acknowledge this sort of influence and power only.

The nation of all the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites; and on that account they who are troubled with unusually severe diseases, and they who are engaged in battles and dangers, either sacrifice men as victims, or vow that they will sacrifice them, and employ the Druids as the performers of those sacrifices; because they think that unless the life of a man be offered for the life of a man, the mind of the immortal gods cannot be rendered propitious, and they have sacrifices of that kind ordained for national purposes. Others have figures of vast size, the limbs of which formed of osiers they fill with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish enveloped in the flames. They consider that the oblation of such as have been taken in theft, or in robbery, or any other offense, is more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when a supply of that class is wanting, they have recourse to the oblation of even the innocent.

They worship as their divinity Mercury in particular, and have many images of him, and regard him as the inventor of all arts; they consider him the guide of their journeys and marches, and believe him to have very great influence over the acquisition of gain and mercantile transactions. Next to him they worship Apollo, and Mars, and Jupiter, and Minerva; respecting these deities they have for the most part the same belief as other nations: that Apollo averts diseases, that Minerva imparts the invention of manufactures, that Jupiter possesses the sovereignty of the heavenly powers; that Mars presides over wars. To him, when they have determined to engage in battle, they commonly vow those things which they shall take in war. When they have conquered, they sacrifice whatever captured animals may have survived the conflict, and collect the other things into one place. In many States you may see piles of these things heaped up in their consecrated spots; nor does it often happen that any one, disregarding the sanctity of the case, dares either to secrete in his house things captured, or take away those deposited; and the most severe punishment, with torture, has been established for such a deed.

All the Gauls assert that they are descended from the god Dis, and say that this tradition has been handed down by the Druids. For that reason they compute the divisions of every season, not by the number of days, but of nights; they keep birthdays and the beginnings of months and years in such an order that the day follows the night. Among the other usages

of their life, they differ in this from almost all other nations; that they do not permit their children to approach them openly until they are grown up so as to be able to bear the service of war; and they regard it as indecorous for a son of boyish age to stand in public in the presence of his father.

Whatever sums of money the husbands have received in the name of dowry from their wives, making an estimate of it, they add the same amount out of their own estates. An account is kept of all this money conjointly, and the profits are laid by; whichever of them shall have survived the other, to that one the portion of both reverts, together with the profits of the previous time. Husbands have power of life and death over their wives as well as over their children: and when the father of a family born in a more than commonly distinguished rank has died, his relations assemble, and if the circumstances of his death are suspicious, hold an investigation upon the wives in the manner adopted towards slaves; and if proof be obtained, put them to severe torture and kill them. Their funerals, considering the state of civilization among the Gauls, are magnificent and costly; and they cast into the fire all things, including living creatures, which they suppose to have been dear to them when alive; and a little before this period, slaves and dependants who were ascertained to have been beloved by them were, after the regular funeral rites were completed, burnt together with them.

Those States which are considered to conduct their commonwealth more judiciously have it ordained by their laws, that if any person shall have heard by rumor and report from his neighbors anything concerning the commonwealth, he shall convey it to the magistrate and not impart it to any other; because it has been discovered that inconsiderate and inexperienced men were often alarmed by false reports and driven to some rash act, or else took hasty measures in affairs of the highest importance. The magistrates conceal those things which require to be kept unknown; and they disclose to the people whatever they determine to be expedient. It is not lawful to speak of the commonwealth except in council.

The Germans differ much from these usages, for they have neither Druids to preside over sacred offices nor do they pay great regard to sacrifices. They rank in the number of the gods those alone whom they behold, and by whose instrumentality they are obviously benefited, — namely, the sun, fire, and

the moon; they have not heard of the other deities even by report. Their whole life is occupied in hunting and in the pursuits of the military art; from childhood they devote themselves to fatigue and hardships. Those who have remained chaste for the longest time receive the greatest commendation among their people; they think that by this the growth is promoted, by this the physical powers are increased and the sinews are strengthened. And to have had knowledge of a woman before the twentieth year they reckon among the most disgraceful acts; of which matter there is no concealment, because they bathe promiscuously in the rivers and only use skins or small cloaks of deer's hides, a large portion of the body being in consequence naked.

They do not pay much attention to agriculture, and a large portion of their food consists in milk, cheese, and flesh; nor has any one a fixed quantity of land or his own individual limits; but the magistrates and the leading men each year apportion to the tribes and families who have united together, as much land as, and in the place in which, they think proper, and the year after compel them to remove elsewhere. For this enactment they advance many reasons — lest seduced by long-continued custom, they may exchange their ardor in the waging of war for agriculture; lest they may be anxious to acquire extensive estates, and the more powerful drive the weaker from their possessions; lest they construct their houses with too great a desire to avoid cold and heat; lest the desire of wealth spring up, from which cause divisions and discords arise; and that they may keep the common people in a contented state of mind, when each sees his own means placed on an equality with [those of] the most powerful.

It is the greatest glory to the several States to have as wide deserts as possible around them, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider this the real evidence of their prowess, that their neighbors shall be driven out of their lands and abandon them, and that no one dare settle near them; at the same time they think that they shall be on that account the more secure, because they have removed the apprehension of a sudden incursion. When a State either repels war waged against it or wages it against another, magistrates are chosen to preside over that war with such authority that they have power of life and death. In peace there is no common magistrate, but the chiefs of provinces and cantons administer justice and determine con-

troversies among their own people. Robberies which are committed beyond the boundaries of each State bear no infamy, and they avow that these are committed for the purpose of disciplining their youth and of preventing sloth. And when any of their chiefs has said in an assembly that "he will be their leader; let those who are willing to follow give in their names," they who approve of both the enterprise and the man arise and promise their assistance and are applauded by the people; such of them as have not followed him are accounted in the number of deserters and traitors, and confidence in all matters is afterwards refused them.

To injure guests they regard as impious; they defend from wrong those who have come to them for any purpose whatever, and esteem them inviolable; to them the houses of all are open and maintenance is freely supplied.

And there was formerly a time when the Gauls excelled the Germans in prowess, and waged war on them offensively, and on account of the great number of their people and the insufficiency of their land, sent colonies over the Rhine. Accordingly, the Volcæ Tectosăges seized on those parts of Germany which are the most fruitful and lie around the Hercynian forest (which I perceive was known by report to Eratosthenes and some other Greeks, and which they call Orcynia), and settled there. Which nation to this time retains its position in those settlements, and has a very high character for justice and military merit: now also they continue in the same scarcity, indigence, hardihood, as the Germans, and use the same food and dress; but their proximity to the Province and knowledge of commodities from countries beyond the sea supplies to the Gauls many things tending to luxury as well as civilization. Accustomed by degrees to be overmatched and worsted in many engagements, they do not even compare themselves to the Germans in prowess.

The breadth of this Hercynian forest which has been referred to above is, to a quick traveler, a journey of nine days. For it cannot be otherwise computed, nor are they acquainted with the measures of roads. It begins at the frontiers of the Helvetii, Nemetes, and Rauraci, and extends in a right line along the river Danube to the territories of the Daci and the Anartes; it bends thence to the left in a different direction from the river, and owing to its extent, touches the confines of many nations; nor is there any person belonging to this part of Germany who

says that he either has gone to the extremity of that forest, though he had advanced a journey of sixty days, or has heard in what place it begins. It is certain that many kinds of wild beast are produced in it which have not been seen in other parts; of which the following are such as differ principally from other animals and appear worthy of being committed to record.

There is an ox of the shape of a stag, between whose ears a horn rises from the middle of the forehead, higher and straighter than those horns which are known to us. From the top of this, branches, like palms, stretch out a considerable distance. The shape of the female and of the male is the same; the appearance and the size of the horns is the same.

There are also animals which are called elks. The shape of these, and the varied color of their skins, is much like roes, but in size they surpass them a little and are destitute of horns, and have legs without joints and ligatures; nor do they lie down for the purpose of rest, nor if they have been thrown down by any accident, can they raise or lift themselves up. Trees serve as beds to them; they lean themselves against them, and thus reclining only slightly, they take their rest; when the huntsmen have discovered from the footsteps of these animals whither they are accustomed to betake themselves, they either undermine all the trees at the roots, or cut into them so far that the upper part of the trees may appear to be left standing. When they have leant upon them, according to their habit, they knock down by their weight the unsupported trees, and fall down themselves along with them.

There is a third kind, consisting of those animals which are called uri. These are a little below the elephant in size, and of the appearance, color, and shape of a bull. Their strength and speed are extraordinary; they spare neither man nor wild beast which they have espied. These the Germans take with much pains in pits and kill them. The young men harden themselves with this exercise, and practice themselves in this kind of hunting, and those who have slain the greatest number of them, having produced the horns in public to serve as evidence, receive great praise. But not even when taken very young can they be rendered familiar to men and tamed. The size, shape, and appearance of their horns differ much from the horns of our oxen. These they [the Gauls] anxiously seek after, and bind at the tips with silver, and use as cups at their most sumptuous entertainments.

The Two Lieutenants.

In that legion there were two very brave men, centurions, who were now approaching the first ranks, — T. Pulfio and L. Varenus. These used to have continual disputes between them which of them should be preferred, and every year used to contend for promotion with the utmost animosity. When the fight was going on most vigorously before the fortifications, Pulfio, one of them, says: "Why do you hesitate, Varenus? or what better opportunity of signalizing your valor do you seek? This very day shall decide our disputes." When he had uttered these words, he proceeds beyond the fortifications, and rushes on that part of the enemy which appeared the thickest. Nor does Varenus remain within the rampart, but respecting the high opinion of all, follows close after. Then, when an inconsiderable space intervened, Pulfio throws his javelin at the enemy, and pierces one of the multitude who was running up, and while the latter was wounded and slain, the enemy cover him with their shields, and all throw their weapons at the other and afford him no opportunity of retreating. The shield of Pulfio is pierced and a javelin is fastened in his belt. This circumstance turns aside his scabbard and obstructs his right hand when attempting to draw his sword: the enemy crowd around him when thus embarrassed. His rival runs up to him and succors him in this emergency. Immediately the whole host turn from Pulfio to him, supposing the other to be pierced through by the javelin. Varenus rushes on briskly with his sword and carries on the combat hand to hand; and having slain one man, for a short time drove back the rest: while he urges on too eagerly, slipping into a hollow, he fell. To him in his turn, when surrounded, Pulfio brings relief; and both, having slain a great number, retreat into the fortifications amidst the highest applause. Fortune so dealt with both in this rivalry and conflict, that the one competitor was a succor and a safeguard to the other; nor could it be determined which of the two appeared worthy of being preferred to the other.

THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE.

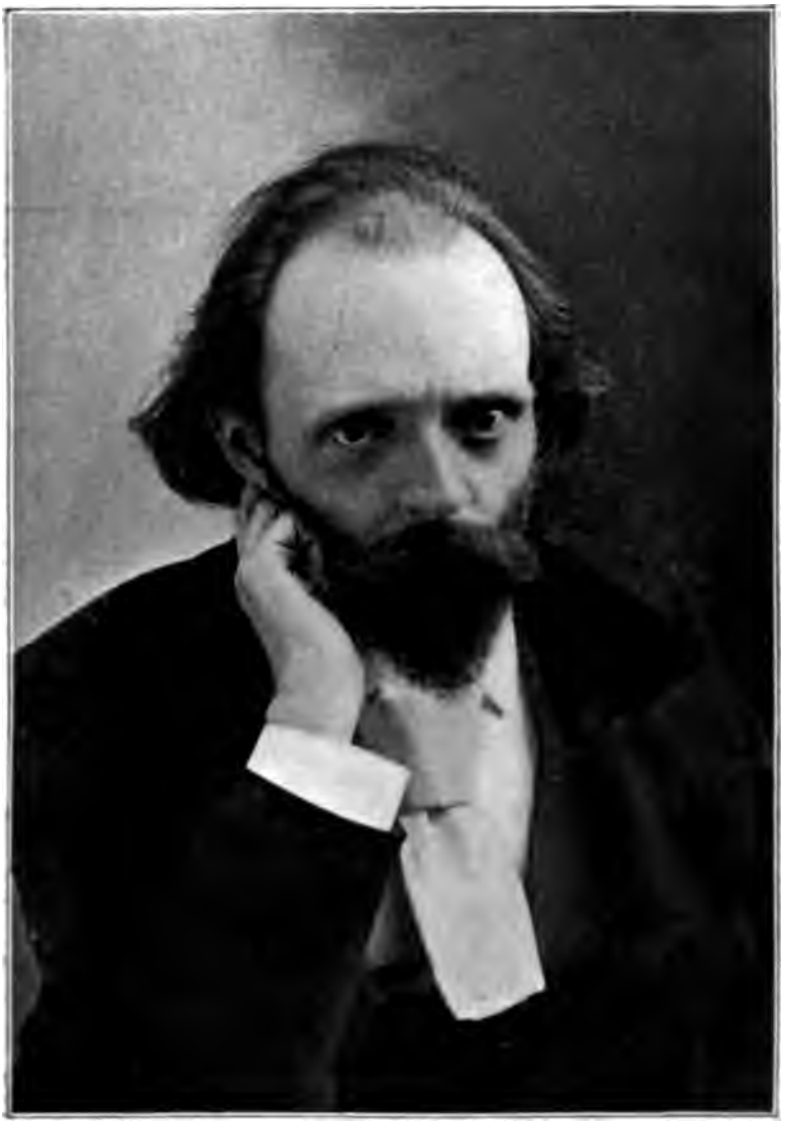
THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE, an English novelist and dramatist of Manx parentage, commonly known as "Hall Caine," was born in Runcorn, Cheshire, England, Aug. 14, 1853. He was educated for an architect and began the practice of his profession at Liverpool, and from being a frequent contributor to the *Builder*, *Building News*, and other architectural periodicals, he entered journalism and became a member of the staff of the *Liverpool Mercury*. In 1880 he abandoned his profession of an architect, to devote himself to literature. In 1881 he went to London, living at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, until the death of Rossetti in 1882. Previous to the publication of his first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime" (1885), he had published "Recollections of Rossetti" and "Sonnets of Three Centuries" (1882), and "Cobwebs of Criticism" (1883). His most recent and important works are: "A Son of Hagar" and "Life of Coleridge" (Great Writers Series, 1886); "The Deemster," a story of the Isle of Man (1887); "The Bondman" (1888); "The Scapegoat" (1889); "The Little Manx Nation," three lectures giving a history of the Manx kings, bishops, and people (1891); "The Last Confession" and "The Blind Mother" (1890); "Captain Davy's Honeymoon" (1892); "The Manxman" (1893); "The Christian" (1897). With Mr. Wilson Barrett he has written two plays, "Ben-my-Chree," dramatized from "The Deemster," and "Good Old Times."

In the fall of 1895 Mr. Caine came to America in the interests of the Canadian Copyright Law.

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN.

(From "The Deemster.")

NOW the facts of this history must stride on some six years, and in that time the Deemster had lost nearly all the little interest he ever felt in his children. Mona had budded into womanhood, tender, gracious, quiet — a tall, fair-haired maiden of twenty, with a drooping head like a flower, with a voice soft and low, and the full blue eyes with their depths of love and



HALL CAINE

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sympathy shaded by long fluttering lashes as the trembling sedge shades the deep mountain pool. It was as ripe and beautiful a womanhood as the heart of a father might dream of, but the Deemster could take little pleasure in it. If Mona had been his son, her quiet ways and tractable nature might have counted for something; but a woman was only a woman in the Deemster's eyes, and the Deemster, like the Bedouin chief, would have numbered his children without counting his daughter. As for Ewan, he had falsified every hope of the Deemster. His Spartan training had gone for nothing. He was physically a weakling; a tall, spare youth of two and twenty, fair-haired, like his sister, with a face as spiritual and beautiful, and hardly less feminine. He was of a self-torturing spirit, constantly troubled with vague questionings, and though in this regard he was very much his father's son, the Deemster held his temperament in contempt.

The end of all was that Ewan showed a strong desire to enter the Church. The Deemster had intended that his son should study the law and follow him in his place when his time came. But Ewan's womanly temperament coexisted with a manly temper. Into the law he would not go, and the Church he was resolved to follow. The Bishop had then newly opened at Bishop's Court a training college for his clergy, and Ewan sought and obtained admission. The Deemster fumed, but his son was not to be moved even by his wrath. This was when Ewan was nineteen years of age, and after two more years the spirituality of his character overcame the obstacle of his youth, and the Bishop ordained him at twenty-one. Then Ewan was made chaplain to the household at Bishop's Court.

Hardly had this been done when Ewan took another step in life. With the knowledge of the Bishop, but without consulting the Deemster, he married, being now of age, a pretty child of sixteen, the daughter of his father's old foe, the vicar of the parish. When knowledge of this act of unwisdom reached the Deemster his last remaining spark of interest in his son expired, and he sent Mona across to Bishop's Court with a curt message saying that Ewan and his wife were at liberty, if they liked, to take possession of the old Ballamona. Thus he turned his back upon his son, and did his best to wipe him out of his mind.

Ewan took his young wife to the homestead that had been the place of his people for six generations, the place where he

himself had been born, the place where that other Ewan, his good grandfather, had lived and died.

More than ever for these events the Deemster became a solitary man. He kept no company; he took no pleasures. Alone he sat night after night in his study at Ballamona, and Ballamona was asleep before he slept, and before it awoke he was stirring. His daughter's presence in the house was no society for the Deemster. She grew beside him like her mother's youth, a yet fairer vision of the old days coming back to him hour by hour, but he saw nothing of all that. Disappointed in his sole hope, his son, whom truly he had never loved for love's sake, but only for his own sorry ambitions, he sat down under his disappointment a doubly-soured and thrice-hardened man. He had grown noticeably older, but his restless energy suffered no abatement. Biweekly he kept his courts, but few sought the law whom the law did not first find, for word went round that the Deemster was a hard judge, and deemed the laws in rigor. If men differed about money, they would say, "Och, why go to the Deemster? It's throwing a bone into the bad dog's mouth," and then they would divide their difference.

The one remaining joy of the Deemster's lonely life was centered in his brother's son, Dan. That lusty youth had not disappointed his expectations. At twenty he was a braw, brown-haired, brown-eyed lad of six feet two inches in stature, straight and upright, and with the thews and sinews of an ox. He was the athlete of the island, and where there was a tough job of wrestling to be had, or a delightful bit of fighting to be done, there was Dan in the heart of it. "Aw, and middling few could come anigh him," the people used to say. But more than in Dan's great stature and great strength, the little Deemster took a bitter pleasure in his daring irreverence for things held sacred. In this regard Dan had not improved with improving years. Scores of tricks his sad pugnacity devised to help the farmers to cheat the parson of his tithe, and it added not a little to the Deemster's keen relish of freaks like these that it was none other than the son of the Bishop who perpetrated them. As for the Bishop himself, he tried to shut his eyes to such follies. He meant his son to go into the Church, and, in spite of all outbursts of spirits, notwithstanding wrestling matches and fights, and even some tipsy broils of which rumor was in the air, he entered Dan as a student at the college he kept at Bishop's Court.

In due course the time of Dan's examination came, and then all further clinging to a forlorn hope was at an end. The Archdeacon acted as the Bishop's examining chaplain, and more than once the little man had declared in advance his conscientious intention of dealing with the Bishop's son as he would deal with any other. The examination took place in the library of Bishop's Court, and besides the students and the examiner there were some six or seven of the clergy present, and Ewan Mylrea, then newly ordained, was among them. It was a purely oral examination, and when Dan's turn came the Archdeacon assumed his loftiest look, and first tackled the candidate where he was known to be weakest.

"I suppose, sir, you think you can read your Greek Testament?"

Dan answered that he had never thought anything about it.

"I dare say for all your modesty that you have an idea that you know it well enough to teach it," said the Archdeacon.

Dan hadn't an idea on the subject.

"Take down the Greek Testament, and imagine that I'm your pupil, and proceed to expound it," said the Archdeacon.

Dan took the book from the bookcase and fumbled it in his fingers.

"Well, sir, open at the parable of the tares."

Dan scratched his big head leisurely, and he did his best to find the place. "So I'm to be tutor—is that it?" he said, with a puzzled look.

"That is so."

"And you are to be the pupil?"

"Precisely — suppose yourself my tutor — and now begin."

At this Ewan stepped out with a look of anxiety. "Is not that a rather difficult supposition, Archdeacon?" he said, timidly.

The Archdeacon glanced over his grandson loftily and made no reply.

"Begin, sir, begin," he said, with a sweep of his hand toward Dan, and at that he sat down in the high-backed oak chair at the head of the table.

Then on the instant there came into Dan's quick eyes a most mischievous twinkle. He was standing before the table with the Greek Testament open at the parable of the tares, and he knew too well he could not read the parable.

"When do we change places, Archdeacon?" he asked.

"We have changed places — you are now the tutor — I am your pupil — begin, sir."

"Oh! we have changed places, have we?" said Dan, and at that he lifted up the Archdeacon's silver-tipped walking-cane which lay on the table and brought it down again with a bang. "Then just you get up off your chair, sir," he said, with a tone of command.

The Archdeacon's russet face showed several tints of blue at that moment, but he rose to his feet. Thereupon Dan handed him the open book.

"Now, sir," he said, "first read me the parable of the tares."

The clergy began to shuffle about and look into each other's faces. The Archdeacon's expression was not amiable, but he took the book and read the parable.

"Very fair, very fair indeed," said Dan, in a tone of mild condescension — "a few false quantities, but very fair on the whole."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is going too far," said one of the clergy.

"Silence, sir," said Dan, with a look of outraged authority.

Then there was dire confusion. Some of the clergy laughed outright, and some giggled under their breath, and some protested in white wrath, and the end of it all was that the examination came to a sudden termination, and, rightly or wrongly, wisely or foolishly, Dan was adjudged to be unfit for the ministry of the Church.

When the Bishop heard the verdict his pale face whitened visibly, and he seemed to see the beginning of the end. At that moment he thought of the Deemster with bitterness. This blow to his hopes did not cement the severed lives of the brothers. The forces that had been dividing them year by year since the days of their father appeared to be drawing them yet wider apart in the lives and fortunes of their children. Each felt that the other was frustrating his dearest expectations in his son, and that was an offense that neither could forgive. To the Deemster it seemed that the Bishop was bearing down every ambition of his life, tearing him up as a naked trunk, leaving him a childless man. To the Bishop it seemed that the Deemster was wrecking the one life that was more to him than his own soul, and standing between him and the heart that with all its follies was dearer than the world beside. From this time of Ewan's marriage and Dan's disgrace the Bishop and the Deem-

ster rarely met, and when they passed on the road they exchanged only the coldest salutation.

But if the fates were now more than ever fostering an unnatural enmity between the sons of old Ewan, they were cherishing at the same time the loves of their children. Never were cousins more unlike or more fondly attached. Between Dan, the reckless scapegrace, and Mona, with the big soft eyes and the quiet ways, the affection was such as neither understood. They had grown up side by side, they had seen each other daily, they had scampered along the shore with clasped hands, they had screamed at the sea-gulls with one voice, and still they were boy and girl together. But once they were stooking the barley in the glebe, and, the day being hot, Mona tipped back her white sun bonnet, and it fell onto her shoulders. Seeing this, Dan came stealthily behind and thought very craftily to whisk it away unobserved; but the strings by which it was tied caught in her hair and tugged at its knot, and the beautiful wavy shower fell rip-rip-rippling down her back. The wind caught the loosened hair and tossed it about her, and she stood up erect among the corn with the first blush on her cheeks that Dan had ever brought there, and turned full upon him all the glorious light of her deep blue eyes. Then, then, oh then, Dan seemed to see her for the first time a girl no longer, but a woman, a woman, a woman! And the mountains behind her were in one instant blotted out of Dan's eyes, and everything seemed to spin about him.

When next he knew where he was, and what he was doing, behold, there were Mona's rosy lips under his, and she was panting and gasping for breath.

But if the love of Dan and Mona was more than cousinly, though they knew it not as yet, the love of Ewan for Dan was wonderful and passing the love of women. That pure soul, with its vague spiritual yearnings, seemed to have nothing in common with the jovial roysterer, always fighting, always laughing, taking disgrace as a duck takes water, and losing the trace of it as easily. Twenty times he stood between the scapegrace and the Bishop, twenty times he hid from the good father the follies of the son. He thought for that thoughtless head that never had an ache or a care under its abundant curls; he hoped for that light heart that hoped for nothing; he trembled for the soul that felt no fear. Never was such loyalty between man and man since David wept for Jonathan. And Ewan's mar-

riage disturbed this affection not at all, for the love he bore to Dan was a brotherly passion for which language has yet no name.

Let us tell one story that shall show this friendship in its double bearings — Ewan's love and temper and Dan's heedless harshness and the great nature beneath it, and then we will pass on with fuller knowledge to weightier matters.

Derry, the white-eyed collie that had nestled on the top of his master's bed the night Dan sneaked home in disgrace from the Oiel Verree, was a crafty little fox, with cunning and duplicity bred in his very bones. If you were a tramp of the profession of Billy the Gawk, he would look up at you with his big innocent eyes, and lick your hand, and thrust his nose into your palm, and the next moment he would seize you by the hindmost parts and hold on like a leech. His unamiable qualities grew as he grew in years, and one day Dan went on a long journey, leaving Derry behind, and when he returned he had another dog with him, a great shaggy Scotch collie, with bright eyes, a happy phiz, and a huge bush of a tail. Derry was at the gate when his master came home, and he eyed the new-comer with looks askance. From that day Derry turned his back on his master, he would never answer his call, and he did not know his whistle from the croak of a corn-crake. In fact, Derry took his own courses, and forthwith fell into all manner of dissolute habits. He went out at night alone, incognito, and kept most unchristian hours. The farmers around complained that their sheep were found dead in the field, torn and worried by a dog's teeth. Derry was known to be a dog that did not live a reputable life, and suspicion fell on him. Dan took the old fox in hand, and thenceforward Derry looked out on the world through a rope muzzle.

One day there was to be a sheep-dog match, and Dan entered his Scotch collie, Laddie. The race was to be in the meadow at the foot of Siieu Dhoo, and great crowds of people came to witness it. Hurdles were set up to make all crooks and cranks of difficulty, and then a drift of sheep were turned loose in the field. The prize was to the dog that would, at the word of its master, gather the sheep together and take them out at the gate in the shortest time. Ewan, then newly married, was there, and beside him was his child-wife. Time was called, and Dan's turn came to try the mettle of his Laddie. The dog

[1] well, and in two or three minutes he had driven the

whole flock save two into an alcove of hurdles close to where Ewan and his wife stood together. Then at the word of his master Laddie set off over the field for the stragglers, and Dan shouted to Ewan not to stir a hand or foot, or the sheep would be scattered again. Now, just at that instant who should pop over the hedge but Derry in his muzzle, and quick as thought he shot down his head, put up his paws, threw off his muzzle, dashed at the sheep, snapped at their legs, and away they went in twenty directions.

Before Ewan had time to cry out Derry was gone, with his muzzle between his teeth. When Dan, who was a perch or two up the meadow, turned round and saw what had happened, and that his dog's chances were gone, his anger overcame him, and he turned on Ewan with a torrent of reproaches.

"There — you've done it with your lumbering — curse it."

With complete self-possession Ewan explained how Derry had done the mischief.

Then Dan's face was darker with wrath than it had ever been before.

"A pretty tale," he said, his lip curled in a sneer. He turned to the people around. "Anybody see the dog slip his muzzle?"

None had seen what Ewan affirmed. The eyes of everyone had been on the two stragglers in the distance pursued by Dan and Laddie.

Now, when Ewan saw that Dan distrusted him, and appealed to strangers as witness to his word, his face flushed deep, and his delicate nostrils quivered.

"A pretty tale," Dan repeated, and he was twisting on his heel, when up came Derry again, his muzzle on his snout, whisking his tail, and frisking about Dan's feet with an expression of quite lamb-like simplicity.

At that sight Ewan's livid face turned to a great pallor, and Dan broke into a hard laugh.

"We've heard of a dog slipping his muzzle," he said, "but who ever heard of a dog putting a muzzle on again?"

Then Ewan stepped from beside his girl-wife, who stood there with heaving breast. His eyes were aflame, but for an instant he conquered his emotion, and said, with a constrained quietness, but with a deep pathos in his tone, "Dan, do you think I've told you the truth?"

Dan wheeled about. "I think you've told me a lie," he said, and his voice came thick from his throat.

All heard the word, and all held their breath. Ewan stood a moment as if rooted to the spot, and his pallid face whitened every instant. Then he fell back, and took the girl-wife by the hand and turned away with her, his head down, his very heart surging itself out of his choking breast. And, as he passed through the throng, to carry away from that scene the madness that was working in his brain, he overheard the mocking comments of the people. "Aw, well, well, did ye hear that now? — called him a liar, and not a word to say agen it." "A liar! Och, a liar? and him a parzon, too!" "Middling chicken-hearted anyways — a liar! Aw, well, well, well!"

At that Ewan flung away the hand of his wife, and, quivering from head to foot, he strode toward Dan.

"You've called me a liar," he said, in a shrill voice that was like a cry. "Now, you shall prove your word — you shall fight me — you shall, by God."

He was completely carried away by passion.

"The parzon, the parzon!" "Man alive, the young parzon!" the people muttered, and they closed around.

Dan stood a moment. He looked down from his great height at Ewan's quivering form and distorted face. Then he turned about and glanced into the faces of the people. In another instant his eyes were swimming in tears; he took a step toward Ewan, flung his arms about him, and buried his head in his neck, and the great stalwart lad wept like a little child. In another moment Ewan's passion was melted away, and he kissed Dan on the cheek.

"Blubbering cowards!" "Aw, blatherskites!" "Och, man alive, a pair of turtle-doves!"

Dan lifted his head and looked around, raised himself to his full height, clinched his fists, and said:

"Now, my lads, you did your best to make a fight, and you couldn't manage it. I won't fight my cousin, and he sha'n't fight me; but if there's a man among you would like to know for himself how much of a coward I am, let him step out — I'm ready."

Not a man budged an inch.

. . . . . .

On the day before Christmas Day there was to be a plowing match in a meadow over the Head, and Ewan stood pledged by an old promise to act as judge. The day came, and it was a

heavy day, with snow-clouds hanging overhead, and misty vapors floating down from the hills and up from the Curraghs, and hiding them. At ten in the morning Mona muffled herself in a great cloak, and went over to the meadow with Ewan. There a crowd had already gathered, strong men in blue pilots, old men in sheepskin coats, women with their short blue camblet gowns tucked over their linen caps, boys and girls on every side, all coming and going like shadows in the mist. At one end of the meadow several pairs of horses stood yoked to plows, and a few lads were in charge of them. On Ewan's arrival there was a general movement among a group of men standing together, and a respectful salutation to the parson. The names were called over of the plowmen who had entered for the prize — a pound note and a cup — and last of all, there was a show of hands for the election of six men to form a jury.

Then the stretch was staked out. The prize was to the plowman who would make the stretch up and down the meadow in the shortest time, cutting the furrows straightest, cleanest, and of the most regular depth.

When all was ready, Ewan took up his station where the first furrow would be cut into the field, with Mona at his side, and the six jurors about him. The first plowman to bring up his plow was a brawny young fellow with a tanned face. The plowman had brought up his horses in front of the stake, and had laid hands on his plow-handles, and was measuring the stretch with his eye for a landmark to sight by, when Jarvis Kerruish came into the meadow, and walked through the crowd, and took up a place by Mona's side. There were audible comments, and some racy exclamations as he pushed through the crowd, not lifting an eye to any face; but he showed complete indifference, and began to talk to Mona in a loud, measured tone.

"Ah! this is very gratifying," he was saying, "to see the peasantry engaged in manly sports — useful sports — is, I confess, very gratifying to me."

"My gough!" said a voice from one side.

"Hurroo!" said a voice from the other side.

"Lawk-a-day!" came from behind, in a shrill female treble. "Did ye ever see a grub turn butterfly?"

Jarvis seemed not to hear. "Now there *are* sports — " he began; but the plowman was shouting to his horses, "Steady, steady," the plow was dipping into the succulent grass, the

first swish of the upturned soil was in the air, and Jarvis's wise words were lost.

All eyes were on the bent back of the plowman plodding on in the mist. "He cuts like a razor," said one of the spectators. "He bears his hand too much on," said another. "Do better yourself next spell," said a third.

When the horses reached the far end of the stretch the plowman whipped them round like the turn of a wheel, and in another moment he was toiling back, steadily, firmly, his hand rigid, and his face set hard. When he got back to where Ewan, with his watch in his hand, stood surrounded by the jurors, he was covered with sweat. "Good, very good — six minutes ten seconds," said Ewan, and there were some plaudits from the people looking on, and some banter of the competitors who came up to follow.

Jarvis Kerruish, at Mona's elbow, was beginning again, "I confess that it has always been my personal opinion — " but in the bustle of another pair of horses whipped up to the stake no one seemed to be aware that he was speaking.

Five plowmen came in succession, but all were behind the first in time and cut a less regular furrow. So Ewan and the jurors announced that the prize was to the stranger. Then as Ewan twisted about, his adjudication finished, to where Mona stood with Jarvis by her side, there was a general rush of competitors and spectators to a corner of the meadow, where, from a little square cart, the buirdly stranger who was victor proceeded to serve out glasses of ale from a small barrel.

While this was going on, and there was some laughter and shouting and singing, there came a loud *Hello !* as of many voices from a little distance, and then the beat of many irregular feet, and one of the lads in the crowd, who had jumped to the top of the broad turf hedge, shouted, "It's the capt'n — it's Mastha Dan."

In another half-minute, Dan and some fifty or sixty of the scum of the parish came tumbling into the meadow on all sides — over the hedge, over the gate, and tearing through the gaps in the gorse. They were the corps that Dan had banded together toward the Manx Fencibles, but the only regimentals they yet wore were a leather belt, and the only implement of war they yet carried was the small dagger that was fitted into the belt. That morning they had been drilling, and after drill they had set off to see the plowing match, and on the way they had passed

the "Three Legs," and being exceedingly dry, they had drawn up in front thereof, and every man had been served with a glass, which had been duly scored off to the captain's account.

Dan saw Mona with Ewan as he vaulted the gate, but he gave no sign of recognition, and in a moment he was in the thick of the throng at the side of the cart, hearing all about the match, and making loud comments upon it in his broadest homespun.

"What!" he said, "and you've let yourselves be bate by a craythur like that. Hurroo!"

He strode up to the stranger's furrow, cocked his eye along it, and then glanced at the stranger's horses.

"Och, I'll go bail I'll bate it with a yoke of oxen."

At that there was a movement of the crowd around him, and some cheering, just to egg on the rupture that was imminent.

The big stranger heard all, and strode through the people with a face like a thunder-cloud.

"Who says he'll bate it with a yoke of oxen?" he asked.

"That's just what I'm afther saying, my fine fellow. Have you anything agen it?"

In half a minute a wager had been laid of a pound a side that Dan, with a pair of oxen, would beat the stranger with a pair of horses in two stretches out of three.

"Davy! Davy!" shouted Dan, and in a twinkling there was Davy Fayle, looking queer enough in his guernsey, and his long boots, and his sea-cap, and withal his belt and his dagger. Davy was sent for a pair of oxen to where they were leading manure, not far away. He went off like a shot, and in ten minutes he was back in the meadow, driving the oxen before him.

Now, these oxen had been a gift of the Bishop to Dan. They were old, and had grown wise with their years. For fifteen years they had worked on the glebe at Bishop's Court, and they knew the dinner hour as well as if they could have taken the altitude of the sun. When the dinner bell rang at the Court at twelve o'clock, the oxen would stop short, no matter where they were or what they were doing, and not another budge would they make until they had been unyoked and led off for their midday mash.

It was now only a few minutes short of twelve, but no one took note of that circumstance, and the oxen were yoked to a plow.

"Same judge and jury," said the stranger, but Ewan excused himself.

"Aw, what matter about a judge," said Dan, from his plow-handles; "let the jury be judge as well."

Ewan and Mona looked on in silence for some moments. Ewan could scarce contain himself. There was Dan, stripped to his red flannel shirt, his face tanned and glowing, his whole body radiant with fresh life and health, and he was shouting and laughing as if there had never been a shadow to darken his days.

"Look at him," whispered Ewan, with emotion, in Mona's ear. "Look! this good-nature that seems so good to others is almost enough to make me hate him."

Mona was startled, and turned to glance into Ewan's face.

"Come, let us go," said Ewan, with head aside.

"Not yet," said Mona.

Then Jarvis Kerruish, who had stepped aside for a moment, returned and said:

"Will you take a wager with me, Mona — a pair of gloves?"

"Very well," she answered.

"Who do you bet on?"

"Oh, on the stranger," said Mona, coloring slightly, and laughing a little.

"How lucky," said Jarvis, "I bet on the captain."

"I can stand it no longer," whispered Ewan, "will you come?" But Mona's eyes were riveted on the group about the oxen. She did not hear, and Ewan turned away, and walked out of the meadow.

Then there was a shout, and the oxen started with Dan behind them. On they went through the hard, tough ground, tranquilly, steadily, with measured pace, tearing through roots of trees that lay in their way as if nothing could stop them in their great strength.

When the oxen got back after the first stretch the time was called — five minutes thirty seconds — and there was a great cheer, and Mona's pale face was triumphant.

The stranger brought up his horses, and set off again, straining every muscle. He did his stretch in six minutes, four seconds, and another cheer — but it was a cheer for Dan — went up after the figures were called.

Then Dan whipped round his oxen once more, and brought them up to the stake. The excitement among the people was

now very great. Mona clutched her cloak convulsively, and held her breath. Jarvis was watching her closely, and she knew that his cold eyes were on her face.

"One would almost imagine that you were anxious to lose your bet," he said. She made no answer. When the oxen started again her lips closed tightly, as if she was in pain.

On the oxen went, and made the first half of the stretch without a hitch, and, with the blade of the plow lifted, they were wheeling over the furrow end, when a bell rang across the Curragh — it was the bell for the midday meal at Bishop's Court — and instantly they came to a dead stand. Dan called to them, but they did not budge; then his whip fell heavily across their snouts, and they snorted, but stirred not an inch. The people were in a tumult, and shouted with fifty voices at once. Dan's passion mastered him. He brought his whip down over the flanks and across the eyes and noses of the oxen; they winced under the blows that rained down on them, and then shot away across the meadow, tearing up the furrows they had made.

Then there was a cry of vexation and anger from the people, and Dan, who had let go his reins, strode back to the stake. "I've lost," said Dan, with a muttered oath at the oxen.

All this time Jarvis Kerruish had kept his eye steadily fixed on Mona's twitching face. "You've won, Mona," he said, in a cold voice and with an icy smile.

"I must go. Where is Ewan?" she said, tremulously, and before Jarvis was aware she had gone over the grass.

Dan had heard when Ewan declined to act as judge, he had seen when Ewan left the meadow, and though he did not look, he knew when Mona was no longer there. His face was set hard, and it glowed red under his sunburnt skin.

"Davy, bring them up," he said; and Davy Fayle led back the oxen to the front of the stake.

Then Dan unyoked them, took out the long swinging tree that divided them — a heavy wooden bar clamped with iron — and they stood free and began to nibble the grass under their feet.

"Look out!" he shouted, and he swung the bar over his shoulder.

The crowd receded and let an open space in which Dan stood alone with the oxen, his great limbs holding the ground like their own hoofs, his muscles standing out like bulbs on his bare arms.

"What is he going to do — kill them?" said one.

"Look out!" Dan shouted again, and in another moment there was the swish of the bar through the air. Then down the bar came on the forehead of one of the oxen, and it reeled, and its legs gave way, and it fell dead.

The bar was raised again, and again it fell, and the second of the oxen reeled like the first and fell dead beside its old yoke-fellow.

A cry of horror ran through the crowd, but heeding it not at all, Dan threw on his coat and buckled his belt about him, and strode through the people and out at the gate.

. . . . . .

Blind Passion and Pain.

Dan moved uneasily, and presently awoke, opened his eyes, and saw Ewan, and betrayed no surprise at his presence there.

"Ah! Is it you, Ewan?" he said, speaking quietly, partly in a shamefaced way, and with some confusion. "Do you know, I've been dreaming of you — you and Mona?"

Ewan gave no answer. Because sleep is a holy thing, and the brother of death, whose shadow also it is, therefore Ewan's hideous purpose had left him while Dan lay asleep at his feet; but now that Dan was awake, the evil passion came again.

"I was dreaming of that Mother Carey's chicken — you remember it? when we were lumps of lads, you know — why, you can't have forgotten it — the old thing I caught in its nest just under the Head?"

Still Ewan gave no sign, but looked down at Dan resting on his elbows. Dan's eyes fell upon Ewan's face, but he went on in a confused way.

"Mona couldn't bear to see it caged, and would have me put it back. Don't you remember I clambered up to the nest, and put the bird in again? You were down on the shore, thinking sure I would tumble over the Head, and Mona — Mona — "

Dan glanced afresh into Ewan's face, and its look of terror seemed to stupefy him; still he made shift to go on with his dream in an abashed sort of way!

"My gough! If I didn't dream it all as fresh as fresh, and the fight in the air, and the screams when I put the old bird in the nest — the young ones had forgotten it clean, and they

tumbled it out, and set on it terrible, and drove it away — and then the poor old thing on the rocks sitting by itself as lonesome as lonesome — and little Mona crying and crying down below, and her long hair rip-rip-rippling in the wind, and — and — "

Dan had got to his feet, and then seated himself on a stool as he rambled on with the story of his dream. But once again his shifty eyes came back to Ewan's face, and he stopped short.

"My God, what is it?" he cried.

Now Ewan, standing there with a thousand vague forms floating in his brain, had heard little of what Dan had said, but he had noted his confused manner, and had taken this story of the dream as a feeble device to hide the momentary discomfiture.

"What does it mean?" he said. "It means that this island is not large enough to hold both you and me."

"What?"

"It means that you must go away."

"Away!"

"Yes — and at once."

In the pause that followed after his first cry of amazement, Dan thought only of the bad business of the killing of the oxen at the plowing match that morning, and so, in a tone of utter abasement, with his face to the ground, he went on, in a blundering, humble way, to allow that Ewan had reason for his anger.

"I'm a blind headstrong fool, I know that — and my temper is — well, it's damnable, that's the fact — but no one suffers from it more than I do, and if I could have felled myself after I had felled the oxen, why down . . . Ewan, for the sake of the dear old times when we were good chums, you and I and little Mona, with her quiet eyes, God bless her ——!"

"Go away, and never come back to either of us," cried Ewan, stamping his foot.

Dan paused and there was a painful silence.

"Why should I go away?" he said, with an effort at quietness.

"Because you are a scoundrel — the basest scoundrel on God's earth — the foulest traitor — the blackest-hearted monster — "

Dan's sunburnt face whitened under his tawny skin.

"Easy, easy, man veen, easy," he said, struggling visibly

for self-command, while he interrupted Ewan's torrent of reproaches.

"You are a disgrace and a by-word. Only the riff-raff of the island are your friends and associates."

"That's true enough, Ewan," said Dan, and his head fell between his hands, his elbows resting on his knees.

"What are you doing? Drinking, gambling, roystering, cheating — yes — "

Dan got on his feet uneasily and took a step to and fro about the little place; then sat again, and buried his head in his hands as before.

"I've been a reckless, self-willed, mad fool, Ewan, but no worse than that. And if you could see me as God sees me, and know how I suffer for my follies and curse them, for all I seem to make so light of them, and how I am driven to them one on the head of another, perhaps — perhaps — perhaps you would have pity — ay, pity."

"Pity? Pity for you? You who have brought your father to shame? He is the ruin of the man he was. You have impoverished him; you have spent his substance and wasted it. Ay, and you have made his gray head a mark for reproach. 'Set your own house in order' — that's what the world says to the man of God, whose son is a child of the — "

"Stop!" cried Dan.

He had leapt to his feet, his fist clinched, his knuckles showing like nuts of steel.

But Ewan went on, standing there with a face that was ashy white above his black coat. "Your heart is as dead as your honor. And that is not all, but you must outrage the honor of another."

Now, when Ewan said this, Dan thought of his forged signature, and of the censure and suspension to which Ewan was thereby made liable.

"Go away," Ewan cried again, motioning Dan off with his trembling hand.

Dan lifted his eyes. "And what if I refuse?" he said in a resolute way.

"Then take the consequences."

"You mean the consequences of that — that — that forgery?"

At this Ewan realized the thought in Dan's mind, and perceived that Dan conceived him capable of playing upon his fears by holding over his head the penalty of an offence which

he had already taken upon himself. "God in heaven!" he thought, "and this is the pitiful creature whom I have all these years taken to my heart."

"Is that what your loyalty comes to?" said Dan, and his lip curled.

"Loyalty!" cried Ewan, in white wrath. "Loyalty, and you talk to me of loyalty — you who have outraged the honor of my sister — "

"Mona!"

"I have said it at last, though the word blisters my tongue. Go away from the island forever, and let me never see your face again."

Dan rose to his feet with rigid limbs. He looked about him for a moment in a dazed silence, and put his hand to his forehead as if he had lost himself.

"Do you believe *that?*" he said, in a slow whisper.

"Don't deny it — don't let me know you for a liar as well," Ewan said, eagerly; and then added in another tone, "I have had her own confession."

"Her confession?"

"Yes, and the witness of another."

"The witness of another!"

Dan echoed Ewan's words in a vague, half-conscious way.

Then, in a torrent of hot words that seemed to blister and sting the man who spoke them no less than the man who heard them, Ewan told all, and Dan listened like one in a stupor.

There was silence, and then Ewan spoke again in a tone of agony. "Dan, there was a time when in spite of yourself I loved you — yes, though I'm ashamed to say it, for it was against God's own leading; still I loved you, Dan. But let us part forever now, and each go his own way, and perhaps, though we can never forget the wrong that you have done us, we may yet think more kindly of you, and time may help us to forgive — "

But Dan had awakened from his stupor, and he flung aside.

"Damn your forgiveness!" he said, hotly, and then, with with teeth set and lips drawn hard and eyes aflame, he turned upon Ewan and strode up to him, and they stood together face to face.

"You said just now that there was not room enough in the island for you and me," he said, in a hushed whisper. "You were right, but I shall mend your words: if you believe what

you have said — by Heaven, I'll not deny it for you! — there is not room enough for both of us in the world."

"It was my own thought," said Ewan, and then for an instant each looked into the other's eyes and read the other's purpose.

The horror of that moment of silence was broken by the lifting of the latch. Davy Fayle came shambling into the tent on some pretended errand. He took off his militia belt with the dagger in the sheath attached to it, and hung it on a long rusty nail driven into an upright timber at one corner. Then he picked up from among some ling on the floor a waterproof coat and put it on. He was going out, with furtive glances at Dan and Ewan, who said not a word in his presence, and were bearing themselves toward each other with a painful constraint, when his glance fell on the hatchet which lay a few feet from the door. Davy picked it up and carried it out, muttering to himself, "Strange, strange, uncommon!"

Hardly had the boy dropped the latch of the door from without than Ewan took the militia belt from the nail and buckled it about his waist. Dan understood his thought; he was still wearing his own militia belt and dagger. There was now not an instant's paltering between them — not a word of explanation.

"We must get rid of the lad," said Dan.

Ewan bowed his head. It had come to him to reflect that when all was over Mona might hear of what had been done. What they had to do was to be done for her honor, or for what seemed to be her honor in that blind tangle of passion and circumstance. But none the less, though she loved both of them now, would she loathe that one who returned to her with the blood of the other upon him.

"She must never know," he said. "Send the boy away. Then we must go to where this work can be done between you and me alone."

Dan had followed his thought in silence, and was stepping toward the door to call to Davy, when the lad came back, carrying a log of driftwood for the fire. There were some small flakes of snow on his waterproof coat.

"Go up to the shambles, Davy," said Dan, speaking with an effort at composure, "and tell Jemmy Curghey to keep me the ox-horns."

Davy looked up in a vacant way, and his lip lagged low.

"Aw, and didn't you tell Jemmy yourself, and terrible partic'-lar, too?"

"Do you say so Davy?"

"Sarten sure."

"Then just slip away and fetch them."

Davy fixed the log on the fire, tapped it into the flame, glanced anxiously at Dan and Ewan, and then in a lingering way went out. His simple face looked sad under its vacant expression.

The men listened while the lad's footsteps could be heard on the shingle, above the deep murmur of the sea. Then Dan stepped to the door and threw it open.

"Now," he said.

It was rapidly growing dark. The wind blew strongly into the shed. Dan stepped out, and Ewan followed him.

They walked in silence through the gully that led from the creek to the cliff head. The snow that had begun to fall was swirled about in the wind that came from over the sea, and, spinning in the air, it sometimes beat against their faces.

Ewan went along like a man condemned to death. He had begun to doubt, though he did not know it, and would have shut his mind to the idea if it had occurred to him. But once, when Dan seemed to stop as if only half resolved, and partly turn his face toward him, Ewan mistook his intention. "He is going to tell me that there is some hideous error," he thought. He was burning for that word. But no, Dan went plodding on again, and never after shifted his steadfast gaze, never spoke, and gave no sign. At length he stopped, and Ewan stopped with him. They were standing on the summit of Orris Head.

It was a sad, a lonesome, and a desolate place, in sight of a wide waste of common land, without a house, and with never a tree rising above the purple gorse and tussocks of long grass. The sky hung very low over it; the steep red cliffs, with their patches of green in ledges, swept down from it to the shingle and the sharp shelves of slate covered with sea-weed. The ground swell came up from below with a very mournful noise, but the air seemed to be empty, and every beat of the foot on the soft turf sounded near and large. Above their heads the sea-fowl kept up a wild clamor, and far out, where sea and sky seemed to meet in the gathering darkness, the sea's steady blow on the bare rocks of the naze sent up a deep, hoarse boom.

Dan unbuckled his belt, and threw off his coat and vest.

Ewan did the same, and they stood there face to face in the thin flakes of snow, Dan in his red shirt, Ewan in his white shirt open at the neck, these two men whose souls had been knit together as the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and each ready to lift his hand against his heart's best brother. Then all at once a startled cry came from near at hand.

It was Davy Fayle's voice. The lad had not gone to the shambles. Realizing in some vague way that the errand was a subterfuge and that mischief was about, he had hidden himself at a little distance, and had seen when Dan and Ewan came out of the tent together. Creeping through the ling, and partly hidden by the dusk, he had followed the men until they had stopped on the Head. Then Davy had dropped to his knees. His ideas were obscure, he scarcely knew what was going on before his eyes, but he held his breath and watched and listened. At length, when the men threw off their clothes, the truth dawned on Davy; and though he tried to smother an exclamation, a cry of terror burst from his husky throat.

Dan and Ewan exchanged glances, and each seemed in one moment to read the other's thoughts. In another instant, at three quick strides, Dan had taken Davy by the shoulders.

"Promise," he said, "that you will never tell what you have seen."

Davy struggled to free himself, but his frantic efforts were useless. In Dan's grip he was held as in a vice.

"Let me go, Mastha Dan," the lad cried.

"Promise to hold your tongue," said Dan; "promise it, promise it."

"Let me go, will you? let me go," the lad shouted sullenly.

"Be quiet," said Dan.

"I won't be quiet," was the stubborn answer. "Help! help! help!" and the lad screamed lustily.

"Hold your tongue, or by G—"

Dan held Davy by one of his great hands hitched into the lad's guernsey, and he lifted the other hand threateningly.

"Help! help! help!" Davy screamed still louder, and [illegible] yet more fiercely, until his strength was spent, and his [illegible] was gone, and then there was a moment's silence.

[illegible] place was still as desolate as before. Not a [illegible]; not an answering cry.

[illegible]ready to help you," said Dan. "You have got

to promise never to tell what you have seen to man, woman, or child."

"I won't promise, and I won't hould my tongue," said the lad, stoutly. "You are goin' to fight, you and Mastha Ewan, and —"

Dan stopped him. "Hearken here. If you are to live another hour you will promise —"

But Davy had regained both strength and voice.

"I don't care — help! help! help!" he shouted.

Dan put his hand over the lad's mouth, and dragged him to the cliff head. Below was the brant steep, dark and jagged, and quivering in the deepening gloom, and the sea-birds were darting through the mid-air like bats in the dark.

"Look," said Dan, "you've got to swear never to tell what you have seen to-night, so help you God."

The lad, held tightly by the breast and throat, and gripping the arms that held him with fingers that clung like claws, took one horrified glance down into the darkness. He struggled no longer. His face was very pitiful to see.

"I cannot promise," he said, in a voice like a cry.

At that answer Dan drew Davy back from the cliff edge, and loosed his hold of him. He was abashed and ashamed. He felt himself a little man by the side of this half-daft fisher-lad.

All this time Ewan had stood aside looking on while Dan demanded the promise, and saying nothing. Now he went up to Davy, and said, in a quiet voice:

"Davy, if you should ever tell anyone what you have seen, Dan will be a lost man all his life hereafter."

"Then let him pitch me over the cliff," said Davy, in a smothered cry.

"Listen to me, Davy," Ewan went on; "you're a brave lad, and I know what's in your head, but —"

"Then what for do you want to fight him?" Davy broke out. The lad's throat was dry and husky, and his eyes were growing dim.

Ewan paused. Half his passion was spent. Davy's poor dense head had found him a question that he could not answer.

"Davy, if you don't promise, you will ruin Dan — yes, it will be you who will ruin him, you, remember that. He will be a lost man, and my sister, my good sister Mona, she will be a broken-hearted woman."

Then Davy broke down utterly, and big tears filled his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

"I promise," he sobbed.

"Good lad — now go."

Davy turned about and went away, at first running, and then dragging slowly, then running again, and then again lingering.

What followed was a very pitiful conflict of emotion. Nature, who looks down pitilessly on man and his big, little passions, that clamor so loud but never touch her at all — even Nature played her part in this tragedy.

When Davy Fayle was gone, Dan and Ewan stood face to face as before, Dan with his back to the cliff, Ewan with his face to the sea. Then, without a word, each turned aside and picked up his militia belt.

The snowflakes had thickened during the last few moments, but now they seemed to cease and the sky to lighten. Suddenly in the west the sky was cloven as though by the sweep of a sword, and under a black bar of cloud and above a silvered water-line the sun came through very red and hazy in its setting, and with its ragged streamers around it.

Ewan was buckling the belt about his waist when the setting sun rose upon them, and all at once there came to him the Scripture that says, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath." If God's hand had appeared in the heavens, the effect on Ewan could not have been greater. Already his passion was more than half gone, and now it melted entirely away.

"Dan," he cried, and his voice was a sob, "Dan, I cannot fight — right or wrong I cannot," and he flung himself down, and the tears filled his eyes.

Then Dan, whose face was afire, laughed loud and bitterly. "Coward," he said, "coward and poltroon!"

At that word all the evil passion came back to Ewan and he leapt to his feet.

"That is enough," he said; "the belts — buckle them together."

Dan understood Ewan's purpose. At the next breath the
bout Dan's waist was buckled to the belt about the waist
an, and the two men stood strapped together. Then
ew the daggers, and an awful struggle followed.
breast to breast until their flesh all but touched, and
hs entwined, they reeled and swayed, the right hand

of each held up for thrust, the left for guard and parry. What Dan gained in strength Ewan made up in rage, and the fight was fierce and terrible. Dan still with his back to the cliff. Ewan still with his face to the sea.

At one instant Dan, by his great stature, had reached over Ewan's shoulder to thrust from behind, and at the next instant Ewan had wrenched his lithe body backward and had taken the blow in his lifted arm, which forthwith spouted blood above the wrist. In that encounter they reeled about, changing places, and Ewan's back was henceforward toward the cliff, and Dan fought with his face toward the sea.

It was a hideous and savage fight. The sun had gone down, the cleft in the heavens had closed again, once more the thin flakes of snow were falling, and the world had dropped back to its dark mood. The stormy petrel came up from the cliff and swirled above the men as they fought, and made its direful scream over them.

Up and down, to and fro, embracing closely, clutching, guarding, and meantime panting hoarsely, and drawing hard breath, the two men fought in their deadly hate. At last they had backed and swayed to within three yards of the cliff, and then Ewan, with the grasp of a drowning man flung his weapon into the air, and Dan ripped his dagger's edge across the belts that bound them together, and at the next breath the belts were cut, and the two were divided, and Ewan, separated from Dan, and leaning heavily backward, was reeling, by force of his own weight, toward the cliff.

Then Dan stood as one transfixed with uplifted hand, and a deep groan came from his throat. Passion and pain were gone from him in that awful moment, and the world itself seemed to be blotted out. When he came to himself, he was standing on the cliff head alone.

The clock in the old church was striking. How the bell echoed on that lonely height! One — two — three — four — five. Five o'clock! Everything else was silent as death. The day was gone. The snow began to fall in thick, large flakes. It fell heavily on Dan's hot cheeks and bare neck. His heart seemed to stand still, and the very silence itself was awful. His terror stupefied him. "What have I done?" he asked himself. He could not think. He covered his eyes with his hands, and strode up and down the cliff head, up and down, up and down. Then in a bewildered state of semi-consciousness

he looked out to sea, and there far off, a league away, he saw a black thing looming large against the darkening sky. He recognized that it was a sail, and then perceived that it was a lugger, and quite mechanically he tried to divide the mainmast and mizzen, the mainsail and yawlsail, and to note if the boat were fetching to leeward or beating down the Channel.

All at once sea and sky were blotted out, and he could not stand on his legs, but dropped to his knees, and great beads of perspiration rolled down his face and neck. He tried to call "Ewan! Ewan!" but he could not utter the least cry. His throat was parched; his tongue swelled and filled his mouth. His lips moved, but no words came from him. Then he rose to his feet, and the world flowed back upon him; the sea-fowl crying over his head, the shrillness of the wind in the snow-capped gorse, and the sea's hoarse voice swelling upward through the air, while its heavy, monotonous blow on the beach shook the earth beneath him. If anything else had appeared to Dan at that moment, he must have screamed with terror.

Quaking in every limb, he picked up his clothes and turned back toward the shore. He was so feeble that he could scarcely walk through the snow that now lay thick on the short grass. When he reached the mouth of the gully he did not turn into the shed, but went on over the pebbles of the creek. His bloodshot eyes, which almost started from their sockets, glanced eagerly from side to side. At last he saw the thing he sought, and now that it was under him, within reach of his hand, he dare hardly look upon it.

At the foot of a jagged crag that hung heavily over from the cliff the body of Ewan Mylrea lay dead and cold. There was no mark of violence upon it save a gash on the wrist of the left hand, and over the wound there was a clot of blood. The white face lay deep in the breast, as if the neck had been dislocated. There were no other outward marks of injury from the fall. The body was outstretched on its back, with one arm — the left arm — lying half over the forehead, and the other, the right arm, with the hand open and the listless fingers apart, thrown loosely aside.

Dan knelt beside the body, and his heart was benumbed like ice. He tried to pray, but no prayer would come, and he could not weep.

"Ewan! Ewan!" he cried at length, and his voice of agony rolled round the corpse like the soughing of the wind.

"Ewan! Ewan!" he cried again; but only the sea's voice broke the silence that followed. Then his head fell on the cold breast, and his arms covered the lifeless body, and he cried upon God to have mercy on him, and to lift up His hand against him and cut him off.

Presently he got on his feet, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, he lifted the body in his arms, with the head lying backward on his shoulder, and the white face looking up in its stony stare to the darkening heavens. As he did so his eyes were raised to the cliff, and there, clearly outlined over the black crags and against the somewhat lighter sky, he saw the figure of a man.

He toiled along toward the shed. He was so weak that he could scarce keep on his legs, and when he reached the little place at the mouth of the creek he was more dead than alive. He put the body to lie on the bed of straw on which he had himself slept and dreamed an hour before. Then all at once he felt a low sort of cunning coming over him, and he went back to the door and shut it, and drew the long wooden bolt into its iron hoop on the jamb.

He had hardly done so when he heard an impatient footstep on the shingle outside. In another instant the latch was lifted and the door pushed heavily. Then there was a knock. Dan made no answer, but stood very still and held his breath. There was another knock, and another. Then, in a low, tremulous murmur there came the words:

"Where is he? God A'mighty! where is he?" It was Davy Fayle. Another knock, louder, and still no reply.

"Mastha Dan, Mastha Dan, they're coming; Mastha Dan, God A'mighty! —"

Davy was now tramping restlessly to and fro. Dan was trying to consider what it was best to do, whether to open to Davy and hear what he had to say, or to carry it off as if he were not within, when another foot sounded on the shingle and cut short his meditations.

"Have you seen Mr. Ewan — Parson Ewan?"

Dan recognized the voice. It was the voice of Jarvis Kerruish.

Davy did not answer immediately.

"Have you seen him, eh?"

"No, sir," Davy faltered.

"Then why didn't you say so at once? It is very strange.

The people said he was walking toward the creek. There's no way out in this direction, is there?"

"Way out—this direction? Yes, sir," Davy stammered.

"How? show me the way."

"By the sea, sir."

"The sea! Simpleton, what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for the boat, sir."

"What shed is this?"

Dan could hear that at this question Davy was in a fever of excitement.

"Only a place for bits of net and cable, and all to that," said Davy, eagerly.

Dan could feel that Jarvis had stepped up to the shed, and that he was trying to look in through the little window."

"Do you keep a fire to warm your nets and cables?" he asked in a suspicious tone.

At the next moment he was trying to force the door. Dan stood behind. The bolt creaked in the hasp. If the hasp should give way, he and Jarvis would stand face to face.

"Strange—there's something strange about all this," said the man outside. "I heard a scream as I came over the Head. Did you hear anything?"

"I tell you I heard nothing," said Davy, sullenly.

Dan grew dizzy, and groping for something to cling to, his hand scraped across the door.

"Wait! I could have sworn I heard something move inside. Who keeps the key of this shed?"

"Kay? There's never a kay at the like of it."

"Then how is it fastened? From within? Wait—let me see."

There was a sound like the brushing of a hand over the outside face of the door.

"Has the snow stopped up the keyhole, or is there no such thing? Or is the door fastened by a padlock?"

Dan had regained his self-possession by this time. He felt an impulse to throw the door open. He groped at his waist for the dagger, but belt and dagger were both gone.

"All this is very strange," said Jarvis, and then he seemed to turn from the door and move away.

"Stop. Where is the man Dan—the captain?" he asked, from a little distance.

"I dunno," said Davy, stoutly.

"That's a lie, my lad."

Then the man's footsteps went off in dull beats on the snow-clotted pebbles.

After a moment's silence there was a soft knocking; Davy had crept up to the door.

"Mastha Dan," he whispered, amid panting breath.

Dan did not stir. The latch was lifted in vain.

"Mastha Dan, Mastha Dan." The soft knocking continued.

Dan found his voice at last.

"Go away, Davy — go away," he said, hoarsely.

There was a short pause, and then there came from without an answer like a sob.

"I'm going, Mastha Dan."

After that all was silent as death. Half an hour later, Dan Mylrea was walking through the darkness toward Ballamona. In his blind misery he was going to Mona. The snow was not falling now, and in the lift of the storm the sky was lighter than it had been. As Dan passed the old church, he could just descry the clock. The snow lay thick on the face, and clogged the hands. The clock had stopped. It stood at five exactly.

The blind leading that is here of passion by accident is everywhere that great tragedies are done. It is not the evil in man's heart more than the deep perfidy of circumstance that brings him to crime.

The Voice in the Night.

However bleak the night, however dark the mood of the world might be, there was a room in Ballamona that was bright with one beautiful human flower in bloom. Mona was there — Mona of the quiet eyes and the silent ways and the little elfish head. It was Christmas Eve with her as with other people, and she was dressing the house in hibbin and hollin from a great mountain of both that Hommy-beg had piled up in the hall. She was looking very smart and happy that night in her short body of homespun turned in from neck to waist, showing a white habit-shirt and a white handkerchief crossed upon it; a quilted overskirt and linen apron that did not fall so low as to hide the open-work stockings and the sandal-shoes. Her room, too, was bright and sweet, with its glowing fire of peat and logs on the wide hearth, its lamp on the square oak table, and the oak

settle drawn up between them. In one corner of the settle, bubbling and babbling and sputtering and cooing amid a very crater of red baize cushions, was Mona's foster-child, Ewan's motherless daughter, lying on her back, and fighting the air with clinched fists.

While Mona picked out the hibbin from the hollin, dissected both, made arches and crosses and crowns and rosettes, and then sprinkled flour to resemble snow on the red berries and the green leaves, she sung an old Manx ballad in snatches, or prattled to the little one in that half-articulate tongue that comes with the instinct of motherhood to every good woman that God ever makes.

I rede ye beware of the Carrasdoo men
As ye come up the wold;
I rede ye beware of the haunted glen —

But a fretful whimper would interrupt the singer.

"Hush, hush, Ailee darling — hush."

The whimper would be hushed, and again there would be a snatch of the ballad:

In Jorby Curragh they dwell alone
By dark peat bogs, where the willows moan,
Down in a gloomy and lonely glen —

Once again the whimper would stop the song.

"Hush, darling; papa is coming to Ailee, yes; and Ailee will see papa, yes, and papa will see Ailee, yes, and Ailee" —

Then a long, low gurgle, a lovely head leaning over the back of the settle and dropping to the middle of the pillow like a lark to its nest in the grass, a long liquid kiss on the soft round baby legs, and then a perfect fit of baby laughter.

It was as pretty a picture as the world had in it on that bleak Christmas Eve. Whatever tumult might reign without, there within was a nest of peace.

Mona was expecting Ewan at Ballamona that night, and now she was waiting for his coming. It was true that when he was there three hours ago it was in something like anger that they had parted, but Mona recked nothing of that. She knew Ewan's impetuous temper no better than his conciliatory spirit. He would come to-night, as he had promised yesterday, and if there had been anger between them it would then be gone.

Twenty times she glanced at the little clock with the lion

face and the pendulum like a dog's head that swung above the ingle. Many a time, with head aslant, with parted lips, and eyes alight, she cried "Hark!" to the little one when a footstep would sound in the hall. But Ewan did not come, and meantime the child grew more and more fretful as her bedtime approached. At length Mona undressed her and carried her off to her crib in the room adjoining, and sung softly to her while she struggled hard with sleep under the oak hood with the ugly beasts carved on it, until sleep had conquered and all was silence and peace. Then, leaving a tallow dip burning on the table between the crib and the bed, lest perchance the little one should awake and cry from fear of the darkness, Mona went back to her sitting-room to finish off the last bunch of the hibbin and hollin.

The last bunch was a bit of prickly green, with a cluster of the reddest berries, and Mona hung it over a portrait of her brother, which was painted by a great artist from England when Ewan was a child. The Deemster had turned the portrait out of the dining-room after the painful interview at Bishop's Court about the loan and surety, and Mona had found it, face to the wall, in a lumber-room. She looked at it now with a new interest. When she hung the hollin over it she recognized for the first time a resemblance to the little Aileen whom she had just put to bed. How strange it seemed that Ewan had once been a child like Ailee!

Then she began to feel that Ewan was late in coming, and to make conjectures as to the cause of his delay. Her father's house was fast becoming a cheerless place to her. More than ever the Deemster was lost to her. Jarvis Kerruish, her stranger-brother, was her father's companion; and this seemed to draw her closer to Ewan for solace and cheer.

Then she sat on the settle to thread some loose berries that had fallen, and to think of Dan — the high-spirited, reckless, rollicking, headstrong, tender-hearted, thoughtless, brave, stubborn, daring, dear, dear Dan — Dan, who was very, very much to her in her great loneliness. Let other people rail at Dan if they would; he was wrapped up with too many of her fondest memories to allow of disloyalty like that. Dan would yet justify her belief in him. Oh, yes, he would yet be a great man, all the world would say it was so, and she would be very proud that he was her cousin — yes, her cousin, or perhaps, perhaps — And then, without quite daring to follow up that delicious train

of thought, even in her secret heart, though none might look there and say if it was unmaidenly, Mona came back to the old Manx ballad, and sung to herself another verse of it:

> Who has not heard of Adair, the youth?
> Who does not know that his soul was truth?
> Woe is me! how smoothly they speak,
> And Adair was brave, and a man, but weak.

All at once her hand went up to her forehead, and the words of the old song seemed to have a new significance. Hardly had her voice stopped and her last soft note ceased to ring in the quiet room, when she thought she heard her own name called twice — "Mona! Mona!"

The voice was Ewan's voice, and it seemed to come from her bedroom. She rose from the settle, and went into her room. There was no one there save the child. The little one was disturbed in her sleep at the moment, and was twisting restlessly, making a faint cry. It was very strange. The voice had been Ewan's voice, and it had been deep and tremulous, as the voice of one in trouble.

Presently the child settled itself to sleep, all was silent as before, and Mona went back to the sitting-room. Scarcely was she seated afresh when she heard the voice again, and it again called her twice by name, "Mona! Mona!" in the same tremulous tone, but very clear and distinct.

Then tremblingly Mona rose once more and went into her room, for thence the voice seemed to come. No one was there. The candle burned fitfully, and suddenly the child cried in its sleep — that strange night-cry that freezes the blood of one who is awake to hear it. It was very, very strange.

Feeling faint, hardly able to keep on her feet, Mona went back to the sitting-room and opened the door that led into the hall. No one seemed to be stirring. The door of her father's study opposite was closed, and there was talking — the animated talking of two persons — within.

Mona turned back, closed her door quietly, and then, summoning all her courage, she walked to the window and drew the heavy curtains aside. The hoops from which they hung rattled noisily over the pole. Putting her face close to the glass, and shading her eyes from the light of the lamp behind her, she looked out. She saw that the snow had fallen since the lamp had been lit at dusk. There was snow on the ground,

and thin snow on the leafless boughs of the trees. She could see nothing else. She even pushed up the sash, and called:

"Who is there?"

But there came no answer. The wind moaned about the house, and the sea rumbled in the distance. She pulled the sash down again.

Then, leaving the curtain drawn back, she turned again into the room, and partly to divert her mind from the mysterious apprehensions that had seized it, she sat down at the little harpsichord that stood on the farther side of the ingle against the wall that ran at right angles from the window.

At first her fingers ran nervously over the keys, but they gained force as she went on, and the volume of sound seemed to dissipate her fears.

"It is nothing," she thought. "I have been troubled about what Ewan said to-day, and I'm nervous — that is all."

And as she played her eyes looked not at the finger-board, but across her shoulder toward the bare window. Then suddenly there came to her a sensation that made her flesh to creep. It was as if from the darkness outside there were eyes which she could not see looking steadily in upon her where she sat.

Her blood rushed to her head, she felt dizzy, the playing ceased, and she clung by one hand to the candle-rest of the harpsichord. Then once more she distinctly heard the same deep, tremulous voice call her by her name — "Mona! Mona!"

Faint and all but reeling, she arose again, and again made her way to the bedroom. As before, the child was restless in her sleep. It seemed as if all the air were charged. Mona had almost fallen from fright, when all at once she heard a sound that she could not mistake, and instantly she recovered some self-possession.

It was the sound of the window of her sitting-room being thrown open from without. She ran back, and saw Dan Mylrea climbing into the room.

"Dan!" she cried.

"Mona."

"Did you call?"

"When?"

"Now — a little while ago?"

"No."

A great trembling shook Dan's whole frame. Mona perceived it, and a sensation of disaster not yet attained to the clearness of an idea took hold of her.

"Where is Ewan?" she said.

He tried to avoid her gaze. "Why do you ask for him?" said Dan, in a faltering voice.

"Where is he?" she asked again.

He grew dizzy, and laid hold of the settle for support. The question she asked was that which he had come to answer, but his tongue clave to his mouth.

Very pale and almost rigid from the heaviness of a great fear which she felt but could not understand, she watched him when he reeled like a drunken man.

"He has called me three times. Where is he? He was to be here to-night," she said.

"Ewan will not come to-night," he answered, scarcely audibly; "not to-night, Mona, or to-morrow — or ever — no, he will never come again."

The horrible apprehension that had taken hold of her leaped to the significance of his words, and, almost before he had spoken, a cry burst from her.

"Ewan is dead — he is dead; Mona, our Ewan, he is dead," he faltered.

She dropped to the settle, and cried, in the excess of her first despair, "Ewan, Ewan! to think that I shall see him no more!" and then she wept. All the time Dan stood over her, leaning heavily to bear himself up, trembling visibly, and with a look of great agony fixed upon her, as if he had not the strength to turn his eyes away.

"Yes, yes, our Ewan is dead," he repeated in a murmur that came up from his heart. "The truest friend, the fondest brother, the whitest soul, the dearest, bravest, purest, noblest — O God! O God! dead, dead! Worse, a hundredfold worse — Mona, he is murdered."

At that she raised herself up, and a bewildered look was in her eyes.

"Murdered? No, that is not possible. He was beloved by all. There is no one who would kill him — there is no one alive with a heart so black."

"Yes, Mona, but there is," he said; "there is one man with a heart so black."

"Who is he?"

"Who! He is the foulest creature on God's earth. Oh, God in heaven! why was he born?"

"Who is he?"

He bowed his head where he stood before her, and beads of sweat started from his brow.

"Cursed be the hour when that man was born!" he said in an awful whisper.

Then Mona's despair came upon her like a torrent, and she wept long. In the bitterness of her heart she cried:

"Cursed indeed, cursed forever! Dan, Dan, you must kill him — you must kill that man!"

But at the sound of that word from her own lips the spirit of revenge left her on the instant, and she cried, "No, no, not that." Then she went down on her knees and made a short and piteous prayer for forgiveness for her thought. "O Father," she prayed, "forgive me. I did not know what I said. But Ewan is dead! O Father, our dear Ewan is murdered. Some black-hearted man has killed him. Vengeance is Thine. Yes, I know that. O Father, forgive me. But to think that Ewan is gone forever, and that base soul lives on. Vengeance is Thine; but, O Father, let Thy vengeance fall upon him. If it is Thy will, let Thy hand be on him. Follow him, Father; follow him with Thy vengeance" —

She had flung herself on her knees by the settle, her upturned eyes wide open, and her two trembling hands held above her head. Dan stood beside her, and as she prayed a deep groan came up from his heart, his breast swelled, and his throat seemed to choke. At last he clutched her by the shoulders and interrupted her prayer, and cried, "Mona, Mona, what are you saying — what are you saying? Stop, stop!"

She rose to her feet. "I have done wrong," she said, more quietly. "He is in God's hands. Yes, it is for God to punish him."

Then Dan said, in a heart-rending voice:

"Mona, he did not mean to kill Ewan — they fought — it was all in the heat of blood."

Once more he tried to avoid her gaze, and once more, pale and immovable, she watched his face.

"Who is he?" she asked, with an awful calmness.

"Mona, turn your face away from me, and I will tell you," he said.

Then everything swam about her, and her pale lips grew ashy.

"Don't you know?" he asked in a whisper.

She did not turn her face, and he was compelled to look at her now. His glaring eyes were fixed upon her.

"Don't you know?" he whispered again, and then, in a scarcely audible voice, he said, "It was I, Mona."

At that she grew cold with horror. Her features became changed beyond recognition. She recoiled from him, stretched her trembling hands before her as if to keep him off.

"Oh, horror! Do not touch me!" she cried, faintly, through the breath that came so hard.

"Do not spare me, Mona," he said in a great sob. "Do not spare me. You do right not to spare me. I have stained my hands with your blood."

Then she sunk to the settle, and held her head, while he stood by her and told her all — all the bitter, blundering truth — and bit by bit she grasped the tangled tale, and realized the blind passion and pain that had brought them to such a pass, and saw her own unwitting share in it.

And he on his part saw the product of his headstrong wrath, and the pitiful grounds for it, so small and so absurd as such grounds oftenest are. And together these shipwrecked voyagers on the waters of life sat and wept, and wondered what evil could be in hell itself if man in his blindness could find the world so full of it.

And Dan cursed himself and said:

"Oh, the madness of thinking that if either were gone the other could ever again know one hour's happiness with you, Mona. Ay, though the crime lay hidden, yet would it wither and blast every hour. And now, behold, at the first moment, I am bringing my burden of sin, too heavy for myself, to you. I am a coward — yes, I am a coward. You will turn your back upon me, Mona, and then I shall be alone."

She looked at him with infinite compassion, and her heart surged within her as she listened to his voice of great agony.

"Ah me! and I asked God to curse you," she said. "Oh how wicked that prayer was! Will God hear it? Merciful Father, do not hear it. I did not know what I said. I am a blind, ignorant creature, but Thou seest and knowest best. Pity him, and forgive him. Oh, no, God will not hear my wicked prayer."

Thus in fitful outbursts she talked and prayed. It was

as if a tempest had torn up every tie of her soul. Dan listened, and he looked at her with swimming eyes.

"And do you pray for me, Mona?" he said.

"Who will pray for you if I do not? In all the world there will not be one left to speak kindly of you if I speak ill. Oh, Dan, it will become known, and everyone will be against you."

"And can you think well of him who killed your brother?"

"But you are in such sorrow; you are so miserable."

Then Dan's great frame shook woefully, and he cried in his pain — "Mercy, mercy, have mercy! What have I lost? What love have I lost?"

At that Mona's weeping ceased; she looked at Dan through her lashes, still wet, and said in another tone:

"Dan, do not think me unmaidenly. If you had done well, if you had realized my hopes of you, if you had grown to be the good and great man I longed to see you, then, though I might have yearned for you, I would rather have died with my secret than speak of it. But now, now that all this is not so, now that it is a lost faith, now that by God's will you are to be abased before the whole world — oh, do not think me unmaidenly, now I tell you, Dan, that I love you, and have always loved you."

"Mona!" he cried, in a low, passionate tone, and took one step toward her and held out his hands. There was an unspeakable language in her face.

"Yes; and that where you go I must go also, though it were to disgrace and shame — "

She had turned toward him lovingly, yearningly, with heaving breast. With a great cry he flung his arms about her, and the world of pain and sorrow was for that instant blotted out.

But all the bitter flood came rushing back upon them. He put her from him with a strong shudder.

"We are clasping hands over a tomb, Mona. Our love is known too late. We are mariners cast on a rock within a cable's length of harbor, but cut off from it by a cruel sea that may never be passed. We are hopeless within sight of hope. Our love is known in vain. It is a vision of what might have been in the days that are lost forever. We can never clasp hands, for, O God! a cold hand is between us, and lies in the hand of both."

Then again she fell to weeping, but suddenly she arose as if struck by a sudden idea.

"You will be taken," she said; "how can I have forgotten it so long? You must fly from the island. You must get away to-night. To-morrow all will be discovered."

"I will not leave the island," said Dan, firmly. "Can you drive me from you?" he said, with a suppliant look. "Yes, you do well to drive me away."

"My love, I do not drive you from me. I would have you here forever. But you will be taken. Quick, the world is wide."

"There is no world for me save here, Mona. To go from you now is to go forever, and I would rather die by my own hand than face such banishment."

"No, no, not that; never, never that. That would imperil your soul, and then we should be divided forever."

"It is so already, Mona," said Dan, with solemnity. "We are divided forever — as the blessed are divided from the damned."

"Don't say that, don't say that."

"Yes, Mona," he said, with a fearful calmness, "we have thought of my crime as against Ewan, as against you, myself, the world, and its law. But it is a crime against God also, and surely it is the unpardonable sin."

"Don't say that, Dan. There is one great anchor of hope."

"What is that, Mona?"

"Ewan is with God. At this moment, while we stand here together, Ewan sees God."

"Ah!"

Dan dropped to his knees with awe at that thought, and drew off the cap which he had worn until then, and bent his head.

"Yes, he died in anger and in strife," said Mona; "but God is merciful. He knows the feebleness of his creatures, and has pity. Yes, our dear Ewan is with God; now he knows what you suffer, my poor Dan; and he is taking blame to himself and pleading for you."

"No, no; I did it all, Mona. He would not have fought. He would have made peace at the last, but I drove him on. 'I cannot fight, Dan,' he said. I can see him saying it, and the sun was setting. No, it was not fight, it was murder

And God will punish me, my poor girl. Death is my just punishment — everlasting death."

"Wait. I know what is to be done."

"What, Mona?"

"You must make atonement."

"How?"

"You must give yourself up to justice and take the punishment of the law. And so you will be redeemed, and God will forgive you."

He listened, and then said:

"And such is to be the end of our love, Mona, born in the hour of its death. You, even you, give me up to justice."

"Don't say that. You will be redeemed by atonement. When Ewan was killed it was woe enough, but that you are under God's wrath is worse than if we were all, all slain."

"Then we must bid farewell. The penalty of my crime is death."

"No, no; not that."

"I must die, Mona. This, then, is to be our last parting."

"And even if so, it is best. You must make your peace with God."

"And you, my last refuge, even you send me to my death. Well, it is right, it is just, it is well. Farewell, my poor girl; this is a sad parting."

"Farewell."

"You will remember me, Mona?"

"Remember you? When the tears I shed for Ewan are dry, I shall still weep for you."

There was a faint cry at that moment.

"Hush!" said Mona, and she lifted one hand.

"It is the child," she added. "Come, look at it"

She turned, and walked toward the bedroom. Dan followed her with drooping head. The little one had again been restless in her sleep, but now, with a long breath, she settled herself in sweet repose.

At sight of the child, the great trembling shook Dan's frame again. "Mona, Mona, why did you bring me here?" he said.

The sense of his crime came with a yet keener agony when he looked down at the child's unconscious face. The thought flashed upon him that he had made this innocent babe father-

less, and that all the unprotected years were before her wherein she must realize her loss.

He fell to his knees beside the cot, and his tears rained down upon it.

Mona had lifted the candle from the table, and she held it above the kneeling man and the sleeping child.

It was the blind woman's vision realized.

When Dan rose to his feet he was a stronger man.

"Mona," he said, resolutely, "you are right. This sin must be wiped out."

She had put down the candle and was now trying to take his hand.

"Don't touch me," he said, "don't touch me."

He returned to the other room, and threw open the window. His face was turned toward the distant sea, whose low moan came up through the dark night.

"Dan," she murmured, "do you think we shall meet again?"

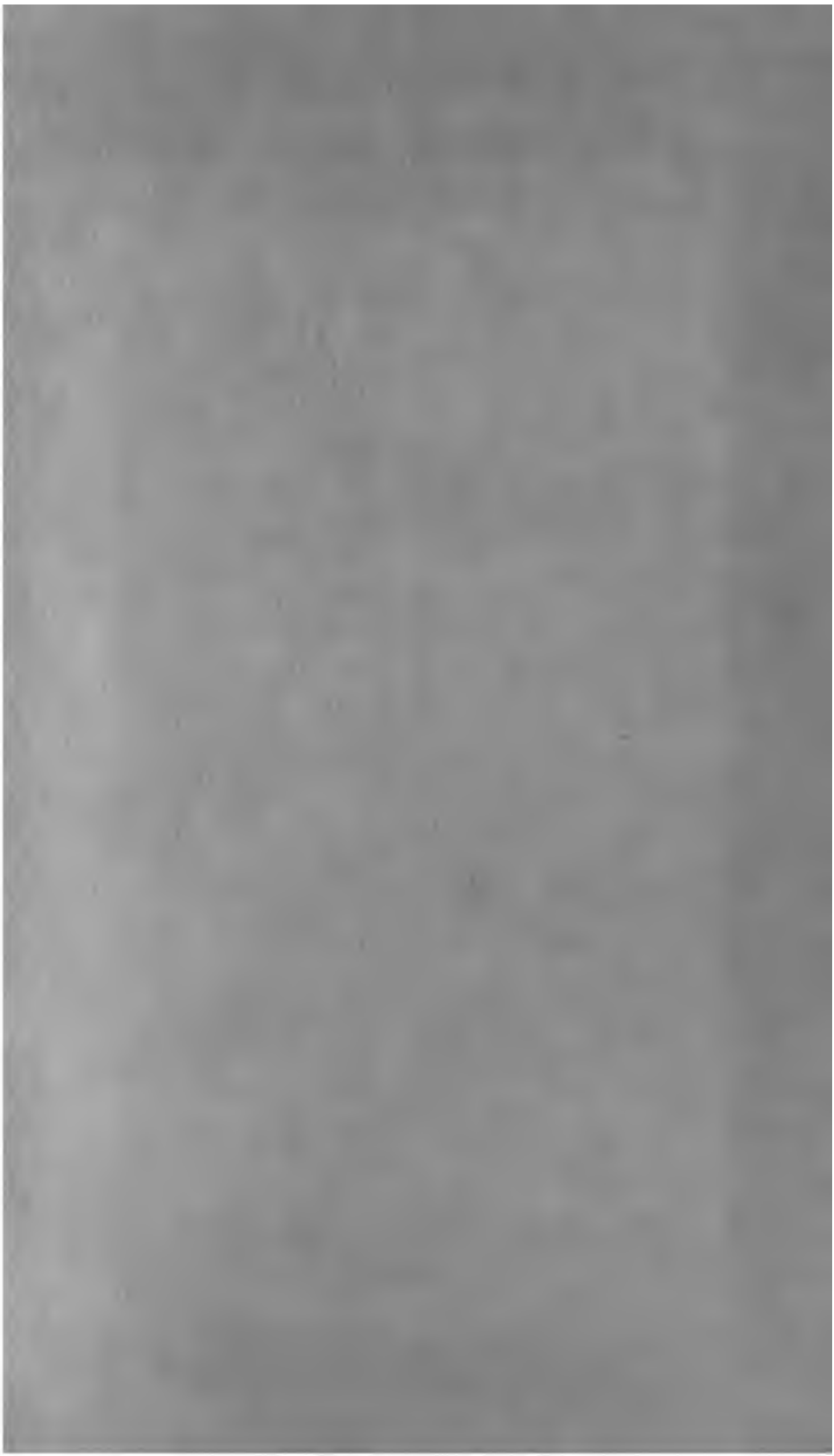
"Perhaps we are speaking for the last time, Mona," he answered.

"Oh, my heart will break!" she said. "Dan," she murmured again, and tried to grasp his hand.

"Don't touch me. Not until later — not until — until *then*."

Their eyes met. The longing, yearning look in hers answered to the wild light in his. She felt as if this were the last she was ever to see of Dan in this weary world. He loved her with all his great, broken, bleeding heart. He had sinned for her sake. She caught both his hands with a passionate grasp. Her lips quivered, and the brave, fearless, stainless girl put her quivering lips to his.

To Dan that touch was as fire. With a passionate cry he flung his arms about her. For an instant her head lay on his breast.

"Now go," she whispered, and broke from his embrace. Dan tore himself away, with heart and brain aflame. Were they ever to meet again? Yes. At one great moment they were yet to stand face to face.

The night was dark, but Dan felt the darkness not at all, for the night was heavier within him. He went down toward the creek. To-morrow he would give himself up to the Deemster; but to-night was for himself — himself and *it*.